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**L**ives  
of the  
**Q**ueens of **E**ngland

*VOLUME VIII*



# Imperial Edition

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Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester

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# LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST

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*FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORDS  
AND OTHER PRIVATE AND PUBLIC  
AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS*

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BY

AGNES STRICKLAND

PRECEDED BY A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN FOSTER KIRK

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES, WITH PLATES

VOLUME VIII

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# ELIZABETH,

## SECOND QUEEN-REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

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ELIZABETH's real greatness was as a peace-sovereign ; she was formed and fitted for domestic government, and her admirable talents for statistics would have established a golden age in England if she had been contented to employ her energies wholly as a civilizer. Her foreign wars were a series of expensive blunders, injurious to commerce, little conducive to the military glory of the realm, and attended with a sacrifice of the flower of the English chivalry. If she had not interfered in the quarrels between other sovereigns and their subjects, there would have been no necessity for the imposition of repeated property-taxes on her own,

to defray the expenses of the needless wars in which her crooked policy entangled her, and to pay the pensions of the Scotch patriots, who devoured so large a portion of English gold, and beguiled her into the ungracious office of jailer to their queen,—an office which entailed upwards of eighteen years of internal discord in her realm, planted the first thorns in her own diadem, and sullied the brightness of her annals with stains of indelible blackness. Alas! that the biographer of Elizabeth should be compelled to turn from the lovely picture of an enlightened female sovereign, smiling on the labors of the children of her own subjects, blended with those of the little Flemish refugees in the Sandwich school of industry, to depict her presiding, like Atropos, over racks and gibbets, and all the horrible panoply of religious and political tyranny!

Soon after Elizabeth's return from her Kentish progress, the following strange circumstance occurred:—A crazy fanatic, named Peter Burchet, having persuaded himself, by the misapplication of certain Scripture texts, that it was lawful to kill all who opposed the gospel,—that is to say, those who took a different view of church government from the furious sect to which he belonged,—wounded the famous naval commander Hawkins with his dagger, mistaking him for sir Christopher Hatton, whom he intended to despatch as an enemy of the Puritans. The queen was so much incensed at this outrage that she ordered justice to be done on Burchet in the summary way of martial law,<sup>1</sup> and directed her secretary to bring the commission to her after dinner for her signature. Sussex, her lord chamberlain, wrote in great haste to Burleigh to apprise him of her majesty's intention, and that he and all her lords in waiting were in consternation at the royal mandate. "What will become of this act after dinner," says he, "your lordship shall hear to-night."<sup>2</sup> Her prudent counsellors succeeded, finally, in convincing her majesty that the ceremony of a trial was necessary before an Englishman could be executed for any offence whatsoever. It appears almost incredible that Elizabeth, after reigning sixteen years,

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Ellis's Royal Letters, second series, vol. iii.

should require to be enlightened on this point, and to be informed that martial law was only used in times of open rebellion.<sup>1</sup>

The terror of the plague was always uppermost in the minds of all persons in the sixteenth century, at every instance of sudden death. One day in November, 1573, queen Elizabeth was conversing with her ladies in her privy-chamber at Greenwich palace, when, on a sudden, the mother of the maids was seized with illness, and expired directly in her presence. Elizabeth was so much alarmed at this circumstance, that in less than an hour she left her palace at Greenwich and went to Westminster, where she remained.<sup>2</sup>

The year 1574 commenced with new efforts on the part of the court of France to conclude the matrimonial treaty between the duc d'Alençon and Elizabeth. In a recently discovered letter from Elizabeth to Dr. Dale<sup>3</sup> on this subject, she exhibits her usual caution and feminine vacillation, She says:—

“The French ambassador, sithens [since] the return of our servant Randolph, hath sundry times had access unto us, requiring our answer whether we could allow of the coming over of the duke of Alençon, upon the view of his portraiture brought over by our said servant.”

She goes on to state, “that she has had sundry conferences with her council, and finds they were of opinion that it might impair the amity between England and France if, on coming, there should be no liking between her and the duke; for that,” pursues her majesty:—

“We can be put in no comfort by those that desire most our marriage, and are well affected to the crown, who have seen the young gentleman, that there will grow any satisfaction of our persons; and therefore you may say, ‘that if it were not to satisfy the earnest request of our good brother the king, and the queen his mother (whose honorable dealing towards us, as well in seeking us himself as in offering unto us both his brethren, we cannot but esteem as an

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<sup>1</sup> Burchet was tried, condemned, and hanged, having first killed one of his keepers with a billet of wood, which he took out of a chimney. He had his right hand stricken off at the gallows for this last outrage, “and died,” says the chronicler, “with a silent reluctancy.”—Camden. Ellis's Royal Letters.

<sup>2</sup> La Motte Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 454.

<sup>3</sup> Communicated by Francis Worship, Esq., F.A.S.

infallible argument of their great good wills towards us), we could in no case be induced to allow of his coming, neither publicly nor privately; for that we fear (notwithstanding the great protestations he and his mother make to the contrary), that if upon the interview satisfaction follow not, there is likely to ensue, instead of straiter amity, disdain and unkindness."

If none of these doubts she has suggested will deter monsieur le duc from coming over in some sort of disguise, then Dale is to tell the king, from her, that she wishes that the gentleman in whose company he may come over as one of his followers may not be a person of such high rank as the duc de Montmorenci, nor accompanied with any great train; "for," pursues she, "if there follow no liking between us after a view taken the one of the other, the more secretly it be handled the least touch will it be to our honors." Elizabeth concludes this amusing piece of diplomatic coquetry with a really kind request, to be preferred in her name to the king of France and queen-mother, in behalf of a noble Protestant lady, a daughter of the duc de Montpensier, then an exile for conscience' sake in Germany, that she may enjoy the benefit of the late edict. The last paragraph does Elizabeth honor:—

"You shall therefore say unto the queen-mother from us, that we desire her to join you in the furtherance of this suit to the king her son, our good brother, who, we hope, as well for our sakes as that the gentlewoman is so near of blood unto her children (and that it is a natural virtue, incident to our sex, to be pitiful of those that are afflicted), will so tender her case, as by her good means the gentlewoman shall be relieved and we gratified; which we shall be ready to requite as the occasion shall serve us."<sup>1</sup>

The plan suggested by Elizabeth for obtaining a private view of Alençon did not suit the policy of the royal family of France, whose object it was to induce her to commit herself irrevocably in the negotiation. Charles IX. offered to come to the opposite coast of Picardy, ostensibly for the benefit of his health, bringing his brother in his train, whom he would send over to Dover, where her majesty might give him the meeting. This plan Elizabeth declined, as too decided a step towards a suitor to be taken by a maid. The truth was, she meant to receive personally all the homage and flatteries of a new lover, without in any way commit-

<sup>1</sup> Archæologia, vol. xxviii. pp. 393–398.

ting herself in public opinion. To this end, she proposed that Alençon should slip over from the coast of Picardy to lord Cobham's seat, near Gravesend, from whence he was to take barge privately, and land at the water-stairs of Greenwich palace, where she would be ready to welcome him with all the delights her private household could afford.<sup>1</sup> This fine scheme was cut short by the discovery of a political conspiracy, of which the hopeful youth Alençon was found to be the head. The quartan ague of Charles IX. was, in reality, a consumption, and all his people perceived that he was dropping into the grave. Alençon, seeing that the next heir, his brother Henry, king of Poland, was absent, began to intrigue with the Protestant leaders to be placed on the throne of France; which plot being discovered by his mother, he and Henry king of Navarre were committed prisoners to the castle of Vincennes. Alençon basely betrayed his allies, and the whole Protestant interest, to make peace with his own family. Catherine de Medicis caused La Motte Fenelon to ask Elizabeth, "whether she had received so ill an impression of her son that she would not go on with the marriage-treaty?"—"I cannot be so ungrateful," replied the maiden queen, "as to think ill of a prince who thinks so well of me; but I must tell you, decisively, that I will not take a husband with irons on his feet." He was released on this hint, and used by Elizabeth as a ready tool for embarrassing the government of his brother, as the head of a middle party.

One of those dialogues often narrated in ambassadors' despatches at that era took place between queen Elizabeth and La Motte, after the death of Charles IX. The affairs of the new king, Henry III., then absent in Poland, were in an awkward predicament; and his faithful ambassador, fearful lest her majesty of England might retain some spiteful reminiscences of the uncivil mode in which Henry had, when duke of Anjou, broken off his marriage with her, ventured to deprecate her wrath by saying, that "a cloud had a little passed between his new sovereign and her, which he hoped would not cast any blight on their

<sup>1</sup> Despatches of La Motte Fenelon, vol. vi. pp. 56, 83, 98.



alliance." The queen, who wore mourning for her good brother, Charles IX., and had not only "composed her face very strongly to grief and dolor," but had let a tear fall on her black dress, answered this speech by throwing out a hint that another marriage proposal from him was not altogether unexpected by her courtiers. "The cloud you speak of," she said to the ambassador, "has wholly passed by, and many other things have intervened, which have made me forget all the past; indeed, it was but yesterday that one of my people observed to me, 'that I had made a difficulty of espousing Henry because he was not a king: he was at present doubly king,'<sup>1</sup> therefore I ought to be content.' I replied," continued queen Elizabeth, "that Henry III. had always been right royal, but that a matter more high than crowns had parted us,—even religion, which had often made crowned heads renounce the world altogether, in order to follow God."<sup>2</sup>

Catherine de Medicis wrote to queen Elizabeth a letter of apology for her son's former rudeness, and this forced the English queen to remember most unwillingly all impertinences past, which she had very prudently forgotten. The discussion of this *mal-à-propos* apology occurred in July, 1574, at a state audience, when the French ambassador delivered to the maiden majesty of England the first credentials addressed to her by Henry III. as king of France. Her demeanor, when she took the packet, was a part got up with her usual study of stage effect.<sup>3</sup> "First, on opening it, she threw her eyes on the signature, and heaved an audible sigh at finding *Charles* no longer; she then observed, very graciously, 'that it was now a *Henry* that she found there;' and she read at length, very curiously, the said letter." What she found therein is not stated, but her comments on its contents were original enough. "She was not," she said, "exactly a lioness; yet she allowed she had the temperament and was the issue of the lion, and that accordingly as the king of France behaved placably to her, so he should find her

<sup>1</sup> Of France by inheritance, and of Poland by election. He ran away from the Poles when he succeeded to the French crown, to their infinite indignation.

<sup>2</sup> La Motte Fenelon, vol. vi. pp. 159, 160.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., p. 190.

soft and tractable as he could desire; but if he were rough, she should take the trouble to be as rude and offensive as possible."

This prelude was a little ominous, and Elizabeth began to give angry hints of a circumstance which would probably interrupt the harmony between the two kingdoms; so saying, she put into the ambassador's hands the letter she had lately received from queen Catherine, and desired him to read it through. He declared he was thoroughly aghast, and unable to guess what was coming; however, he began to read, skipping over the ciphered portion, and read on till he came to the paragraph wherein Catherine apologized for her son's giddiness "in having *miscalled* her English majesty, and hoped that she would not bear any enmity to him on that account." The ambassador then "stopped short, and looked at queen Elizabeth, but he saw she had not got her speech ready; and she bade him go on and finish the letter." At the end, the execution of the count de Montgomeri, the Huguenot leader, was announced.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth took no notice of the catastrophe of her *protégé*, but commented on the apology offered by Catherine de Medicis by saying, "that if Henry III. had miscalled her, she either did not know or had forgotten it. Not that she had been well treated in the marriage proposal, for when all was agreed upon, and she had arranged that he was to have the exercise of his religion in private, and she had sent a councillor to signify her compliance, it was found that Henry had taken a directly contrary resolution. And though she could not justly blame him for having averted a marriage with *an old woman*,<sup>2</sup> yet she must once again repeat that her good affection and kind intentions deserved a more civil return."

The poor ambassador could only remind her, by way of reply, "that all the impediments had proceeded from herself,

<sup>1</sup> Catherine de Medicis had seized him, not without circumstances of treachery, and hurried him to the block. This was the principal action which distinguished her second regency, during the absence of her son Henry in Poland. She exulted in it, because the lance of Montgomeri had slain her husband at the tournament; and, after being set at liberty by the chivalric injunction of the dying king, he had for ten years led insurrections in France.

<sup>2</sup> This was one of the phrases for which Catherine de Medicis had apologized.

and that if she had been willing, his king had now been all her own." This compliment was graciously taken; and La Motte felt assured, as he expressly sent word to France, the queen of England's end in the whole conversation was, to induce a new proposal from the bachelor-king of France, which would now certainly meet with a more prosperous conclusion. Elizabeth finished the discussion by calling Leicester; he came and knelt before her, and soon after she rose and withdrew. Her expectation of a new offer from Henry III. was useless: that monarch had fallen in love on his homeward journey from Poland with Louise of Lorraine, a pretty but portionless princess of his own age, and he married her at his coronation in the ensuing February, to the infinite indignation of Elizabeth.

Before the end of the year she flamed out into open anger, on a provocation which it little suited her dignity to notice. Lord North, the ambassador whom she had sent to congratulate Henry III. on his accession, had transmitted home a series of reports which particularly enraged her; affirming, "that she had been ridiculed by the buffoons of the French court at the instigation of the duke of Guise, the relative of Louise of Lorraine, aided by the queen-mother, Catherine. They had," he asserted, "moreover, dressed up a buffoon in the English fashion, and called him in derision '*a milor of the north*;' but, in reality, the buffoon represented king Henry VIII." Queen Elizabeth repeated all these stories to that flower of politesse, La Motte, before her whole court, to his great consternation. "She raised her voice in great choler," he says, "and told me so loud that all her ladies and officers could hear her discourse, 'that the queen-mother should not have spoken so dishonorably and in derision of so illustrious a prince as her late father, king Henry; and that the said lord North ought to have told those who were mimicking him, how the tailors of France might easily remember the fashion of the habiliments of this great king, since he had crossed the sea more than once with warlike ensigns displayed, and had some concern with the people there.'<sup>1</sup> He had, she meant to

<sup>1</sup> Despatches of La Motte Fenelon.

insinuate, taken Terouenne and Boulogne by storm. The ambassador declared "he would maintain to his last sigh," that the queen-mother was far too polite a princess, and the duke of Guise too finished a chevalier to say, or cause to be said, anything which reflected on the queen of England, the dignity of her crown, or the honor of the late king Henry her father; "that *milor* North had misunderstood the whole, and was, consequently, a bad negotiator between princes."<sup>1</sup> This *brouillerie* had nearly occasioned a declaration of war between England and France, for La Motte averred "that her words were so high, that if the affairs of his master had permitted it, he would have defied her to war, and returned home instantly."

But all lord North's budget was not communicated to him at once, for, in a subsequent private interview, Elizabeth told La Motte "how she had heard that two female dwarfs had been dressed up in the chamber of Catherine de Medicis, and that the queen and her maids had excited them to mimic her [queen Elizabeth], and ever and anon thrown in injurious words, to prompt the vile little buffoons to a vein of greater derision and mockery." La Motte, in reply, assured her, "that to his certain knowledge the queen-mother of France had been unwearied in praising her English majesty's beauty and good qualities to her son, the king of France, when he was duke of Anjou and her suitor; and again declared it was *milor* North's utter ignorance of the French language, which had caused him to mistake the whole tenor of what he described." This apology had so good an effect on queen Elizabeth that she forthwith desired to be excused "if, out of ignorance of the French language, she herself had made use of any unbecoming phrases regarding the queen-mother." The tribulation of the ambassador, when describing these embarrassing scenes with the offended majesty of England, is irresistibly diverting; he slyly remarks, however, "that it was not the mockery of her father first mentioned, but of herself, which had really lain boiling and swelling at the bottom of her heart."

This year Elizabeth visited the archbishop of Canterbury

<sup>1</sup> Despatches of La Motte Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 331.

at his summer palace at Croydon. The learned primate, his comptroller, secretaries, and chamberers were at their wits' ends where and how to find sleeping accommodation for her majesty, and her numerous train of ladies and officers of state, on this occasion.<sup>1</sup>

There is a pitiful note, signed J. Bowyer, appended to the list of these illustrious guests, for whom suitable dormitories could not be assigned, in which he says :—

“For the queen’s waiters, I cannot find any convenient rooms to place them in, but I will do the best I can to place them elsewhere; but if it will please you, sir, that I do remove them, the grooms of the privy-chamber, nor Mr. Drury, have no other way to their chambers but to pass through that where my lady Oxford should come. I cannot then tell where to place Mr. Hatton; and for my lady Carewe, there is no place with a chimney for her, but that she must lay abroad by Mrs. A. Parry and the rest of the privy-chamber. For Mrs. Shelton there are no rooms with a chimney; I shall stay one chamber without for her. Here is as much as I am able to do in this house. From Croydon.”

Elizabeth and her court went in progress to Worcester, August 18, 1574, and remained till the 20th. While there, she made a grant of free-bench to the widows of the city, by which they were empowered to a life interest in the property of their deceased husbands, in defiance of creditors, or any other claimants.<sup>2</sup> On the day of her arrival, after listening very graciously to the welcome of Mr. Bell, the town orator, she checked her horse opposite St. Nicholas’s church to look at the structure; on which her loyal lieges shouted, “God save your grace!” and she, throwing up her cap with a heartiness that did her honor, responded, “And I say, God bless you all! my good people.”<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth did the loyal town of Worcester the honor of borrowing two hundred pounds under a privy-seal warrant, in the time, as she states, of her need, promising most solemnly to repay the loan at the end of two years. This promise she never performed, and the uncanceled obligation remains to this day among the bad debts of the city of Worcester,—a standing proof of the illegal extortion and broken faith of good queen Bess. From Worcester she proceeded to Bristol, where she was entertained with pageants of a martial and

<sup>1</sup> Sloane MS., 1-4, 160, n. 217.

<sup>2</sup> Green’s Hist. of Worcester.

<sup>3</sup> Nash’s Worcester.



allegorical character, and inspired a great deal of adulatory poetry. On her way from Bristol she honored Katharine Parr's nephew, Henry earl of Pembroke, with a visit, and was magnificently entertained by him and his countess, the learned and amiable sister of sir Philip Sidney, for several days at Wilton house.

The same year, a private marriage was made between lord Charles Lenox and the daughter of the count of Shrewsbury. As the bridegroom stood next to his mother, after Mary Stuart and her son, in the natural order of the regal succession, Elizabeth was much offended at his presuming to marry; and, as a token of her displeasure, committed both the countess of Lenox and her of Shrewsbury, to prison. They made their peace by laying the blame of what had happened on the captive queen of Scots. Even Burleigh came in for a share of the irritation of temper which the jealousy of Elizabeth's disposition induced at this crisis. He had been to Buxton, which had just become a fashionable place of resort for gouty and rheumatic sufferers, the queen of Scots having derived some benefit from her visits to that place. Elizabeth took great offence at her premier choosing to resort to the same place, although his maladies were of the kind for which its waters were esteemed so efficacious. He writes, in a pitiful strain, to the earl of Shrewsbury, of the rating he had received for this offence:—"Her majesty did conceive that my being there was, by means of your lordship and lady Shrewsbury, to enter into intelligence with the queen of Scots; and at my return to her majesty's [Elizabeth] presence, I had very sharp reproofs for my going to Buxton, with plain charging me for favoring the queen of Scots, and that in so earnest a sort as I never looked for, knowing my integrity to her majesty." To add to these heartburnings, an incendiary chaplain in lord Shrewsbury's household at Sheffield castle, named Corker, went privily to the court, and repeated every remark that had been made in his patron's family of the queen, with many inventions and exaggerations of his own. Shrewsbury, who found himself in a great deal of trouble on account of this treachery, relates a very curious anecdote

dote of Elizabeth in a dolorous letter of explanation to Walsingham, of which the following is an extract:—

“It pleased the queen’s majesty to send me word that she did not condemn me for anything, saving for certain conversations her highness had vouchsafed unto me, which I had disclosed to him. The truth is, it pleased her majesty once, upon some occasion, to tell me how wonderfully God had preserved her from her enemies. Once on a time, having notice of a man who had undertaken to execute mischief to her sacred person, his stature and some scars of his face being described to her, she happened, as she was in progress, amongst a multitude of others, to discover that man; yet not being alarmed at the view of him, she called my lord of Leicester, and showed that man to him; he was apprehended, and found to be the same. Now this wicked serpent, Corker, added, that after relating this incident, I should infer and say ‘that her majesty thought herself a goddess, that could not be touched by the hand of man;’ whereas I never uttered such a thing, neither a whit more than her majesty’s own sacred mouth pronounced to me; the which I uttered to him as a proof of God’s merciful providence over her, and that false addition proceeded only out of his most wicked head and perilous invention. And yet this did sink into her majesty’s conceit against me, as I verily think it hath been the cause of her indignation; but I humbly beseech her majesty to behold me with the sweet eyes of her compassion, that I may either prove myself clear and guiltless, or else be forever rejected as a castaway.”<sup>1</sup>

The commencement of the year 1575 found Elizabeth in better temper. She received the congratulations and compliments of monsieur la Motte on the New-year’s day very graciously. She had forced an autograph letter of explanation and apology from Henry III. on the subject of the two dwarfs, which proving satisfactory, she told the ambassador she was persuaded that lord North had misunderstood the affair. Indeed, she had heard that they were very pretty dwarfs, and very prettily dressed, and she should like of all things to see them; and if the queen-mother would send her one of them as a present, she should receive it as a great kindness. How her majesty would have treated the pert pigmy who was suspected of mimicking her dress and manners cannot be ascertained, for Catherine could not be induced to part with either of her precious pets. Elizabeth graciously told La Motte Fenelon, “that the trouble in which his excellency had remained since their last conference recalled to her mind the distress in which she herself was

<sup>1</sup> Lodge’s Illustrations.

plunged when the late queen, her sister, in consequence of some misconceived words regarding her, had caused her to be examined in the Tower.”<sup>1</sup> The ambassador, perceiving that this confidential remark was intended as an extension of the olive-branch, adroitly took the opportunity of presenting to Elizabeth, as a New-year’s gift from the queen of Scots, a very elegant head-dress of net-work, wrought by her own hand very delicately; likewise the collar, cuffs, and other little pieces *en suite*, all which queen Elizabeth received amiably, and admired exceedingly. In the course of the spring, La Motte brought her another gift of three nightcaps, worked by her royal captive; but a demur took place regarding them, and they were for a time left on the hands of the ambassador, for Elizabeth declared “that great commotions and jealousies had taken place in the privy council, because she had accepted the gifts of the queen of Scots.” Finally, she accepted the nightcaps,<sup>2</sup> with this characteristic speech to La Motte:—“Tell the queen of Scots that I am older than she is; and when people arrive at my age, they take all they can get with both hands, and only give with their little finger.” On this maxim, though jocosely expressed, Elizabeth seems to have acted all her life.

On the 8th of February parliament met, and another tremendous property-tax was imposed on the people, although it was a year of dearth. Elizabeth composed a long classical and metaphorical speech, or rather essay on the difficulties of her position as a female sovereign, to be delivered from the throne at the beginning of the session; but she did not open the house in person, and some doubts have been entertained whether this singular composition was used. She sent a copy of it to her godson, Harrington, with this interesting note addressed to himself:—

<sup>1</sup> Despatches of La Motte Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 348.

<sup>2</sup> The inimitable Cervantes makes Sancho lament the loss of “three nightcaps worth three royal cities.” Surely these nightcaps, worked by one queen-regnant and presented for the wearing of another, the most renowned female sovereign in history, made the subject of national jealousies in a privy council, and of an ambassador’s negotiation and despatch to his king, could not be worth less than those of Sancho, but as yet they have not been equally celebrated.



"BOY JACK:—

"I have made a clerk write fair my poor words for thine use, as it cannot be such striplings have entrance into parliament as yet. Ponder them in thy hours of leisure, and play with them till they enter thine understanding; so shalt thou hereafter, perchance, find some good fruits thereof, when thy godmother is out of remembrance; and I do this, because thy father was ready to serve and love us in trouble and thrall." <sup>1</sup>

Harrington's delightful letters are full of characteristic records of his royal godmother, whom he dearly loves, although he cannot resist relating many whimsical traits, both of her violence, cunning, and vanity, interspersed with many encomiums on her virtues, with now and then, "like angel visits, few and far between," a fact illustrative of noble feeling. "Her highness," says he, "was wont to soothe her ruffled temper with reading every morning, when she had been stirred to passion at the council, or other matters had overthrown her gracious disposition. She did much admire Seneca's wholesome advisings when the soul's quiet is flown away, and I saw much of her translating thereof. Her wisest men and best councillors were oft sore troubled to know her will in matters of state, so covertly did she pass her judgment, as seemed to leave all to their discreet management; and when the business did turn to better advantage, she did most cunningly commit the good issue to her own honor and understanding; but when aught fell out contrary to her will and intent, the council were in great strait to defend their own acting, and not blemish the queen's good judgment. Herein her wise men did oft lack more wisdom, and the lord treasurer [Burleigh] would oft shed a plenty of tears on any miscarriage, well knowing the difficult part was not so much to mend the matter itself as his mistress's humor; and yet did he most share her favor and good-will, and to his opinion she would ofttime submit her own pleasure in great matters. She did keep him till late at night in discoursing alone, and then call out another at his departure, and try the depth of all around her some time.

"Walsingham had his turn, and each displayed his wit in private. On the morrow, every one did come forth in

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. pp. 127, 128.

her presence, and discourse at large; and if any dissembled with her, or stood not well to her advisings before, she did not let it go unheeded, and sometimes not unpunished. Sir Christopher Hatton was wont to say, 'The queen did fish for men's souls, and had so sweet a bait that no one could escape her net-work.' In truth, I am sure her speech was such as none could refuse to take delight in, when forwardness did not stand in the way. I have seen her smile, insooth, with great semblance of good liking to all around, and cause every one to open his most inward thought to her; when on a sudden she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, and draw them out as occasion required, and sometime disprove to their faces what had been delivered a month before. Hence, she knew every one's part, and by thus 'fishing,' as Hatton said, 'she caught many poor fish who little knew what snare was laid for them.'

"I will now tell you more of her majesty's discretion and wonder-working to those about her, touching their minds and opinions. She did often ask the ladies around her chamber, 'if they loved to think of marriage?' and the wise ones did conceal well their liking thereto, knowing the queen's judgment in this matter. Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, 'she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved.'—'You seem honest, i'faith,' said the queen; 'I will sue for you to your father,' at which the damsel was well pleased; and when her father, sir Robert Arundel, came to court, the queen questioned him about his daughter's marriage, and pressed him to give consent if the match were discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished, said, 'he never had heard his daughter had liking to any man; but he would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness's will and advice.'—'Then I will do the rest,' saith the queen. The lady was called in, and told by the queen 'that her father had given his free consent.' 'Then,' replied the simple girl, 'I shall be happy, an' please your grace.'—'So thou shalt; but not to be a fool, and

marry,' said the queen. 'I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it in thy possession. So go to thy business; I see thou art a bold one, to own thy foolishness so readily.'"<sup>1</sup>

Harrington studied the science of courtier-craft very deeply, and has left the following amusing note on the method in which it was most expedient to prefer a petition to queen Elizabeth. "I must go in an early hour, before her highness hath special matters brought to counsel on. I must go before the breakfasting covers are placed, and stand uncovered as her highness cometh forth her chamber; then kneel, and say 'God save your majesty! I crave your ear, at what hour may suit for your servant to meet your blessed countenance.' Thus will I gain her favor to the auditory.

"Trust not a friend to do or say,  
In that yourself can sue or pray."

Elizabeth was not always in the humor to receive petitions, even from those who enjoyed her confidence and favor in the highest degree. "The queen," notes Harrington, "seemed troubled to-day. Hatton came out of her presence with an ill countenance; he pulled me aside by the girdle, and said, in secret way, 'If you have any suit to-day, I pray you put it aside: the sun doth not shine.' 'Tis this accursed Spanish business, so I will not adventure her highness's *choler*, lest she should *collar* me also," remarks our witty author, which gives shrewd confirmation to the tale that Elizabeth, in a fit of ungovernable passion, once collared sir Christopher Hatton;<sup>2</sup> we trust it was before his elevation to the wool-sack. A vice-chamberlain to a maiden monarch might receive a personal indignity from his royal mistress with some degree of humility, but a lord-chancellor could not, for the honor of his office as the highest law-officer in England, have submitted tamely to such an outrage from any sovereign whatsoever. Elizabeth was undoubtedly a very excitable person, and allowed her ani-

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. pp. 359, 360.

<sup>2</sup> *Lingard's Hist. of England*, fourth edition, vol. viii. p. 406.

mal spirits to betray her into many undignified deeds, both in the way of wrath and levity.

"The queen," observes Harrington, in another note, "loveth to see me in my last frieze jerkin, and saith, '*Tis well enough cut.*' I will have another made liken to it. I do remember she spat on sir Matthew Arundel's fringed cloth, and said, 'The fool's wit was gone to rags.' Heaven spare me from such gibing! . . . On Sunday (April last)," pursues our courtly gossip, "my lord of London preached to the queen's majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the body too finely. Her majesty told the ladies, 'That if the bishop held more discourse on such matters she would fit him for heaven; but he should walk thither without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him.'<sup>1</sup> Perchance the bishop hath never sought [seen] her highness's wardrobe, or he would have chosen another text," shrewdly observes Harrington, by way of comment on this characteristic anecdote of his royal godmother.

The general style of Elizabeth's dress and ornaments may be ascertained by the New-year's gifts presented to her, as recorded in her elaborate wardrobe-rolls. Every imaginable article of dress and ornament met with acceptance, from the richest jewels to such articles as gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, night-rails (or night-dresses), and nightcaps. Of the last article of attire the following description remains:—Mrs. Cropton's gift was "a night-coif of cambric cut-work and spangles, with forehead-cloth, and a night border of cut-work, edged with bone-lace." Another present, offered by the wife of Julio, one of the court physicians, was "a cushion-cloth, and a pillow-case of cambric, wrought with black silk." In the middle of Elizabeth's reign the favorite embroidery appears to have been of black silk on white cambric,—a strange freak of fashion, since it is difficult to imagine how the whiteness of the cambric could be renewed without ruining the work. Mistress Twist, court-laundress, made a singular present to her royal mistress, being three handkerchiefs of black Spanish work, edged with a bone-lace of Venice gold, and

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. pp. 170, 171.

four *tooth cloths* of coarse Holland, wrought with black silk, and edged with bone-lace<sup>1</sup> of silver and black silk. Mrs. Amy Shelton, a kinswoman on the Boleyn side of royalty, presented six handkerchiefs of cambric, edged with passament of gold and silver. Mrs. Montague, the silk-woman, a pair of sleeves, of cambric wrought with roses and buds of black silk. Mrs. Huggins, six handkerchiefs of various sorts; one worked with murrey-colored silk, the others with silk of various colors. Sir Philip Sidney, that darling of chivalry, presented to his liege lady a smock made of cambric, the sleeves and collar wrought with black silk work, and edged with a small bone-lace of gold and silver, and a suite of ruffs of cut-work, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangles containing four ounces of gold. This garment seems to have been, in reality, a species of gown, shaped like the ancient Saxon tunic, worn still by wagoners and Kentish peasants, called a smock-frock. Sir Philip's friend, Fulke Greville, presented the queen with another of these robes, being "a smock made of cambric, wrought about the collar and sleeves with Spanish work of roses and *letters*, and a night-coif, with a forehead-cloth of the same work." Probably this was meant altogether as a night-dress *en suite*, but the gift of sir Philip Sidney, with its spangles and ruffs, and heavy gold and silver work, could scarcely have belonged to the queen's *toilette à coucher*. Mrs. Wingfield presented a "night-rail of cambric, worked all over with black silk;" and Mrs. Carre, "one sheet of fine cambric, worked all over with sundry fowls, beasts, and worms, in silks of divers colors." The queen's physicians brought offerings somewhat assimilating to their vocations. Dr. Huick presented a pot of green preserved-ginger and orange-flowers; Julio, the same; Dr. Bayley, a pot of green ginger with rinds of lemons. The royal cook, John Smithson, brought a gift to the queen of a fair march-pane, with St. George in the midst, and the sergeant of the pastry, one fair pie of

<sup>1</sup> The bone-lace of that day was very elaborate and delicate, made of various colored silks and gold and silver twist, as well as of white thread or black silk, worked with bone or ivory bodkins.



quinces, *oranged*. There are in the same rolls several entries, from noblemen and clergymen of rank, of ten pounds in gold coin, and no offence taken by the virgin queen at this pecuniary donation.<sup>1</sup>

The history of royal costume, when interspersed with characteristic traits of the times in which the antique fashions which now survive only on the pictured canvas or illuminated vellum were worn, has been of late so popular a study with the ladies, that, for the sake of that gentle portion of the readers of the *Lives of the Queens of England*, a few more extracts from the wardrobe memorandums of queen Elizabeth may, perhaps, be ventured without fear of displeasing antiquarian students, since the source whence they are derived is only accessible through the courtesy of the learned possessor of the MS.

“Lost from her majesty’s back, the 14th of May, anno 21, one small acorn, and one oaken leaf of gold, at Westminster. Lost by her majesty, in May, anno 23, two buttons of gold, like tortoisés, with pearls in them; and one pearl more, lost, at the same time, from a tortoise. Lost, at Richmond, the 12th of February, from her majesty’s back, wearing the gown of purple cloth of silver, one great diamond out of a clasp of gold given by the earl of Leicester, parcel of the same gown, 17, anno 25.”<sup>2</sup>

The course of chronology is a little antedated by the quotation of the last items, but not, perhaps, in vain, as the reader will be able to form, meanwhile, a more lively idea of the stately Elizabeth agitating the empires of Europe, and defying Spaniard and pope yclad in her purple cloth of silver or gold, bestudded with golden aglets, buttons enamelled in the form of tortoisés, oak-leaves and acorns, pearls and diamonds, of which she always returned *minus* a portion whenever she appeared in public. Verily, her finery appears so entirely part and parcel of herself, that it is mixed up in the gravest details of her state policy.

She was never seen *en déshabillé* by masculine eyes but on two occasions. The first time was on a fair May morning, in 1578, when Gilbert Talbot, the earl of Shrewsbury’s son, happening to walk in the tilt-yard, about eight o’clock,

<sup>1</sup> See the original rolls in the Lansdowne Collection, and in those of Mr. Craven Ord, quoted in Nichols’s *Progresses*, vol. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Ex. MSS. Philipps, Middle Hill Collection.

under the gallery where her majesty was wont to stand, chanced to look up, and saw her at the window in her night-cap. "My eye," says he, "was full towards her, and she showed to be greatly ashamed thereof, for that she was unready, and in her night stuff. So, when she saw me after dinner, as she went to walk, she gave me"—pretty playfulness for a virgin queen of forty-five—"a great fillip on the forehead; and told my lord chamberlain, who was the next to see her, 'how I had seen her that morning, and how much she was ashamed thereof.'" <sup>1</sup> Twenty years later, the luckless Essex surprised her in the hands of her tire-woman, and paid as severe a penalty for his blunder as the profane huntsman who incurred the vengeance of Diana by his trespass.

Whether Elizabeth condescended to sell her influence in the courts of law, when matters of property were at stake, seems almost an injurious question for her biographers to ask, yet the family vice of the Tudors, covetousness, led her to receive gifts from her courtiers under circumstances which excite suspicions derogatory to her character as a gentlewoman, and degrading to her dignity as a sovereign. "I will adventure," writes Harrington, in confidence to a friend, "to give her majesty five hundred pounds in money,<sup>2</sup> and some pretty jewel or garment, as you shall advise; only praying her majesty to further my suit with some of her learned council, which I pray you to find some proper time to move in. This, some hold as a dangerous adventure, but five-and-twenty manors do well warrant my trying it." Whether the money was rejected we cannot ascertain, but that the jewel was accepted certainly appears in the record of the gifts presented to queen Elizabeth in the beginning of this year:—

"*Item*, a heart of gold garnished with sparks of rubies, and three small pearls, and a little round pearl pendant; out of which heart goeth a branch of roses, red and white, wherein are two small diamonds, three small rubies, two little emeralds, and two small pearls, three qtrs. di., and farthing gold weight; given by Mr John Harrington, Esq."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lodge's Illustrations.

<sup>2</sup> Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*.

<sup>3</sup> In Sloane MS., 814, quoted in Park's edition of *Nugæ Antiquæ* by sir John

Full of hopes and fears about the success of his suit, the accomplished courtier notes the following resolution in his diary :—"I will attend to-morrow, and leave this little poesy behind her cushion at my departing from her presence." The little poesy was well calculated to please a female monarch, who was, to the full, as eager to tax the wits of her courtiers for compliments as their purses for presents. Harrington was certainly the elder brother of Waller in the art of graceful flattery in verse: observe how every line tells :—

"TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.

"Forever dear, forever dreaded prince,  
You read a verse of mine a little since,  
And so pronounced each word and every letter,  
Your gracious reading graced my verse the better.

"Sith, then, your highness doth by gift exceeding,  
Make what you read the better for your reading,  
Let my poor muse your pains thus far importune,  
Like as you read my verse—*so read my fortune.*

"From your Highness's saucy Godson."

Queen Elizabeth affected to be displeased with Harrington's satirical writings, especially the *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, in which some of the leading men of the court were severely lashed. "But," writes Robert Markham to the imprudent wit, "though her highness signified her displeasure in outward manner, yet did she like the marrow of your book. . . . The queen is minded to take you to her favor, but she sweareth 'that she believes you will make epigrams, and write *Misacmos* again, on her and all her court.'<sup>1</sup> She hath been heard to say, 'That merry poct, her godson, must not come to Greenwich till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies' sports and frolics.' She did conceive much disquiet on being told you had aimed a shaft at Leicester. I wish you knew the author of that ill deed. I would not be in his best jerkin for a thousand marks."

Harrington, from the notes of which we learn that Harrington presented his royal godmother with gifts in 1574, 1577, and 1579; but she, in return, gave him plate weighing forty ounces.

<sup>1</sup> Harrington's satire was written in epistles, purporting to be addressed by *Misacmos* to his friend and cousin *Philostilpnos*.



Fox the martyrologist, to his honor, wrote an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, imploring her not to sully the annals of her reign and the practice of the reformed church, by burning for heterodoxy. His intercession was unavailing to save two wretched Dutch Anabaptists from the flames, who were burned alive June 22d, at Smithfield, and, according to Stowe, died in great horror with roaring and crying. Unfortunately, the queen was an advocate for the use of torture, though declared, by the high authority of Fortescue, and other enlightened commentators on the constitution of England, to be contrary to the law.<sup>1</sup>

The royal progresses, this summer, were through the midland counties. In June, Leicester writes to Burleigh from some place, supposed to be Grafton, as follows:—

“I will let your lordship understand such news as we have, which is only and chiefly of her majesty’s good health, which, God be thanked, is as good as I have long known it; and for her liking of this house, I think she never came to place in her life she likes better, or commends more. And since her coming hither, as oft as weather serves, she hath not been within doors. This house likes her well, and her own lodgings especially. She thinks her cost well bestowed, she saith, if it hath been five times as much; but I would her majesty would bestow but half as much more, and then I think she would have as pleasant and commodious house as any in England: I am sorry your lordship is not here to see it. Even by and by her majesty is going to the forest to kill some bucks with her bow, as she hath done in the park this morning. God be thanked, she is very merry and well disposed now.”<sup>2</sup>

The cause of the previous testiness on the part of the queen here alluded to is related by the favorite with that quaint pomposity which leads persons of small minds to place ludicrous importance on trifles. “But, at her [majesty’s] first coming,” pursues he, “being a marvellous hot day at her coming hither, there was not one drop of good drink for her,—so well was she provided for, notwithstanding her oft telling of her coming hither. But we were fain to send forthwith to London, and to Kenilworth and divers other places, where ale was, her own here was so strong as there was no man able to drink it; you had been as good to

<sup>1</sup> Many horrible details will be found in Jardine’s *Essay on the Use of Torture*.

<sup>2</sup> Wright’s *Elizabeth and her Times*.

have drunk Malmsey, and yet was it laid in above three days before her majesty came. It did put me very far out of temper, and almost all the company beside too, for none of us was able to drink ale or beer here. Since, by chance, we have found drink for her to her liking, and she is well again; but I feared greatly, two or three days, some sickness to have fallen by reason of this drink. God be thanked, she is now perfect well and merry, and, I think, upon Thursday come se'nnight, will take her journey to Kenilworth, where, I pray God, she may like all things no worse than she hath done here.”<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, though not a tea-drinking queen, certainly belonged to the temperance class, for she never took wine unless mingled, in equal parts, with water, and then very sparingly, as a beverage with her meals; and we find, from the above letter, that she was greatly offended and inconvenienced by the unwonted potency of the ale that had been provided by her jolly purveyors, who probably judged the royal taste by their own.

Her favorite, Hatton, writes thus to Burleigh, on the subject of a fit of indigestion which, by his account, had attacked their royal mistress, in consequence of her having eaten too heavy a mess of barley-gruel and bread:—

“Her majesty, since your going hence, hath been troubled with much disease in her stomach. The cause thereof, as both herself thinketh, and we all do judge, was the taking in the morning, yesterday, a confection of barley sodden with water and sugar, and made exceeding thick with bread. . . . This breakfast,” continues Hatton, “lost her both her supper and dinner, and surely the better half of her sleep; but, God be thanked, I hope now the worst is past, and that her highness will shortly recover her old state of health, to the comfort of us all.”<sup>2</sup>

La Motte Fenelon intimates, in his despatches to his own court, that the famous entertainment given by Leicester to queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth was in return for pecuniary emoluments to the amount of 50,000*l.*, which she had bestowed upon him. Kenilworth itself was no inheritance of the suddenly-raised family of Dudley: it had descended to Elizabeth from some of the most illustrious of her ances-

<sup>1</sup> Wright's Elizabeth and her Times.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Harris Nicolas's Life of Hatton, 394.

tors, and she had granted it to her favorite, from the fifth year of her reign.<sup>1</sup>

The queen was welcomed, on the 9th of July, at Long Ichington, a town belonging to Leicester, about seven miles from Kenilworth. She dined under an immense tent, and, as a diversion at the dessert, was shown two of the rarities of the country,—a fat boy, of six years old, nearly five feet high, but very stupid; and, to match this prodigy, a monstrous sheep of the Leicestershire breed. In the afternoon the queen followed the chase, and hunted towards Kenilworth: so far a-field did her sport lead her, that it was eight in the evening before she arrived at the park gates.

<sup>1</sup> It is, perhaps, desirable to point out the discrepancies between romance and reality, in relation to the position of Leicester at the crisis of the visit to queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Amy Robsart, to whom he was publicly married at the court of Edward VI., had long been in her grave. Leicester's path to a royal marriage, we have shown in its place, had been cleared of her within two years of Elizabeth's accession, by the murder, or accident, at Cumnor hall. Yet Leicester was encumbered with a secret marriage, somewhat in the manner of sir Walter's splendid fiction, but with a high-born lady of the court,—lady Douglas Howard, the daughter of William lord Howard, the queen's uncle: she was the young widow of lord Sheffield. Leicester is supposed to have married her privately, in 1572, after being dismissed as a public suitor of the queen. Regardless of his nuptial plight to her, he contracted a third marriage with Lettice Knollys, the widow of Walter Devereux, earl of Essex, and mother of the young favorite, Robert Devereux. As his second wife, Douglas Howard, was living, the courtiers were wont to call her and his acknowledged countess, Leicester's *old* Testament, and his *new*. The scandalous chronicles of that day declare Leicester had attempted the life of his second unfortunate wife by poison, about the time of the queen's visit to Kenilworth. It is likewise said that the words of that exquisite old melody,—

“Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep,”

were meant as the address of the forsaken lady Leicester to her boy. She survived Leicester, and endeavored to prove her marriage with him before the council in the Star-chamber, in the reign of James I., in order to legitimate her son. Her deposition states “that she concealed her marriage, owing to the furious threats of the earl of Leicester; and that he gave her poison to get rid of her, by which her hair all fell off.” Another account says, “the virulence of the poison likewise deprived her of her nails.” Her Christian name was Douglas, which has often given rise to mistakes concerning her. Leicester left Kenilworth, and a great landed property, to his son by this lady. Although branded with the stigma of illegitimacy in his father's will, this young man claimed to be the general heir of the Dudley honors, and assumed the title of duke of Warwick.—See Howard's Memorials, p. 89.

A continual series of pageantry and masking welcomed her progress through the park at various stations to the castle gate, where the porter, representing Hercules, "tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapt in a pall of silk, with a club and keys, had a rough speech, 'full of passions in metre,' aptly made to the purpose; and as her majesty came within his ward, he burst out into a great pang of impatience:—<sup>1</sup>

"What stir, what coil is here? Come back, hold! whither now?<sup>2</sup>

Not one so stout to stir! What harrying have we here?

My friends, a porter I, no puppet, here am placed,

By leave, perhaps,—else not, while club and limbs do last.

A garboil this, indeed! What yea, fair dames, what yea?

What dainty darling's here? O God! a peerless pearl!

*[he affects to see the queen for the first time.]*

No worldly wight, I doubt—some sovereign goddess, sure!

In face, in hand, in eye, in other features all,

Yea, beauty, grace, and cheer,—yea, port and majesty,

Show all some heavenly peer with virtues all beset.

Come, come, most perfect paragon! pass on with joy and bliss;

Have here, have here both club and keys,—myself, my ward, I yield,

E'en gates and all, my lord himself, submit and seek your shield."

The queen and her train now passed through the gate kept by this poetical porter, and arrived on the bridge, crossing the beautiful pool which served as a moat to one side of the castle, when a lady with two nymphs came to her all across the pool, seeming as if she walked on the water, or, according to Laneham, floating on a movable illuminated island bright blazing with torches. This personage commenced a metrical description of the traditions of Kenilworth, written by one of the first *literati* of that day, George Ferrers:—

"I am the lady of this pleasant lake,

Who, since the time of great king Arthur's reign,

That here with royal court abode did make,

Have led a lowering life in restless pain,

---

<sup>1</sup> Laneham's Kenilworth, p. 8. That splendid description of the approach of Elizabeth in sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth, originates in the rich imagination of the poet, since she arrived in her hunting-dress after a devious chase by the way. Laneham's description must be accurate, since he was usher, or "husher," of the council door.

<sup>2</sup> Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

Till now that this your *third* arrival here,  
Doth cause me come abroad and boldly thus appear.

"For after him such storms this castle shook,  
By swarming Saxons first, who scourged this land,  
As forth of this my pool I ne'er durst look,  
Though Kenelm<sup>1</sup> heir of Mercia took in hand,  
As sorrowing to see it in deface,  
To rear the ruins up and fortify this place.

"The earl sir Montfort's<sup>2</sup> force gave me no heart,  
Sir Edmund Crouchback's state, the prince's son,  
Could not cause me out of *my lake to start*,  
Nor Roger Mortimer's *ruffe*, who first begun  
(As Arthur's heir)<sup>3</sup> to keep the table round,  
Could not inspire my heart, or cause me come on ground.

"Yet still I will attend while you're abiding here,  
Most peerless queen, and to your court resort;  
And as my love to Arthur did appear,  
It shall to you in earnest and in sport.  
Pass on, madame, you need no longer stand,  
The lake, the lodge, the lord, are yours for to command."

It pleased the queen to thank this lady, and to add, withal,  
"We had thought the lake had been ours; and do you call  
it yours, now? Well, we will herein commune more with  
you hereafter."

The grand pageant of 'the welcome' was a temporary bridge over the base court, reaching to the main building, twenty feet wide, and seventy long; seven pairs of pillars were on this bridge, with mythological deities standing by them, offering to the queen symbolical gifts as she rode between them: thus, on the tops of the first pair were large cages, containing live bitterns, curlews, hernshaws, godwits, "and such dainty birds, offered to her by Sylvanus, god of wood fowl." The next pair of pillars supported two great silver bowls, piled with apples, pears, cherries, filberts, walnuts,—all fresh on their branches, the gifts of Pomona. Wheat in ears, oats, and barley waved in the next bowls.

<sup>1</sup> Kenilworth is supposed to derive its name from this Saxon saint and king.

<sup>2</sup> Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, who detained Henry III., his brother and his nephew, prisoners here.

<sup>3</sup> By descent from Gladys princess of Wales, representative of Roderic the Great. Mortimer's *ruffe* does not mean an accessory to his dress, but the great crowd and bustle of his renowned tournament at Kenilworth.



The next pillar bore a silver bowl, piled with red and white grapes; and opposite were two "great livery pots of white silver, filled with claret and white wine," on which many in the queen's train, fatigued with the recent hunting-party in one of the hottest July evenings that ever occurred in England, were observed to cast longing eyes. The next pair of pillars supported silver trays, filled with fresh grass, on which lay the fish of the sea and rivers, with a river-god standing by; the next pillars supported the trophies of arms and arts, music and physic, while a poet, in a cerulean garment, stood forth and explained the whole to her learned majesty in a string of Latin hexameters, which we have no intention of inflicting on our readers. So passing to the inner court, her majesty, "that never rides but alone, there alighted from her palfrey," and was conveyed up to her chamber. At this instant all the clocks in the castle were stopped; and, by a delicate attention, the hands continued to point at the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of the time during the royal sojourn at Kenilworth.

When her majesty entered her chamber, peals of great guns were shot off, with a profusion of fireworks, which continued for two hours. "The noise and flame," says Laneham, "were heard and seen for twenty miles round about." This was on the Saturday night; and, it may be surmised that many an aching head must have longed for the rest of the Sabbath after such a lullaby to their repose; but small repose did the sacred day bring. It is true, the queen and her court went to church in the morning; but in the afternoon was music and dancing of the lords and ladies, with lively agility, and the Sabbath evening concluded with roaring discharges of fireworks and cannon; and though this time the fireworks did not set a town on fire, "yet," says Laneham, "they made me vengeably afraid."

"Monday was so hot that her majesty kept within till five in the evening; what time it pleased her to ride forth to hunt the hart of *forse*. On her homeward way a masking pageant met her in the chase. A salvage man, wreathed

and girdled with oak-leaves, having a young sapling oak plucked up, by way of a walking-staff, and who represented the god Sylvanus, intercepted her majesty's steed. He began to give utterance to a speech so long-winded and tedious, that when he had arrived at the first quarto page, her majesty put on her steed; but Sylvanus, who, savage as he might be deemed, seems to have made no slight advance in the modern art of boring, began to run by her side, reciting the rest of his speech with wonderful volubility. At last, out of pity, the queen checked her horse to favor Sylvanus, who humbly besought 'her majesty to go on; for if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue to run and speak it for twenty miles, protesting he had rather run as her majesty's footman on earth than be a god on horseback in heaven.'"<sup>1</sup> At these words her majesty came by a close arbor, made all of holly; and while Sylvanus pointed to the same, "the principal bush *shaked*: for therein were placed both sweet music and one appointed to represent Deep Desire, who herewith stepped out of the holly bush," and recited a long speech to the queen, tediously stuffed with flattery. Then a concert of music sounded from the holly bower, while Deep Desire sang a dismal ditty, full of such tropes as "cramps of care," and "gripes of grief;" therefore its quotation may be very well spared here. Sylvanus concluded the mask by breaking the oak sapling he used for a staff asunder, and casting it up in the air; but, unfortunately, one end almost fell on the head of the queen's horse, which started violently, and Sylvanus, who was no other than the poet Gascoigne, was terribly alarmed at the consequences of his awkwardness. "No hurt, no hurt!" exclaimed the queen, as she skilfully controlled her horse; "and this benignity of the sovereign," continues Laneham, "we took to be the best part of the play," and assuredly Elizabeth showed both good-nature and magnanimity in her reception of this accident.<sup>2</sup>

Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

<sup>2</sup> Laneham's Kenilworth. Gascoigne, who was the unlucky perpetrator of this maladroit feat, takes care not to record it in his narrative of the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.



Towards night, on Tuesday, the queen chose to walk on foot over the bridge into the chase; at her return she stood on the bridge and listened to a delectable concert of music from a barge on the pool. The queen hunted the hart of *forse* on Wednesday; in the chase the hart took to the pool, where he was caught alive, and her majesty granted him his life on condition that he "lost his ears" for a ransom. This useless cruelty aptly preceded the bear-baiting of the next day, when the virgin queen had the satisfaction of seeing a great sort of ban-dogs, which had been tied in the outer court, let loose on thirteen bears that were baited in the inner; "where," says Lancham, "there was plucking and tugging, scratching and biting, and such an expense of blood and leather between them, as a month's licking, I ween, will not recover." This refined diversion took place in the day-time; but the Thursday evening concluded with strange and sundry kind of fireworks and discharge of great guns for two hours; and during this din her majesty was entertained by an Italian tumbler of such extraordinary agility in twistings and turnings, that the court considered him to be more of a sprite than a man, and that his backbone must have been like a lamprey, or made of a lute-string. The drought and heat of the season was on the two succeeding days seasonably refreshed by rain and moisture; the queen, therefore, attended none of the shows in the open air. The second Sunday of Elizabeth's sojourn at Kenilworth was Saint Kenelm's day, the royal Saxon saint, who was murdered at the foot of the neighboring Clent hills, and whose patronage and influence was once supposed to extend far and wide over the midland counties, especially round Kenilworth, his former palace. The new ritual had not yet superseded the ancient regard of Warwickshire for Saint Kenelm, and the whole district was astir, to do uproarious honor at once to him and his successor queen Elizabeth. The weather again set in gloriously bright, and every one attended her majesty to church, where they heard "a fruitful sermon." In the afternoon a comely quintain was set up, and a solemn bridal of a proper couple was marshalled in procession in the tilt-yard. The bride was thirty-five, "very ugly, red-haired,

foul, ill-favored ; of complexion, a brown bay." This amiable object was very anxious to be married, because she had heard she should be called on to "dance before the queen." She was, however, wholly disappointed ; for her majesty, who particularly disliked ugly persons, bestowed all her attention on the Coventry play "of the Slaughter of the Danes at Hocktide, wont to be played in that city yearly, without ill example of papistry or any superstition." A sport representing a massacre was so wonderfully to the taste of the era, that the queen requested its repetition at the earliest opportunity ; and, to the infinite satisfaction of the men of Coventry, she gave them the royal benefaction of two bucks and five marks. Captain Cox made his entry, at the Coventry play, on his hobby-horse ; but it is a point in doubt whether he was a character in the play, or a worthy flourishing at that time in Coventry.<sup>1</sup> An "ambrosial banquet" and a gorgeous mask concluded those Sunday diversions.

The heat of the next day caused the queen to keep within the castle till five in the afternoon, when she hunted the hart in the chase ; and, on her return, beheld on the pool, from the bridge, one of those grand water pageants, first introduced at the marriage of Henry III. of France, and which had in consequence become fashionable. There was the lady of the lake on her illuminated island, attended by a swimming mermaid twenty-four feet in length, besides Arion on a dolphin of equal vastness. When it came to Arion's turn to make a speech to the queen, he, who had been rather too powerfully refreshed from the earl of Leicester's cellar in order to qualify his aquatic undertaking, forgot his part, and, pulling off his mask, swore "He was none of Arion, not he ; but honest Harry Goldingham,"—a proceeding which pleased the queen more than all the rest of the performance. Harry Goldingham had a fine voice, and was a poet, who had aided in composing some of the interludes ; he sang very well

<sup>1</sup> The list of the songs sung by captain Cox, of which only the first lines are extant, raise a pleasant idea of old English lyrics ; they were "Broom, broom on hill," "Bonny lass upon the green," "By a bank as I lay," "My bonny one gave me a beck."

from the back of his dolphin, and concluded the pageant to the universal satisfaction of the beholders.

Such was the general tone of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth during the queen's visit, which lasted till July 27th. Laneham declares, moreover, "that her majesty, with her accustomed charity and mercy, cured nine persons of the painful disease called the 'king's evil,' which the kings and queens of this realm, without other medicine, but only by touching and prayers, do cure." Among the dull metrical compliments offered in fatiguing profusion to Elizabeth at Kenilworth, there was one sufficiently absurd to be amusing, especially as it contained an historical allusion to the queen's rejection of Leicester's addresses. It is part of a lengthy dialogue, in which a salvage man, clad in ivy, questions Echo on the cause of the unusual splendors then enlivening the chase and domains of Kenilworth. The English language, between the two, was much tortured by various quaint quips and quirks; as for instance, the salvage man demanded:—

"And who gave all these gifts? I pray thee, Echo, say;  
Was it not he who (but of late) this building here *did lay*?  
Echo.—Dudley.

"*Salvage Man*.—Oh, Dudley? So methought; he gave himself, and all.  
A worthy gift to be received, and so I trust it shall.  
Echo.—It shall.

"*Salvage Man*.—What meant the fiery flames that through the waters flew?  
Can no cold answers quench desire? Is that experience true?"

Elizabeth's attention was soon after recalled from the idle joyance of progresses and pageants, by the appeals that were made to her by the oppressed Protestants in the Low Countries. St. Aldegonde, the friend and confidant of the prince of Orange, with other deputies, came over to England to implore her to accept the sovereignty of their states, as the descendant and representative of their ancient counts, through their illustrious ancestress Philippa of Hainault. This embassy, and its result, is briefly summed up in two lines by Collins, in his *Ode to Liberty*:—

"Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,  
Whose crown a British queen refused."

Elizabeth was not prepared to contest this mighty adjunct to the Spanish empire with Philip, and she replied evasively, offered publicly to mediate between him and the States, and privately encouraged the deputies to continue their resistance. They proposed to throw themselves on the protection of France; but from this step she earnestly dissuaded them, and secretly supplied them with pecuniary aid. She persuaded the duke of Alençon to coalesce with the king of Navarre and the Huguenot party in France; thus furnishing Henry III. with sufficient employment at home to prevent him from interfering in the affairs of the States.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth finally concluded an alliance with the States, engaging to assist them with a loan of 100,000*l.*, with 5000 foot soldiers, and 1000 horse. She also sent 12,000 German auxiliaries to the Low Countries at the expense of England.<sup>2</sup> The German mercenaries committed so many excesses that the poor Dutchmen found their friends even more intolerable than their foes, and requested to be placed under the protection of the queen of England's suitor, Francis of Alençon, who had now assumed the title of duke of Anjou, formerly borne by his brother Henry III.

Elizabeth at first regarded this requisition with jealous suspicion, as a manœuvre of the king of France; but there was no love between the brethren, and Anjou professed himself devoted to her interests. He was, indeed, a convenient tool, ready to be employed in any service whereby his own personal advancement might be forwarded. This summer he sent an envoy, of the name of Bucherville, to prosecute his suit, who was accompanied by Rambouillet, sent from the king his brother to second his solicitations.<sup>3</sup> The French envoys found Elizabeth at Long Melford hall, in Suffolk, the seat of sir William Cordall, her master of the rolls, being the first in that county who had the honor of feasting the royal traveller, and who, to use the quaint language of old Churchyard, the contemporary historian of the eastern progresses, "did light such a candle to the rest of the shire, that many were glad bountifully and frankly to follow the same example, with such charges as the whole train were

<sup>1</sup> Grotius. Camden. Strada.

<sup>2</sup> Strada. Camden. Rapin.

<sup>3</sup> Camden.

in some sort pleased thereat." The next morning she rode from Melford to Lawshall hall, where she dined with sir William Drury. The royal visit is recorded in the parish register as occurring August 5th, in the twentieth year of her majesty's reign, to the great rejoicing of the parish, and all the country thereabouts.

Elizabeth appears to have been on very affectionate terms with lady Drury, for, on the death of sir William, who was slain ten years later in France, she addressed to her the following friendly letter of condolence, or rather, we may say, of kind expostulation on the excess of grief to which the widow had abandoned herself:—

"Be well *ware*, my Besse, you strive not with Divine ordinance, nor grudge at irremediable harms, lest you offend the highest Lord, and no whit amend your marred hap. Heap not your harms where help there is none, but since you may not that you would wish, that you can enjoy with comfort, a king for his power and a queen for her love, who leaves not now to protect you when your case requires care, and minds not to omit whatever may be best for you and yours.

"Your most loving, careful Sovereign."

Of a similar character to this quaint consolation is the brief and pithy letter of condolence, if such it may be called, addressed by Elizabeth to her friend lady Paget, on the death of her daughter lady Crompton, which, in the brief space of a few lines, exhibits much good and honest feeling. No one could come more tersely to the point than Elizabeth, when she wrote under the strong impulse of anger or affection

"MEMORIAL. ELIZABETH R.

"Call to your mind, good Kate, how hardly we princes can brook the crossing of our commands. How ireful will the highest Power be (may you be sure), when murmurs shall be made of his pleasing his will. Let nature, therefore, not hurt herself, but give place to the giver. Though this lesson be from a *seely* vicar,<sup>1</sup> yet it is sent from a loving sovereign."<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth, on her eastern progress, was astonished at the gallant appearance and brave array of the comely Suffolk squires, who came to meet and welcome her into their

<sup>1</sup> Meaning vicar of Christ, in allusion to her pontifical office of head of the church of England, which she, and the rest of her establishment, deemed the church universal: *seely* meant, in her day, harmless or innocent.

<sup>2</sup> Sloane MS., vol. i. 4160. The original document is at Hagley.



county; the bachelors all gayly clad in white velvet, to the number of two hundred, and those of graver years in black velvet coats and fair chains, with fifteen hundred serving men, all mounted on horseback. These formed a volunteer guard of honor, under the command of the high sheriff, sir William le Spring, of Lavenham, and attended her majesty in her progress to the very confines of their county; "a comely troop," says Churchyard, "and a noble sight to behold."

From Lawshall hall, in the evening, the queen came to Hawsted hall, at present the seat of sir Thomas Cullum, where there are several memorials and traditions of her visit. It is said that she dropped a silver-handled fan into the moat:<sup>1</sup> the fans used by Elizabeth were made of feathers, set in a rich handle, and in form resembling a modern hand-screen. The following is the description of one of those graceful accessories to the royal toilet, which was presented to her majesty by sir Francis Drake as a New-year's gift: "A fan of feathers, white and red, enamelled with a half-moon of mother-o'-pearl, within that a half-moon garnished with sparks of diamonds and a few seed pearls on the one side, having her majesty's picture within it, and on the reverse a device with a crow over it." Her majesty spent ten days at various seats in Suffolk, and having been received on the borders of Norfolk by the cavaliers of the county, approached Norwich, as near as Brakenash, on the 16th of August. At the western boundary of the city of Norwich, which is a place called Harford bridge, the mayor received the queen with a long Latin speech, which he recited in a manner that did great credit to the erudition of mayors in general. The purpose of it was, however, to offer a fair standing cup of silver, with a cover, containing 100*l.* in gold. Lifting the cover, the mayor said to her majesty, "Here is one hundred pounds, pure gold." One of the queen's footmen advanced to take it, when the queen said to him, significantly, thinking he might not have understood the learned mayor's Latin, "Look to it; there is a hundred pounds."

When the royal procession had advanced within a flight-

<sup>1</sup> History of Hawsted, by sir John Cullum, Bart.



shot of the metropolis of the east of England, and in a spot commanding a good view of the castle of Blancheflower, which stands like a mural crown above the city of Norwich, a pageant arrested the attention of the queen, representing king Gurgunt, to whom tradition imputes the building of the castle and the founding of Cambridge university. King Gurgont having explained in verse his ancient doings in Norwich, another pageant beset her by the way at St. Stephen's gates, "from whence," say the annals of the city, "an enormous *muck-hill*" had been recently removed for the occasion. We will pass over the allegories which severally "bestowed their tediousness" on the queen, to arrive at the only pageant of real interest, some remnants of which are displayed at Norwich elections, and other grand occasions, to this day. This was called 'the Stranger's Pageant,' being the show of queen Philippa's industrious Flemish colony, even in that era of Elizabeth a separate and peculiar people in Norwich. There was a stage, with seven looms actively at work with their separate weavers; over the first was written the "weaving of worsted;" over the second, the "weaving of russels," a sort of Norwich crape.<sup>1</sup> Among others, the weaving of lace and of fringe, and several other manufactures, which it would be in vain to seek as Norwich produce at present. Upon the stage stood at one end "eight small *women-children*," spinning worsted yarn; at the other end, as many knitting of worsted hose; "and in the midst a pretty boy stood forth," and stayed her majesty's progress with an address in verse, declaring, that in this "small show, the city's wealth was seen."

"From combed wool we draw this slender thread,

[*showing the spinners.*

From thence the looms have dealing with the same;

[*showing the weaving in progress.*

And thence again, in order to proceed

These several works, which skilful art doth frame;

And all to drive dame Need into her cave,

Our heads and hands together labored have.

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<sup>1</sup> Now, with some modifications, called Orleans cloth, a pleasant winter dress if obtained of *real* Norwich manufacture.

We bought before the things that now we sell,  
 These slender imps their work doth pass the waves.  
 [showing the women-children, spinners, and knitters.  
 God's peace and thine we hold, and prosper well,  
 Of every mouth the hands the charges saves :  
 Thus, through thy help and aid of power divine,  
 Doth Norwich live, whose hearts and goods are thine."

Elizabeth had the good sense to be particularly pleased with this pageant; she desired to examine the knitting and yarn of the "small women-children; she perused the looms attentively," and returned great thanks for this show. "A grand pageant thwarted the entrance of the market-place from St. Stephen's street." Here the queen was addressed by seven female worthies, among which were Deborah, Judith, Esther, the city of Norwich, and queen Martia.<sup>1</sup> The last dame describes herself thus:—

"I am that Martia bright, who sometime ruled this land  
 As queen, for thirty-three years' space gat license at the hand  
 Of that Gurguntius king, my husband's father dear,  
 Who built this town and castle both, to make our homage here;  
 Which homage, mighty queen, accept,—the realm and right are thine,  
 The crown, the sceptre, and the sword to thee we do resign."

Thus Elizabeth was welcomed at various stations in Norwich till she reached the cathedral. She remained there while *Te Deum* was sung, and finally arrived at the bishop's palace, where she sojourned during her stay at Norwich.

On the Monday morning "a very excellent boy," representing Mercury, was driven at full speed through the city in a fantastic car, painted with birds and clouds, the horses being dressed out with wings; Mercury himself appearing in an azure satin jerkin, and a mantle of gold cloth. He was driven into the "preaching green," on the north side of the bishop's palace, where the queen, looking out of her bedchamber window, beheld him jump off his car and approach the window in such a sort, that her majesty "was seen to smile at the boldness of the boy." He looked at the queen with courage and audacity, then bowed down his head, "shaked his rod," and commenced an unmercifully

<sup>1</sup> The tradition regarding the ancient laws instituted by this British queen is mentioned in the Introduction to this work.

long string of verses ; but the gist of his message was, " that if her highness pleased to take the air that day, there were shows and devices to be seen abroad." Unfortunately, it rained hard, and the queen did not venture out, but received a deputation from the Dutch church, with a goblet of exquisitely wrought silver, worth fifty pounds, presented with a speech, which pathetically alluded to the cruel persecutions perpetrated by Philip II. and Alva in the Netherlands." Norwich was then crowded with Protestant emigrants, whom this conduct, impolitic as it was wicked, had expatriated, with their ingenious crafts, from the Spanish dominions. The next day her majesty was engaged to hunt in sir Henry Jerningham's park at Cottessy. As she passed out of St. Bennet's gates, master Mercury and all the heathen deities were stationed there with speeches, and presents of small value ; among others, Jupiter gave her a riding-rod made of whale's fin. Venus presented her with a white dove : the little creature was so tame that, when cast off, it made directly to the queen, and sat before her all the time as quietly as if it listened to the speeches. The queen, and the French ambassadors who were in her train, dined on Wednesday with the young earl of Arundel, heir of her victim the beheaded duke of Norfolk.

The poet Churchyard, an old retainer of that family, was the person who had arranged all the pageants on this occasion ; " and when her majesty took her barge at my lord Surrey's back-door, he had prepared a goodly mask of water-nymphs ; but the place being small and the passages narrow, he removed all his nymphs to a spot lower down the river, where a deep hole had been dug in the earth by the water-side and covered with green canvas, which suddenly opening, as if the ground gaped, first one nymph was devised to pop up and make the queen a speech, and then another ; and a very complete concert was to sound secretly and strangely out of the earth." Unfortunately, at the very moment when the queen passed in her coach, a thunder-shower came down like a water-spout and almost drowned the water-nymphs, while awful bursts of thunder silenced the underground concert. " Though some of us got to a

boat, and stood up under a bridge [probably Bishop's bridge], we were all so splashed and washed that it was found greater pastime to see us all look like drowned rats than to behold the best of our shows." As the water-nymphs were only great boys, who may be considered in the eastern counties almost as aquatic animals, our discomfited poet affords no commiseration for their sousing; but on the subject of their dresses, and on the impolicy of planning masks in England, exposed to the caprices of the climate, he is positively pathetic. "What shall I say of the loss of the city in velvets, silks, and cloth of gold? Well, nothing but the old adage, Man doth purpose, but God dispose." Elizabeth knighted the mayor, and told him "she should never forget his city." "When on her journey, she looked back and, with the water in her eyes, shook her riding-whip, and said, Farewell! Norwich."<sup>1</sup>

The visits of Elizabeth to private individuals during her progresses were often attended with great expense and inconvenience, and occasionally with evil results to her hosts. In her homeward route from her eastern progress this year, her majesty was pleased to pay one of her self-invited visits to Euston hall,<sup>2</sup> in Suffolk, belonging to a young gentleman of the ancient house of Rookwood, who had just come of age. "This Rookwood," says Topcliffe, "is a papist newly crept out of his wardship. Her majesty was lodged at his house at Euston,—fitter for the blackguard."<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless, this gentleman was brought into her majesty's presence by some device, and her excellent majesty gave Rookwood ordinary [usual] thanks for his bad house, and her fair hand to kiss; after which it was *braved* at," whether the thanks or the hand, it is difficult to divine. "But my lord chamberlain, nobly and gravely understanding that Rookwood was excommunicated for papistry, called him before him, and demanded of him how he durst attempt her royal presence,—*he*, unfit to accompany any Christian person;" and add-

<sup>1</sup> Nichols's Progresses, vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury.—Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. ii. pp. 119–121.

<sup>3</sup> The lower functionaries of the palace, who did not wear uniforms or liveries.

ing "that he was fitter for a pair of stocks, forthwith commanded him out of the court, and yet to attend her council's pleasure." This was a strange return for the costs to which he had been put by the royal visit, but poor Rookwood's guests were not contented with this curious specimen of their courtly manners. Their next proceeding was to raise an outcry that some of their property had been stolen, and to ransack his house and premises. Unfortunate man! he was in much the greatest danger of being robbed, as the sequel will show; but no words, excepting those of master Topcliffe, can do justice to this precious trait of the times:—"And to decipher the gentleman to the full, a piece of plate being missed in the house and searched for, in his hay-house was found such an image of Our Lady as for greatness, for gayness, and workmanship, I did never see a match; and after a sort of country-dance, ended in her majesty's sight, the idol was set in sight of the people, who *avoided*.<sup>1</sup> Her majesty commanded it to the fire, which, in her sight, by the country folks was quickly done, to her content and the unspeakable joy of every one, but some one or two who had sucked the idol's poisoned milk." But the guests of the owner of Euston hall had not yet made Rookwood sufficient returns for his hospitality, for the amiable inditer of the epistle says, "The next good news (but in account the highest) her majesty hath served God with great zeal and comfortable examples, for by her council two notorious papists, young Rookwood (the master of Euston hall, where her majesty did lie on Sunday now a fortnight), and one Downs, a gentleman, were both committed,—the one to the town-prison at Norwich, and the other to the county-prison there, for obstinate papistry; and seven more gentlemen of worship were committed to several houses in Norwich, as prisoners." Such was the neglected state of prison regulations at that period, that only in the preceding year, "when the prisoners were brought into court for trial at Oxford, the noxious atmosphere that clave to them slew the lord chief-justice Bell, the principal law officers present, and most of the jury, as with a sudden blight." Such are

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, turned from it.



among the records of the golden days of good queen Bess : although the privy council appears more chargeable with this instance of persecution than the sovereign, yet, as the deed was transacted under her very eye, she cannot be acquitted of having sanctioned the cruel return that was made to her unfortunate young host for her entertainment at Euston hall, so true it is that "they who permit oppression share the crime."

Another instance is recorded of the ill consequences that resulted from one of Elizabeth's unwelcome visits, by Smith, in his *Lives of the Berkeleys*, who states, "that she came in progress to Berkeley castle what time Henry lord Berkeley, the then possessor, had a stately game of red deer in the park adjoining, called 'the Worthy,' whereof Henry Ligon was keeper: during which time of her being there such slaughter was made, as twenty-seven stags were slain in the toils in one day, and many others on that and the next stolen and havocked; whereof when this lord, being then at Callowden, was advertised, having much set his delight in this game, he suddenly and passionately disparked that ground. But in a few months after he had secret friendly advertisement from the court, that the queen was informed how the same was disparked by him on repining at her coming to his house (for, indeed, it was not in her *gestes*<sup>1</sup>), and at the good sports she had had in the park; advising this lord to carry a wary watch over his words and actions, lest that earl [meaning Leicester] that had, contrary to her set justice, drawn her to his castle and purposely caused this slaughter of his deer, might have a further plot against his head and that castle, whereto he had taken no small liking, and affirmed to have good title to the same." The reader will scarcely wonder that, in many instances, considerable alarm was experienced by some of her loyal lieges at the idea of the expensive compliment of a royal visit. The earl of Bedford writes thus to lord Burleigh on the subject:—"I trust your lordship will have in remembrance to provide and help that her majesty's tarrying be not above two nights and a day, for so long

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, plan of progress.



time do I prepare. I pray God the rooms and lodging there may be to her majesty's contentation for the time." It is not generally known that, expensive as these visits were to private individuals, the cost of them to the public treasury was matter of deep concern. Even Leicester, in a letter to his enemy Sussex on this subject, says, "We all do what we can to persuade her majesty from any progress at all, only to keep at Windsor, or thereabouts; but it misliketh her not to have change of air."<sup>1</sup> It was one of her peculiarities, too, that she gave very brief notice of the direction in which she meant to bend her course. Consequently the nobility and gentry of the provinces must always have been in a state of excitement and expectation as to the royal movements, when her majesty gave indications of an intention of quitting the metropolis. When lord Buckhurst had reason to expect a visit from her majesty at Lewes, he was so forestalled with respect to provisions by other nobles in Sussex, that he was obliged to send for a supply from Flanders.<sup>2</sup>

Soon after Elizabeth's return from her eastern progress, the duke of Anjou sent his favorite, monsieur Simiers, to plead his suit to her. This envoy proved so agreeable to her majesty, that she invited him thrice a week to her private parties, and never appeared so happy as in his company.<sup>3</sup> The greatest jealousy was excited among her ministers at the favor manifested by their royal mistress to the insinuating foreigner. They even suspected that she confided to him her most secret thoughts. Leicester, infuriated at the attention her majesty bestowed on Simiers, attributed his influence to sorcery and other unhallowed arts. It was quite apparent to every one that if Elizabeth had ever cherished undue regard for Leicester, she had conquered her passion. Her quondam governess, Mrs. Ashley, who had not changed her intriguing habits though now in the vale of years, ventured to plead the cause of Leicester to her royal mistress, and, from the nature of the reply, she must have recommended the queen to marry him. "What!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with tenfold of her father's

<sup>1</sup> Murdin's State-Papers.<sup>2</sup> Ellis's Letters.<sup>3</sup> Camden.

pride; "shall I so far forget myself as to prefer a poor servant of my own making to the first princes in Christendom?"<sup>1</sup> Leicester himself had previously ventured to cross-question his royal mistress as to her intentions on the French match; and being deceived, by the subtlety of her dealing, into the idea that she really meant to wed the duke of Anjou, considered his own ambitious hopes at an end, and privately married the widowed countess of Essex, of whom he was deeply enamoured. Simiers, having penetrated this secret, gave immediate information of it to the queen, as he suspected that her regard for Leicester was the principal obstacle to her marriage with Anjou.<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth was so greatly offended with Leicester that she ordered him not to stir from Greenwich castle, and would have sent him to the Tower had she not been dissuaded by the earl of Sussex from an action liable to constructions so derogatory to her dignity as a female sovereign.<sup>3</sup> Leicester, who could not forgive Simiers for his interference, has been accused of practising against his life, because one day, when Simiers was attending her majesty to her barge not far from Greenwich, a gun was discharged from a neighboring boat, and one of the queen's bargemen was shot through both arms, within six feet of the queen's person. Every one in the barge was amazed, and the poor man bled profusely. Elizabeth did not lose her presence of mind, though she believed the shot was aimed at her life; she took off her scarf, and threw it to the bargeman to bind up his wounds withal, telling him "to be of good cheer, for that he should never want; for the bullet was meant for her, though it had hit him." All present admired her intrepidity, but her future conduct was still more admirable, for, finding when the man, Thomas Appletree, was put upon his trial, that the piece had gone off by sheer accident, she not only pardoned him, but interceded with his master to retain him in his service.<sup>4</sup> It was on this occasion that Elizabeth made the following gracious declaration:—"That she would not believe anything against her

<sup>1</sup> Murdin's State-Papers. Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers. Camden.

<sup>3</sup> Camden.

<sup>4</sup> Speed, 1159.

subjects that loving parents would not believe of their children.”<sup>1</sup> She, however, took the precaution of declaring, by public proclamation, that the French envoys and their servants were under her royal protection, and forbade any person from molesting them, on peril of severe punishment.

The frivolous pretence of plots against the queen’s life by sorcery had recently been revived. There were found at Islington, concealed in the house of a Catholic priest, three waxen images of the queen and two of her chief councillors, which it was said were intended to be operated upon in a diabolical manner for her destruction.<sup>2</sup> Much at the same time, her majesty was attacked with such grievous toothache that nothing could mitigate the torture she endured, and she obtained no rest either by night or day. Some persons attributed these sufferings to the malign magic that had been employed against her.<sup>3</sup> Her physicians held a consultation on the royal malady, and instead of devising a remedy for her relief, fell to disputing among themselves on the cause of her indisposition and the medicines most advisable to use. The lords of the council then took the matter in hand, and decided on sending for an “outlandish physician, of the name of John Anthony Fenatus,” who was celebrated for curing this agonizing pain; but, as it was a perilous thing to intrust the sacred person of a sovereign, so suspicious of plots against her life by poison as Elizabeth, to the discretion of a foreign practitioner, “who might possibly be a Jew, or even a papist,” they would not permit him to see her majesty, but required him to write his prescription.

Fenatus composed a long and elaborate Latin letter in reply,<sup>4</sup> declaring, in the first place, his unworthiness to come after such great physicians; and then prescribing divers remedies, but with the intimation “that if the tooth were hollow, when all was said and done, it was best to have it drawn, though at the cost of some short pain. If, however, her majesty could not bring herself to submit to the use of chirurgical instruments [of which it seems he had heard something of her abhorrence], then he advised that the juice

<sup>1</sup> Camden.<sup>2</sup> Ibid.<sup>3</sup> Strype.<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

of *chelidonium major* might be put into the tooth, and so stopped with wax that none of it might touch the sound parts, which would so loosen the tooth that in a short time it might be pulled out with the fingers,—or the root of the said plant might be rubbed upon the tooth, which would produce the same effect; but concluded by declaring that drawing the tooth was, by all, esteemed the safest and best way.” The courage of the lion-hearted Elizabeth failed her on this occasion, and she expressed so much repugnance to the loss of her tooth, combined with terror of the pain that might attend the operation, that the eloquence of her whole cabinet could not prevail upon her to undergo it. Aylmer bishop of London, who was present at this grave debate, then stood forth, and after assuring her majesty that the pain was less than she apprehended, told her “that although he was an old man, and had not many teeth to spare, she should see a practical experiment of it on himself,” and thereupon bade the surgeon, who was in attendance, extract one of his teeth in her majesty’s presence, which encouraged the queen to submit to the like operation.<sup>1</sup> After this rich incident, some readers may possibly feel disposed to entertain doubts of the valiant temperament of the maiden queen, of which more has been said than can be demonstrated, but of her pugnacity we have sufficient evidence from contemporary record.

Elizabeth, in a letter to her trusty and well-beloved councillor sir Amias Paulet, expresses some pique that her royal French suitor had not adventured to plead his cause in person, or, as she expresses it:—

“Have come over and seen us without standing upon so many ceremonies, being persuaded that a duke of Anjou could receive no dishonor by taking a journey to see a queen of England, whatsoever success the end of his coming took. For we are well assured that his repair unto us could not be accompanied with harder success (we will not say with so great dishonor) than his late voyage into the Low Countries; and therefore we saw no cause why the one might not be performed with as little difficulty as the other, if they were both sought with the like good-will and devotion.”

The burst of self-conceit which follows would have been regarded as intolerable in a girl of fifteen, but is perfectly characteristic of the opinion the august spinster, in her

<sup>1</sup> Strype’s Life of Aylmer.

fiftieth year, continued to cherish of her personal as well as mental charms.

"If," she continues, "they had to deal with a princess that had either some defect of body, or some other notable defect of nature, or . . . But considering how otherwise, our fortune laid aside, it hath pleased God to bestow his gifts upon us in good measure, which we do ascribe to the Giver, and not glory in them as proceeding from ourselves (being no fit trumpet to set our own praises), we may, in true course of modesty, think ourselves worthy of as great a prince as monsieur is."<sup>1</sup>

On the 16th of June, Simiers demanded a definite answer from the queen on the subject of his master's suit for her hand, and she replied, as she had done many times before, "that she could not decide on marrying a man whom she had never seen." At this declaration the *mounseer*, as the French prince was styled in England, acted, for once in his life, like a man of spirit, and, to deprive the royal spinster of her last excuse for either deferring his happiness or disappointing his ambition, crossed the seas in disguise, attended by only two servants, and, unexpectedly presenting himself at the gates of Greenwich palace, demanded permission to throw himself at her majesty's feet.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth was charmed at the romantic gallantry of her youthful wooer. His ugly nose and marred complexion were regarded, even by her dainty eye, as trivial defects, so greatly was she captivated with his sprightliness, his attention, and his flattery. She had been accustomed, from hearing his personal disadvantages exaggerated by parties who were adverse to the marriage, to think of him as a ridiculous, ill-favored, misshapen urchin, and she found him a very bold, insinuating young man, and vastly agreeable, in spite of his ugliness. He was the first, in fact the *only* one, among Elizabeth's numerous train of royal lovers, who had had the spirit to court in person, and the impression made by his advent appears to have been, while it lasted, such as to justify the bold step he had taken. Elizabeth was guilty of a few tender follies on his account. In one of her wardrobe-books we find the following quaint entry of a toy, evidently devised at this period: *Item*, one little flower of

<sup>1</sup> Additional MSS. 15891, f. 6. Brit. Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.



gold, with a frog thereon; and therein mounseer his *phisno-mye*, and a little pearl pendant.”<sup>1</sup> *Query*, was this whimsical conceit a love-token from the duke of Anjou to his royal *belle amie*, and the frog designed, not as a ridiculous, but a sentimental allusion to his country? In the course of a few days the French prince succeeded in ingratiating himself so thoroughly with Elizabeth, that he departed with the fullest expectations of winning the august bride, for whose hand the mightiest kings, the most distinguished conquerors, and the handsomest men in Europe had contended in vain.

Elizabeth's favorite vice-chamberlain, sir Christopher Hatton, dared to express his personal jealousy of the duke of Anjou and his royal mistress, “whom,” says he, “through choice I love no less than he, who by the greatness of a kingly birth and fortune is most fit to have her.” This sentence occurs in one of Hatton's letters to the veteran courtier Heneage, whom he requests to deliver a ring to her majesty from him, “which has,” he says, “the gift of expelling infectious airs, and is to be worn betwixt her sweet breasts, the chaste nest of most pure constancy.” To Elizabeth herself he ventures, a few days after the date of this letter, to write a humble remonstrance on the folly of sacrificing love to ambition, making a contemptuous allusion, withal, to his august French rival, under the figure of a frog. After expressing his dutiful thanks for the letters with which her majesty had honored him, he says:—

“Your words are sweet,—your heart is full of rare and royal faith,—the writing of your fair hand, directed by your constant and sacred heart, do raise in me joy unspeakable. Would God they did not rather puff up my dejected spirits with too much pride and hope! I most humbly thank God for these admirable gifts in your majesty; they exceed and abound towards your highness unequally in the measure of His grace, among men, so far, as God knoweth, there is not your like. I crave most humbly your gracious favor and pardon for the offence I have made you. Frogs, near the friends where I then was, are much more plentiful and of less value than their fish is; and because I know that poor beast seasonable in your sight, I therefore blindly entered into that presumption. But *misericordia tua super omnia opera tua*.

“Against love and ambition your highness hath holden a long war; they are

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<sup>1</sup> Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. ii.



the violent affections that canker the hearts of men. But now, my most dear sovereign, it is more than time to yield, or else this love will leave you in war and disquietness of yourself and estate, and the ambition of the world will be most maliciously bent to encumber your sweet quiet of this most blessed realm."

Hatton concludes his affectionate epistle to his liege lady in these words, in which he speaks of himself by two of the pet names by which it pleased our royal Minerva to distinguish him:—

"And so your highness's most humble '*lids*,' a thousand times more happy in that you vouchsafe them yours, than in that they can serve and cover the poor eyes most lowly, do leave you in your kingly seat, in God's most holy protection. This 19th of September.

"Your majesty's '*sheep*' and most bound vassal,<sup>1</sup>

"CHR. HATTON."

The queen summoned her council in the beginning of October, to meet and deliberate on the subject of her marriage with the duke of Anjou. The first debate was on the score of disparity of age, as the prince was but twenty-three, and her majesty forty-six. This point was discussed with great freedom, it should appear. The minutes remain in Burleigh's hand, in which the opinions of the different privy councillors are placed in opposition to each other, under the heads of '*perils*' and '*remedies*.' To say the truth, the non-contents have exceedingly the best of the argument. Among these, the opinion of sir Ralph Sadler is remarkable for its uncourtier-like bluntness. The oracular sentences which he delivered were as follows:—"In years the queen might be his mother. Doubtfulness of issue more than before. Few old maids escape."<sup>2</sup>

Sussex and Hunsdon advocated the marriage as a measure of expediency for the security of the queen's person and government. Burleigh, in compliance with her commands, seconded their reasons, but not honestly. Leicester and Hatton did the same at first, but finally pretended to be converts to the strong arguments of Bromley, Sadler, Mildmay, and Sidney against it. On the seventh they waited upon her majesty in a body, and requested "to be informed of her pleasure on the subject, and they would endeavor to

<sup>1</sup> Autograph in the State-Paper office.

<sup>2</sup> Murdin's State-Papers.

make themselves conformable to it." The queen, who expected to have been furnished with a legitimate excuse for following her own inclination, in the shape of a petition for her to marry, was surprised and offended at their caution, and, bursting into tears of anger and vexation, she reproached them for their long disputations, "as if it were doubtful whether there would be more surety for her and her realm, than if she were to marry and have a child of her own to inherit, and so to continue the line of Henry VIII."<sup>1</sup> In conclusion, she condemned her own simplicity in committing so delicate a matter to them, for "she had expected," she said, "that they would have unanimously petitioned her to proceed with the marriage, rather than have made doubt of it; and being much troubled, she requested them to leave her till the afternoon."<sup>2</sup>

The afternoon found her majesty very ungraciously disposed; she used passionate and bitter vituperation against those who had opposed the match; she even endeavored herself to refute the objections that had been made to it in council, and she issued an edict forbidding the matter to be touched upon in the pulpit by any preacher whatsoever. Burleigh, finding that the queen was not to be crossed, openly compelled the council to assume a semblance of compliance with her wishes, by discussing the marriage-articles with the duke of Anjou's procurator, Simiers.<sup>3</sup> Nothing could, however, be more unpopular in England than the idea of such a marriage. Was the lawful heiress of the crown to be immured and kept in hourly fear of death because she was a member of the church of Rome, while the sovereign herself, the defender of the Protestant faith, wilfully endangered the stability of the newly-established church by entering into a matrimonial treaty with a Roman Catholic? The inconsistency and want of moral justice involved in such a proceeding was felt by the professors of every varying creed throughout the realm. Elizabeth acknowledged, to a certain degree, the force of the objections of her subjects against the marriage, but was troubled with a perverse inclination to act according to her own pleasure

<sup>1</sup> Murdin.<sup>2</sup> Murdin. Lingard. Aikin.<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

in the matter. Deeply offended at the demurs of her cabinet, she asked the advice of the accomplished sir Philip Sidney, who was at that time her cup-bearer. Sir Philip, with all the graceful courtesy and elegance of a finished gentleman, possessed a lofty spirit of independence. He gave his reply to his sovereign in the form of a letter,<sup>1</sup> in which he introduces the following plain truths on the impolicy of the measure:—

“How the hearts of your people,” says he, “will be galled, if not aliened, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a papist, in whom the very common people know this,—that he is the son of the Jezebel of our age; that his brother made oblation of his own sister’s marriage, the easier to make massacre of our brethren in religion. As long as he is monsieur in might and a papist in profession, he neither can nor will greatly shield you; and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax’s shield, which rather weighed down than defended those that bare it.”<sup>2</sup>

The queen had the philosophy to take his remonstrance in good part; but a terrible example of her vengeance had taken place, during the visit of Anjou, on a luckless bencher of Lincoln’s inn named Stubbs, who presumed to write and publish at this crisis a book, with the following quaint title:—“The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf, wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French Marriage, if the Lord forbid not the Banns by letting her see the Sin and the Punishment thereof.” The work contained, as may be supposed, a series of fierce vituperations against the unsuitableness of the alliance, and the choler of the writer was especially excited by the circumstance of monsieur having paid her majesty a personal visit *incognito*. This Stubbs denounced as “an unmanlike, unprince-like, French kind of wooing.”

“This man” [the duke], says he, “is a son of Henry II., whose family, ever since he married with Catherine of Italy, is fatal, as it were, to resist the gospel, and have been, every one after the other, as a Domitian after a Nero, etc. Here is, therefore, an imp of the crown of France, to marry with the crowned nymph of England!”

an expression by no means inelegant or uncomplimentary to the maiden monarch, now well stricken in years. The book was prohibited, the whole impression seized and

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

<sup>2</sup> *Scrinia Cecilianæ*.

burned, and the author, printer, and publisher were all proceeded against on a statute of Philip and Mary, although the lawyers stoutly contended such statute was virtually null and void. Stubbs and his publisher had, nevertheless, to endure the barbarous sentence of the loss of their right hands, which were smitten off with a butcher's knife and mallet in the market-place at Westminster. The conduct of Stubbs, at the most bitter moment of this disgusting execution, proves that the subjects of Elizabeth, even when suffering from her vindictive spirit for contradicting her will, assumed an extraordinary devotion of loyalty. "I remember," says Camden, "standing by John Stubbs, who, as soon as his right hand was off, took off his hat with the left, and cried aloud, 'God save the queen!'" He fainted the next moment. A long and rigorous imprisonment in the Tower was, nevertheless, added to the miseries of this brave but unfortunate gentleman.

"For your majesty's marriage," writes Walsingham, "if you mean it, and your proceeding therein doth give the world reason to judge the contrary, remember then, I most humbly beseech you, that by the delay your highness useth therein you lose the benefit of time, which (*your years considered*) is not the least thing to be weighed; if you mean it not, then assure yourself it is one of the worst remedies your highness can use, howsoever you conceive that it serveth your turn."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth had felt the force of Sidney's remonstrances, and even the fulminations of the hapless Stubbs probably created misgivings. When sir William Drury, who was an advocate for the French alliance, inquired with great reverence her majesty's disposition that way, she gave him a great clap on the shoulder with her hand, and replied, "I will never marry; but I will ever bear good-will and favor to those who have liked and furthered the same."<sup>2</sup> She meant those who had advocated the marriage.

Among the great events of this period may be reckoned the death of Elizabeth's great minister, sir Nicholas Bacon, generally distinguished by the title of my lord keeper. It is recorded, that when the queen visited him at his modest country residence, she was pleased to observe that his house

<sup>1</sup> Wright, vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Bowes MSS.

was too little for him. "No, madame," replied he, "you have made me too big for my house." He afterwards had the honor of entertaining his royal mistress in his stately mansion of Gorhambury, which he built, probably in consequence of her remark on his former abode. Among the elaborate dainties which furnished forth the memorable banquet for the maiden monarch and her court was a hog roasted whole, garnished with links of sausages,—a queer culinary pun on his own name. Elizabeth one day asked sir Nicholas Bacon "what he thought of a monopoly license she had granted?" "Madame," he said, "if I must speak the truth, I will reply in the Latin proverb,—'*Licentia omnes deteriores sumus*.' 'We are all the worse for license.'"<sup>1</sup>

The splendid talents of his son, the learned and eloquent Francis Bacon, afterwards the great lord Bacon of Verulam, early attracted the notice of queen Elizabeth, who was wont to call him playfully "her little lord keeper," and predicted that he would one day become a distinguished man. He proved, it is well known, one of the brightest ornaments of her reign, a diamond of unrivalled lustre, though not without a flaw. His records of Elizabeth are among the most favorable her literary contemporaries have preserved of her character. Eulogiums from such a source are calculated to make a strong impression on every reader, even when no supporting facts are given; and there can be little doubt that Elizabeth is indebted for much of her posthumous popularity to the powerful pen of Bacon. "As to her religion," he says, "she was pious, moderate, constant, and an enemy to novelty. She was seldom absent from divine service and other duties of religion, either in her chapel or closet. She was very conversant in the Scriptures and writings of the fathers, especially St. Augustine. She composed certain prayers on emergent occasions. When she mentioned the name of God, though in ordinary discourse, she generally added the title Creator, and composed her eyes and countenance to an expression of humility and reverence, which I have myself often observed."

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's Apothegms.



This observation is evidently urged in contradistinction to Elizabeth's well-known habit of profane swearing, in which she outdid her father, bluff king Hal, from whom she probably acquired that evil propensity in her childhood. Her favorite expletive was, however, certainly derived from her first lover, the lord admiral, with whom it was in fearfully familiar use, as those who have read the State-Papers collected by Haynes, and also by Tytler, must be aware; but expressions which startle us, even from the lips of a bad man, appear to the last degree revolting when used in common parlance by a female, especially a princess, whose piety is still a favorite theme with many writers. In illustration of Elizabeth's inconsiderate habit in this respect, we give the evidence of a contemporary, who appears neither shocked nor surprised at the coarse language of the maiden monarch. "Curiosity," says lord Herbert of Cherbury, "rather than ambition, brought me to court, and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel before the great queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence-chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and, swearing her usual oath, demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but none knew me, till sir James Crofts, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married sir W. Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen looked attentively at me, and, swearing again her ordinary oath, said, 'It is a pity he married so young,' and thereupon gave me her hand to kiss twice, both times gently patting my cheek." This license has been attributed to the grossness of the age. That age produced the daughters and granddaughters of sir Thomas More, Katharine Parr, lady Jane Gray, "Sidney's sister," and many other spotless examples of female purity and refinement; and for the honor of the ladies of the sixteenth century, it may be presumed that the use of oaths was a characteristic of Elizabeth, rather than of the ladies of her times.

"As to what was reported," continues lord Bacon, "that she was altogether so unmindful of mortality as not to bear

the mention of death or old age, it is absolutely false; for several years before her death she would often facetiously call herself 'the old woman,' and discourse about what epitaph she would like, adding, 'that she was no lover of pompous titles, but only desired that her name might be recorded in a line or two, which should briefly express her name, her virginity, the years of her reign, the reformation of religion under it, and her preservation of peace.' It is true, that in the flower of her age, being importuned to declare her successor, she answered, 'that she could by no means endure a shroud to be held before her eyes while she was living;' and yet, some time before her death, when she was pensive, and probably meditating on her mortality, a person familiar with her, observing that several great offices were vacant, and had been kept so too long, she rose up hastily, and said, with unusual warmth, 'that she was sure *her* place would not long be vacant.' She hated vice, and studied to preserve an honorable fame. Thus, for example, having once ordered a despatch to be written to her ambassador, which he was to communicate privately to the queen-mother of France, Catherine de Medicis, her secretary had inserted a compliment for the ambassador to use, importing, 'That they were two queens, from whose experience in the arts of government no less was expected than of the greatest kings,' queen Elizabeth could not bear the comparison, and forbade it to be sent, observing, 'She used very different arts of government from the queen-mother of France.' The commendation that best pleased her was, if any one declared that she would have been distinguished by her virtues and abilities if her station had been in private life, so unwilling was she to owe her distinction merely to her royal station. To speak the truth," pursues this eloquent eulogist, "the only proper encomiast of this princess is time, which, during the ages it has run, never produced her like for the government of a kingdom."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth's regnal talents were shown in the acuteness of her perceptive powers, and the unerring discrimination with which she selected her ministers and great law-officers, and

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's *Apothegms*.

in some instances converted those into loyal servants who might have turned their abilities to her annoyance. It is a tradition in the Egerton family, that she was once in court when Thomas Egerton, a distinguished barrister, was pleading against the crown side, in some action in the court of Queen's bench. She was so much struck with his eloquence and professional skill, that she exclaimed, "By my troth, he shall never plead against me again." She immediately appointed him queen's counsel,—in modern parlance, gave him a silk gown; he attained the dignities of solicitor-general and lord keeper in her reign.<sup>1</sup>

In the spring of 1580, the queen thought proper to check the presumptuous disposition of her subjects to emulate the height and amplitude of the royal ruff, which forms so characteristic a feature in her costume, and an act was passed in parliament, empowering certain officials to stand at corners of the streets, armed with shears, for the purpose of clipping all ruffs that exceeded the size prescribed by this droll sumptuary law, and also to shorten the rapiers of all gentlemen who persisted in wearing them of an unsuitable length. During the progress of this forcible reformation in the dimensions of ruffs and rapiers, the French ambassador, Mauvissière, chancing to recreate himself with a morning ride in Smithfield, was stopped at the Bars by the officers who sat there to cut swords, who insisted on shortening his rapier, which exceeded the limits prescribed by the recent statute.<sup>2</sup> To impugn the taste of a Frenchman in any matter connected with his dress is attacking him on a point of peculiar importance; but for the clownish officials of Smithfield bars to presume to make a forcible alteration in the costume of the man who represented the whole majesty of France was an outrage not to be endured, even by the veteran statesman Mauvissière de Castelnau. He drew his threatened rapier, instead of surrendering it to the dishonoring shears of the officers, and sternly stood on the defensive, and but for the seasonable interposition of lord Henry Seymour, who luckily was likewise taking the air in Smithfield, and hastened to rescue the insulted ambassador

<sup>1</sup> Life of Egerton, by the earl of Bridgewater.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge's Illustrations.

from the hands of the executive powers, evil consequences might have followed. Mauvissière complained to the queen, and her majesty greatly censured the officers for their want of discrimination in attempting to clip so highly privileged a person. At the same time that Elizabeth was so actively employed in retrenching any extraordinary deviations from good taste in her subjects, she had a most singular purchase made for her at Mechlin, of six Hungarian horses, to draw her coach. These creatures were of a light-gray color, with their manes and tails dyed orange.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the aggrieved parties whose sword-points and ruffs had just been clipped might have thought that the flaming orange manes and tails of the queen's coach-horses were quite as outrageous, in regard to taste, as long rapiers and high frills.

This year the queen took the alarm at the rapid increase of her metropolis, and prohibited any new dwelling-house to be built within three thousand paces of the gates of London,<sup>2</sup> upon pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of the materials brought for the erection of such edifice, and forbade any one to have more than one family in a house. The latter clause in this arbitrary and inconvenient regulation might have been called 'an act for the suppression of lodgings.' What would she have said of the metropolis in the present age of centralization!

Elizabeth did the great navigator, sir Francis Drake, after his return from his voyage of discovery round the world, the honor of going on board his ship at Deptford, where she partook of a collation, knighted him, and consented to share the golden fruits of his succeeding adventures. As some of Drake's enterprises were of a decidedly piratical character, and attended with circumstances of plunder and cruelty to the infant colonies of Spain, the policy of Elizabeth in sanctioning his deeds is doubtful; in a moral point of view, it appears unjustifiable. The English nobles, to whom Drake offered costly presents of gold and silver plate, refused to accept them; "which," says Camden, "angered him exceedingly, as it implied an intimation that they had not been honorably acquired." Drake commenced his career in life

<sup>1</sup> Wright.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

as the apprentice to a pilot at Upnor, who finally bequeathed to him his little bark, which proved the foundation of his fortunes. After he had received the honor of knighthood from his sovereign, he assumed the heraldic device of three wiverns, the family coat of sir Bernard Drake, the representative of an ancient house of that name. Sir Bernard Drake, who disclaimed all affinity with the crestless stock from which his valiant namesake sprang, considered this a great piece of impertinence, and the first time he met him, gave him a box on the ears, and demanded "by what right he had presumed to assume his family arms?" Sir Francis took the blow patiently, and explained that he had assumed the wiverns as a general device of the name of Drake. Sir Bernard fiercely rejoined, "that he was the only Drake who had a right to bear the wiverns," adding a contemptuous allusion to the origin of the new knight, and his folly in pretending to any arms. Sir Francis appealed to the queen, who told him "that he had earned better arms for himself, which he should bear by her especial favor." She accordingly gave him an elaborate shield, charged, among other devices, with a ship, in the shrouds of which a wivern was hanging up by the heels, intended as a retaliation of the indignity which had been offered to him by his proud namesake. The next time they encountered, sir Francis Drake asked his adversary "what he thought of the arms the queen had given him?"—"The queen," rejoined the sturdy old knight, "may have given you finer arms than mine; but she neither has given you, nor could give you, a right to bear the three wiverns, the cognizance of my ancient house."

Elizabeth sometimes punned and played on words. When the archduke raised his siege from a place called the Grave, in the Low Countries, the queen received early private intelligence of the fact; and when her secretary came to transact business, she addressed him with these words:—"Wot you what? The archduke is risen from the grave." He answered, "An' please your majesty, without the trumpet of the archangel?" The queen replied, "Yea, without sound of trumpet."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's Apophthegms.



But for the delusive matrimonial treaty between Elizabeth and the worthless heir-presumptive of France, the Netherlands would have been at this crisis the theatre of a threefold contention between Spain, England, and France. The object of the States was to obtain the united protection of the two last-named powers against their legitimate oppressor, Philip. They deemed they should secure this by conferring the sovereignty on the duke of Anjou, whom they and half the world regarded as the husband elect of the maiden monarch of England; and, by this measure, they trusted to secure the friendship of both Elizabeth and Henry III. Their calculation was, in the end, a sagacious one; but the suspicious temper of Elizabeth led her to take the alarm, in the first instance, at not having been consulted by Anjou ere he presumed to accept the preferment that was thus flatteringly offered to him. Under an evident excitement of feeling, she addressed the following eloquent letter to sir Edward Stafford, her ambassador at Paris:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR EDWARD STAFFORD.

Supposed date, August, 1581.

“STAFFORD:—

“As I greatly regard your poor man’s diligence,<sup>1</sup> so I will not leave him unrewarded. For the charge, I have written to *monsieur* [her lover Anjou] what I have given in to you, this it is: First, for the commissioners’ authorities, I have good reason to require that they may be as I desired, both for present mislikes as well as for after mishaps. It happened in queen Mary’s day, that when a solemn ambassade, of five or six at the least, were sent from the emperor and king of Spain, even after the articles were signed, sealed, and the matter divulged, the danger was so near the queen’s chamber-door that it was high time for those messengers to depart without leaving-taking; and bequeathing themselves to the speed of the river-stream, by water passed with all possible haste to Gravesend, and so away. I speak not this that I fear the like; but when I make collection of sundry kinds of discontentments, all tied in a bundle, I suppose the fagot will be harder altogether to be broken.

“There is even now another accident fallen out, of no small consequence to this realm. I am sure the States have accorded to the demands of *monsieur* [Anjou], and do present him the sovereignty of all the Low Countries. Suppose now, how this may make our people think well of him and of me, to bring them to the possession of such neighbors? Oh, Stafford, I think not myself well used, and so tell *monsieur* that I am made a stranger to myself: who must he be, if this matter take place? In my name, show him how impertinent it is for this season [probably meaning their matrimonial treaty] to bring to the ears of

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<sup>1</sup> The messenger who brought the letter to which this is an answer.

our people so untimely news. God forbid that the *banes*<sup>1</sup> of our nuptial feast should be savored with the sauce of our subjects' wealth! Oh, what may they think of me, that for any glory of mine own would procure the ruin of my land? Hitherto they have thought me no fool; let me not live the longer the worse. The end crowneth the work!

"I am sorry that common posts of London can afford me surer news than the inhabitants of towns will yield me. Let it please monsieur to suspend his answer unto *them*<sup>2</sup> till he send *some* unto me of quality and trust [*i.e.*, some of the leading men of the Low Countries], to communicate and concur with that I may think good for *both* our honors; for I assure him, it *shall* [will] too much blot his fame if he deal otherwise, not only in my sight, to whom it hath pleased him to promise more than that, but especially to all the world, that be overseers of his actions. Let him never procure her harm whose love he seeks to win. My mortal foe can no ways wish me greater harm than England's hate; neither should death be less welcome unto me, than such a mishap betide me.

"You see how nearly this matter wringeth me: use it accordingly. If it . . . him, the *deputies* [*i.e.*, from the Low Countries] may have the charge of this matter joined with the other two that were aforementioned. I dare not assure monsieur how this greater matter [their wedlock] will end, until I be assured what way he will take with the Low Countries; for rather will I never meddle with marriage, than have such a bad covenant added to my part. Shall it be ever found true, that queen Elizabeth hath solemnized the perpetual harm of England under the glorious title of marriage with Francis, heir of France? No, no; it shall never be!

"Monsieur may fortune ask you,<sup>3</sup> Why should not the Low Countries be governed by the in-dwellers of that country as they were wont, and yet under my superiority as that of the king of Spain? I answer, The case is too far different, since the one is far off by seas' distance, and the other near upon the continent. We, willingly, will not repose our whole trust so far on the French nation as we will give them in pawn all our fortune, and afterwards stand to their discretion. I hope I shall not live to see that hour.

"Farewell, with my assurance that you will serve with faith and diligence.  
In haste,

Your sovereign,

"ELIZABETH."

The feeling of political jealousy under which Elizabeth penned this elaborate epistle soon subsided. She not only acquiesced in the election of duke Francis of Anjou to the sovereignty of the Low Countries, but assisted him with the subsidy of 100,000 crowns, and added a hint of her favorable disposition towards their marriage.<sup>4</sup> An embassy

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of this expression is not very apparent, whether her majesty means it for a pun on *banes* (harms or ills) and marriage banns, or the bones of the meats and viands.

<sup>2</sup> Probably to the Dutch and Flemings, who had offered him the sovereignty, which had raised so much displeasure in Elizabeth's mind.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, may happen to ask you.

<sup>4</sup> Lingard.

extraordinary was immediately sent from the court of France, of which the prince dauphin of Auvergne was the principal. The noble envoys were received with the greatest honors by Elizabeth's command, and landed at the Tower under a salvo of artillery. They were conducted by the young Philip earl of Arundel, the representative of the unfortunate duke of Norfolk, sir Philip Sidney, Fulke Greville, and lord Windsor, who were esteemed four of the most honorable gentlemen of the court, to a new banqueting house, which had been erected for their reception at Westminster, where they were entertained in the most sumptuous manner.<sup>1</sup> Among the pageants, sports, and princely recreations that had been prepared in honor of these distinguished foreigners, a tournament had been in contemplation; but such was the distaste manifested by the great body of her people against the French marriage, that the queen, apprehending serious tumults from any public collision with the noble foreigners, issued a proclamation that none of her subjects should either strike or draw weapon within four miles of London or the court.<sup>2</sup> After a few more demurs, it was mutually agreed that "the duke, his associates and servants, being no English subjects, should have liberty to use their own religion in their own houses, without molestation; that the duke of Anjou and the queen of England should, within six weeks after the ratification of the articles specified, personally contract marriage in England; and that as soon as the marriage was completed, the duke should assume the title of king." In the event of his succeeding to the crown of France, his eldest son by queen Elizabeth was to inherit that realm, and the second that of England. When it is remembered that her majesty was in her forty-ninth year, the contingency of two sovereigns proceeding from her marriage with the youthful heir of France appears somewhat visionary. It was, however, further provided, that, in the event of the queen dying before the duke, he was to have the tuition of all their children, till the sons should attain the age of eighteen, and the daughters fifteen. He was to settle upon the queen, in

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Stowe.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers.

dowry, 40,000 crowns per annum out of his lands at Berri; and the queen was, by act of parliament, to secure to him, for his life, such a pension as she might please to appoint.<sup>1</sup> In other matters, the treaty was framed according to the marriage-articles between the late queen Mary and Philip of Spain.

Before the six weeks stipulated for the fulfilment of this treaty had expired, Elizabeth faltered in her resolution, and attempted to evade her engagement. Yet she professed to bear a most sovereign love to her betrothed, and that her demurs only proceeded from her doubts how her subjects stood affected towards her marriage with him.<sup>2</sup> The duke, who, whatever were his faults as a politician and a man, was an accomplished wooer, resolved to take no refusal from any one but the queen herself. He had had the good fortune to achieve a successful military enterprise in compelling the prince of Parma to raise the siege of Cambray, and, crossing the seas, hastened to plead his own cause to his august lady-love. He arrived early in November, 1582. Elizabeth gave him not only an honorable, but a most loving reception, and, for a time, appeared to abandon herself to the intoxication of an ardent passion. She declared "that he was the most deserving and constant of all her lovers," and even made political engagements with him without consulting her ministers.<sup>3</sup> Having one day induced him to propitiate her Protestant subjects by accompanying her to St. Paul's cathedral, she rewarded him for his compliance by kissing him in the time of divine service, before all the congregation.<sup>4</sup> On the anniversary of her coronation, which was, as usual, celebrated with great pomp, she, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors and her whole court, placed a ring on his finger, which was regarded by all present as a pledge of her intention to become his wife, and from that time the prince was looked upon as her betrothed husband.<sup>5</sup> Her conduct, at this time, was

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> *Mémoires de Nevers*, i. 545.

<sup>4</sup> Aubrey relates this little anecdote in his *Life of Sylvanus Scorey*. Aubrey was the direct descendant of one of Elizabeth's favorite legal advisers, whom she used to call "her little doctor."

<sup>5</sup> Camden.

either that of the most enamoured of women, or the most unblushing of coquettes. Her gift of the ring was duly reported by the French and Dutch envoys; bonfires and salvoes of artillery manifested the satisfaction of these countries at the prospect of so glorious an alliance.

Her own people took the matter differently. Leicester, Hatton, and Walsingham were determined to prevent the marriage, and laid their plans accordingly. They were among the commissioners whom the queen had commanded to prepare the articles, and also a paper, prescribing the rites for the celebration of the nuptials.<sup>1</sup> This paper was actually drawn up and subscribed; but the same evening, as soon as she returned to her chamber, all her ladies, who had received their lesson from the anti-matrimonial cabal, got up a concert of weeping and wailing: they surrounded their royal mistress, and throwing themselves at her feet, implored her to pause ere she took so fatal a step as contracting marriage, at her time of life, with a youthful husband, by whom she would probably be despised and forsaken. They represented all her sister had suffered from her joyless union with Philip of Spain, and entreated her "not to share her power and glory with a foreign spouse, or to sully her fair fame as a Protestant queen, by vowing obedience to a Catholic husband." Elizabeth passed the night without sleep. In the morning, she sent for the duke: he found her pale and in tears. "Two more nights such as the last," she told him, "would bring her to the grave." She described the conflict of feeling between love and duty, in which it had been passed by her, and told him, "that although her affection for him was undiminished, she had, after an agonizing struggle, determined to sacrifice her own happiness to the welfare of her people." Anjou would have remonstrated, but Hatton, who was present, acted as spokesman for the agitated queen, and, with statesmanlike coldness, stated the objections to the marriage in terms which proved that they were regarded by the council as insuperable.<sup>2</sup>

The duke retired, in great disorder, to his own apart-

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Nevers.*

<sup>2</sup> Daniel. *Mémoires de Nevers.*



ment, and plucking the ring from his finger, flung it passionately on the ground, exclaiming, at the same time, "that the women of England were as changeable and capricious as their own climate, or the waves that encircled their island."<sup>1</sup> He then demanded leave to depart. Elizabeth implored him to remain, for "that it was her intention to marry him at a more auspicious moment; but, at present, she was compelled to do violence to her own feelings." The credulous prince believed, and tarried three months, waiting the auspicious moment which was destined never to arrive. Elizabeth, meantime, lavished the most flattering attentions upon him, and, like Calypso, omitted no device that was likely to retain this ill-favored Telemachus spell-bound in her enchanted isle. She danced frequently, and had many tragedies and comedies acted, with masks and all sorts of entertainments for his delight. On the New-year's day he tilted before her, at a tournament given in honor of his visit. He had chosen the following verse for his device:—

*"Serviet æternum, quem dulcis torquet Eliza."*

The moment the course was over, the queen hastened to him, and if we may believe the report of the duke de Nevers, who was present in the royal lover's suite, she saluted him repeatedly, and perceiving that he was fatigued, took him by the hand, and led him to his own chamber that he might repose himself. The next morning she paid him a visit before he rose.<sup>2</sup> Many reports, even more derogatory to the dignity and delicacy of the queen, were in circulation; but these, we trust, were the profane inventions of her foes, since they are chiefly founded on the malign gossip of the countess of Shrewsbury, or the persons who forged the coarse letter pretended to have been written by Mary queen of Scots to queen Elizabeth. But to return to facts.

The states of Belgium grew impatient of the protracted absence of their sovereign, and demanded his return. The prince himself was weary of the absurd thralldom in which

<sup>1</sup> Daniel. *Mémoires de Nevers*. Camden. Lingard.

<sup>2</sup> Nevers, pp. 555–557.

he was held, and finding it impossible to bring his wary inamorata to the desired point, determined to be kept no longer as the puppet of her wayward will. He announced to her the day of his departure; she remonstrated. He explained the necessity of his return to his new subjects; she called them "villains,"<sup>1</sup> and would only consent to his departure on condition of his promising to return in a month, and insisted, in spite of his avowed reluctance, on accompanying him part of his journey to the coast. He certainly had no wish for this tender attention, and did all he could to dissuade her majesty from leaving London, telling her "that the journey would be painful to her, and that, as the weather was fair and the wind favorable, he was loath to lose the opportunity of performing his voyage with all speed." Elizabeth was, however, resolute, and on the 1st of February she, and all her court, accompanied the prince on his journey as far as Rochester, where they passed the night.

The next day her majesty showed him her mighty ships of war lying at Chatham, and after they had been on board several of them, the prince and all the great lords of France who were in attendance expressed their admiration of all they saw, and declared, "that it was not without good reason that the queen of England was reported to be *LADYE OF THE SEAS.*"<sup>2</sup> The queen told the prince that "all these ships and their furniture were ready to do him service when it should be requisite," for which he most humbly thanked her majesty, and after a great discharge of the ordnance, they returned again to Rochester. The third day they went to Sittingbourne, where, dining in company, the queen was served, after the English manner, by the greatest ladies of her court, and the monsieur (as he is styled by our authority) after the French fashion by the gentlemen of his train, which ladies and gentlemen—a pleasant party, no doubt—dined afterwards together.

Anjou's impatience to be gone exceeded the bounds of civility. His highness besought her majesty again to go no farther, declaring unto her "that the fair weather passed

<sup>1</sup> Nevers. Lingard.    <sup>2</sup> Contemporary document in Nichols, vol. iii. p. 146.

away;" but, notwithstanding his entreaties, the queen went on still to Canterbury. There, after the queen had feasted the French nobles, she parted from the prince mournfully, and in tears,<sup>1</sup> bestowing upon him many royal presents as tokens of her regard. In the Ashmolean collection, the royal autograph verses "On Mount Zeur's departure," signed "Eliza. Regina," are still preserved. This little poem, though a decided imitation, if not a plagiarism from Petrarca, is certainly the most elegant of all Elizabeth's poetical compositions.

## I.

"I grieve, yet dare not show my discontent;  
 I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;  
 I dote, but dare not what I ever meant;  
 I seem stark mute, yet inwardly doe prate;  
 I am, and am not,—freeze, and yet I burn,  
 Since from myself my other self I turn.

## II.

"My care is like my shadow in the sun,—  
 Follows me flying,—flies when I pursue it,  
 Stands and lives by me,—does what I have done;  
 This too familiar care doth make me rue it.  
 No means I find to rid him from my breast,  
 Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

## III.

"Some gentler passion steal into my mind  
 (For I am soft, and made of melting snow);  
 Or be more cruel, Love, or be more kind,  
 Or let me float or sink, be high or low;  
 Or let me live with some more sweet content,  
 Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant."

After the quotation of this amatory effusion, it would perhaps be difficult to make out a case of perfect indifference in behalf of the royal spinster, or to impute all the marks of fondness she manifested for her last French suitor to political coquetry alone. According to outward signs and tokens, the struggle was really severe between duty and passion in the bosom of the queen. During Anjou's journey

<sup>1</sup> Contemporary document in Nichols, vol. iii. p. 146.

to Sandwich, she sent repeated messages of inquiry after his health, and even when he was on shipboard, Sussex brought him an urgent invitation to return to the queen, but he was obdurate. Her ministers would not permit her to sully her glory by becoming his wife; he would not permit himself to be played with any longer. Attended by the earl of Leicester, lord Hunsdon, lord C. Howard, one hundred gentlemen, and an escort of three hundred men, he sailed on the 8th of February for Holland, promising to return to Elizabeth in March, but she never saw him again.<sup>1</sup>

If we may credit the report of the gossiping heir of Shrewsbury, Elizabeth was scarcely less afflicted for the loss of Anjou than Dido for that of Æneas. She refused to return to Whitehall, because it was likely to bring too lively a remembrance to her mind of him with whom she so unwillingly parted. She might, nevertheless, have retained this precious charmer at the price of marriage, but her fame, her power, and her popularity were dearer to Elizabeth than idle dreams of love, and "she was blessed with a happy degree of fickleness, which, in due time, enabled her to find a fresh and more agreeable source of amusement than cherishing the image of a lost lover."

Elizabeth had been personally interested by the learning, eloquence, and ardent loyalty of the celebrated Edmund Campian, before the possibility was imagined of that star

<sup>1</sup> He landed at Flushing, February 10th, where he was received with great honor by the patriot prince of Orange. He was conducted to Antwerp, and inaugurated with great pomp as duke of Brabant, with very limited powers of sovereignty. His career, as the head of a Protestant people, was a troubled and brief one. His sister, Marguerite queen of Navarre, said of him, "If all infidelity were banished from the face of the earth, he alone could supply the void." Even his own attendants could not help expressing their scorn of his character to himself. "If I were the duke of Alençon," said Bussy d'Amboise, his favorite, "and you were Bussy, I would not have you even for a lacquey." "That is too much, Bussy," replied the duke. "He has little courage," said Henry the Great, his brother-in-law and sometime political ally, "and is as double-minded and malicious as he is ill-formed in body." It would, indeed, be difficult to quote a saying in favor of this hopeful suitor of Elizabeth. He was soon involved in a labyrinth of difficulties in the Low Countries, owing to his intrigues to obtain more power than he had agreed for; finally he decamped from his Brabant dukedom, and fled to France, where he died at his castle of Château-Thierry, June 10, 1584, some say by poison.

of the university of Oxford<sup>1</sup> forsaking the reformed religion for the proscribed doctrines of the church of Rome. After he had been tortured repeatedly for the purpose of extorting from him the particulars of some secret plot against the queen, in which he was suspected of being an agent, Elizabeth determined to see and confer with Campian herself; and by her order he was secretly brought one evening from the Tower, and introduced to her at the house of the earl of Leicester, in the presence of that nobleman, the earl of Bedford, and the two secretaries of state. She asked him "If he acknowledged her for queen?" He replied, "Not only for queen, but for my *lawful* queen." She demanded, "If he considered that the pope could excommunicate her lawfully?" He replied, evasively, "that it was not for him to decide in a controversy between her majesty and the pope. By the pope's ordinary power he could not excommunicate princes. Whether he could by that power which he sometimes exercised in extraordinary emergencies, was a difficult and doubtful question."<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth left him to the decision of her judges, by whom he and twelve other priests were condemned to the halter and quartering-knife. It was objected by some of the members of the council, that their execution would disgust the future consort of their sovereign, but Burleigh insisted on the necessity of some examples of the kind being made. Campian, with two of these unfortunate men, accordingly underwent the sentence of the law, asserting with their last breath their innocence of any treasonable intent, and praying for queen Elizabeth.<sup>3</sup> This occurred while the duke of Anjou was yet

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Campian was the first great scholar produced by Christ church hospital as a Protestant foundation; at thirteen, he pronounced a Latin oration to queen Mary on her accession. He became master of arts at Oxford in 1566, where his beautiful Latin address to queen Elizabeth, when she visited that city, was never forgotten. He went to Ireland to convert the Irish to the doctrines of the church of England, and wrote an excellent history of that country. Revolted and disgusted by the horrors exercised in Ireland by the government of his royal mistress, he became unhappily a proselyte to the church of Rome. He was admitted into the order of the Jesuits in 1573, returned to England as a zealous missionary, and was executed August, 1581.

<sup>2</sup> Bartoli. Lingard. Howell's State-Trials.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. Camden.



in England, but he took the matter as calmly as Gallo, "caring for none of those things." His creed was evidently similar to that of the cynical citizen of London in 1788, who sought to preserve his house from the attacks of the 'no Popery' rabble, in the riots led by lord George Gordon, by chalking on his door "NO RELIGION AT ALL."

All ranks of people hailed their queen's rejection of Anjou with enthusiastic feelings of applause. Shakspeare has celebrated her triumph over the snares of love in the following elegant lines:—

"That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west,  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
And the imperial votress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

So much, however, had Anjou contrived to endear himself to the fair vestal, that the news of his danger in his last illness gave her such pain that she refused to believe it, accused her ambassador, sir Edward Stafford, of wishing for his death, and reprimanded him in such severe terms, that when that event actually occurred he was afraid of informing her, "for fear," as he said, "of ministering cause to her grief."<sup>1</sup> When she was convinced of the truth of the report, she was so much afflicted that she shut herself up for several days to indulge her grief in solitude, and refused to transact business with her ministers. Lady Leighton, a friend of sir Christopher Hatton, to whom he had made this report of the state of the sovereign's mind as an excuse for not preferring some request of hers to their royal mistress, says, in her reply to him:—

"I am sorry, for mine own sake, you are any way hindered of your honorable proceeding in my suit, but especially that it should happen by so ill an accident

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<sup>1</sup> Murdin's State-Papers, 397. Castelnau also bears testimony to her extreme grief and trouble at his death.

as the grief and solitariness I hear her majesty gives herself to of late. But I hope that time and her wisdom will overcome that which is both so harmful to herself and helpless to the cause that produceth it. And as the extremity of her sorrow decreaseth, so I hope you shall have your wonted opportunity to do good to those who have their affiance in you."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth lady Leighton, the writer of the above letter, was the queen's near relation, being the daughter of Katharine Carey by sir Francis Knollys, consequently grand-daughter of Mary Boleyn.

In the interim between the departure of her royal French suitor and his death, Elizabeth first began to distinguish sir Walter Raleigh with her favor. He was the younger son of a country gentleman, of small fortune but good descent; but the great cause of his favorable reception at court, in the first instance, may be traced to his family connection with Elizabeth's old governess, Kate Ashley. That woman, who, from her earliest years, exercised the most remarkable influence over the mind of her royal pupil, was aunt to Raleigh's half-brother, sir Humphrey Gilbert, the celebrated navigator. The young, adventurous Raleigh, through her powerful patronage, obtained considerable preferment, and an important command in Ireland. Some dispute having occurred with the lord deputy, he desired to be heard before the council on the subject of their quarrel, when her majesty was present. His gallant bearing, and the good grace with which he told his tale, made so favorable an impression on Elizabeth that she took special notice of him, and soon after made him captain of her guards. He then commenced the business of a courtier, and affected great bravery in his attire; and being gifted by nature with a fine presence and handsome person, he contrived, at the expense, probably, of some privation and much ingenuity, to vie with the gayest of the beruffed and embroidered gallants who fluttered like a swarm of glittering insects round the maiden queen. One day, a heavy shower having fallen before her majesty went out to take her daily walk, attended by her ladies and officers of state, the royal progress, which cannot always be confined to paths of pleasantness, was impeded by a miry slough.

<sup>1</sup> Life and Times of Sir C. Hatton, by sir H. Nicolas.

Elizabeth, dainty and luxurious in all her habits, paused, as if debating within herself how she might best avoid the "filing of her feet." Raleigh, who had on that eventful day donned a handsome new plush coat, in the purchase of which he had probably invested his last testoon, perceiving the queen's hesitation, stripped it hastily from his shoulders, and, with gallantry worthy of the age of chivalry, spread it reverentially on the ground before her majesty, "whereon," says our author, "the queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many suits, for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth."<sup>1</sup>

Soon after this auspicious introduction to the royal favor, Raleigh was standing in a window-recess, and observing that the queen's eye was upon him, he wrote the following sentence, with the point of a diamond, on one of the panes:—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

Elizabeth condescended to encourage her handsome poet-courtier by writing, with her own hand, an oracular line of advice under his sentence, furnishing thereby a halting rhyme to a couplet, which he would probably have finished with greater regard to melody:—

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."<sup>2</sup>

Raleigh took the hint, and certainly no climber was ever bolder or more successful in his ascent to fame and fortune. If anything were to be given away, he lost no time in soliciting it of the queen, to the infinite displeasure of his jealous compeers. "When will you cease to be a beggar, Raleigh?" said the queen to him one day, apparently a little wearied of his greedy importunity. "When, madame, you cease to be a benefactress," was the graceful reply of the accomplished courtier. Elizabeth did not always reward services, but compliments were rarely offered to her in vain. So considerable was the influence of Raleigh with his partial sovereign, at one period, that Tarleton, the comedian, who had probably received his cue from Burleigh, or his

<sup>1</sup> *Old Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

son-in-law Oxford, ventured, during the performance of his part in a play which he was acting before her majesty, to point at the reigning favorite while pronouncing these words:—"See! the knave commands the queen;" for which he was corrected by a frown from her majesty.<sup>1</sup>

The handsome vice-chamberlain, sir Christopher Hatton, who had scarcely been able to brook the idea even of a royal rival in the queen's good graces, was very jealous of this new favorite. At first, he tried his usual method of indicating his anger by sullenly absenting himself from the court; but finding it had no effect, he employed the veteran go-between, sir Thomas Heneage, to deliver a letter of remonstrance to the queen, accompanied by three mysterious tokens,—to wit, a bodkin, a book, and a miniature bucket; the latter toy being intended as a significant allusion to Raleigh, on whom Elizabeth, according to her whim of designating her favorites by pet names, had bestowed the *sobriquet* of 'water,' not meaning Walter, his Christian name with the *l* omitted, but the unstable element so designated. Heneage gives a very lively account of the manner in which he performed his mission in a letter to Hatton, telling him that he came to the queen before ten in the morning, and found her ready to ride into the great park to kill a doe; that he delivered the letter and tokens, telling her at the same time that he was desired to furnish her majesty with a bucket, because it was thought (as indeed it happened) that 'water' would be near her as soon as she came out of

<sup>1</sup> Bohun. Notwithstanding all his wit and worldcraft, Raleigh wanted discretion; and he possessed the dangerous faculty of enemy-making in no slight degree. No man was more generally hated. We are indebted to the grave pen of Bacon for the following amusing anecdote, in illustration of his gratuitous impertinence:—"Sir Walter Raleigh was staying at the house of a great lady in the west country, who was a remarkable, notable housewife, and before she made a grand appearance at dinner in the hall, arranged all matters in her household. Sir Walter's apartment was next to hers, and he became privy to much of her interior management. Early in the morning he heard her demand of one of her maids, "Are the pigs served?" Just before dinner, when she entered, with infinite state and dignity, the great chamber where her guests were assembled, sir Walter directly asked, "Madame, are the pigs served?" The lady answered, without abating a particle of her dignity, "You know best whether you have had your breakfast."—Bacon's *Apothegms*.

her withdrawing-chamber.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth understood the metaphor, and received the tokens graciously.

"Which, together with the letter," continues Heneage, "she took in her hand, and, smiling, said [in reference to the sender], 'There never was such another.' And seeking to put the bodkin in her head [hair], where it could not well abide, she gave it me again, and the letter withal, which, when she came into the standing in the parrook, she took of me and read, and with blushing cheeks uttered many speeches (which I refer till I see you), the most of them tending to the discovery of a doubtful mind, whether she should be angry or well pleased; in the end showing, upon conference, her settled opinion of the fidelity and fastness of your affection, and her determination never to give you good cause to doubt her favor."

Then Elizabeth ordered Heneage to write to her jealous vice-chamberlain the following gentle reproof, mixed with much tender encouragement, and sent him the present of a dove:—

"That," pursues Heneage, "which I was willed to write to you was this:— That she liked your preamble so little, that she had little inclination to look on the bucket or the book; and that if princes were like gods (as they should be), they would suffer no *element* so to abound as to breed confusion; and that *pecora campi* [Hatton himself] was so dear unto her, that she had bounded her banks so sure, that no 'water' nor floods should be able ever to overthrow them. And for better assurance unto you that you should fear no drowning, she hath sent you a bird, that, together with the rainbow, brought the good tidings that there should be no more destruction by *water*. And further, she willed me to send you word, with her commendations, that you should remember that she was a shepherd, and then you might think how dear her *sheep* was unto her. This was all that I was willed to write, which she commanded me, with her token [the dove], to deliver to Mr. Killigrew, whom she meant to send to bring her word how you did. Since you went, her majesty hath had a very sharp indisposition, as it appeared to sir Thomas Leighton and my lady Talboys. Yesterday, all the afternoon, Stanhope was drawn in to be with her in private, and the ladies shut out of the privy-chamber. To conclude, *water* hath been more welcome than were fit for so cold a season; but so her majesty find no hurt by it, I care the less, for I trust it shall make neither me nor my friend wetshod."<sup>2</sup>

Neither the gracious token of the dove from the royal spinster nor her condescending protestations how dear her pet sheep was to her satisfied her jealous vice-chamberlain, who, after sulking for two months, took the liberty of again reminding his sovereign of the cause of his discontent, by

<sup>1</sup> Letter of sir Thomas Heneage to sir C. Hatton; additional MSS. Brit. Mus., 15891.

<sup>2</sup> Additional MSS. Brit. Museum, 15891, f. 97.



sending her a jewel in the form of a fish-prison, a far-fetched conceit in allusion to Raleigh's cognomen of 'water.' Heneage, through whom this token and a letter to her majesty were presented, wrote the following reply by the royal command:—

"The fine fish-prison, together with your letter this bearer brought me, I presented immediately to the delightful hands of her sacred majesty, who read it, well pleased to see you a little raised from your sour humor; and hath willed me to write unto you, 'that the "water," and the creatures therein, do content her nothing so well as you ween, her food having been ever more of flesh than of fish, and her opinion steadfast that flesh is more wholesome; and further, that if you think *pecora campi* be not more cared for of her, both abroad and at home, and more contenting to her than any waterish creatures, such a beast is well worthy of being put in the pound.' Besides, but for stirring choler in you, that for the most part carrieth men too far, her highness told me 'she would have returned to you your token;' but worn it is with best acceptance. And to conclude, to please you, and not to play with you, by her looks and words, which be no charms of guile, but the charters of truth, I am fully persuaded you are so full of her blessed favor, as may comfort your life, content your heart, and conclude you to be most happy."<sup>1</sup>

Hatton, in one of his letters to the queen, after absenting himself from her for some time, uses these remarkable expressions:—

"My negligence towards God and too high presumptions towards your majesty, have been sins worthily deserving more punishments than these. But, madame, towards yourself leave not the causes of my presumption unremembered, and though you find them as unfit for me as unworthy of you, yet in their nature of a good mind, they are not hatefully to be despised."<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth understood better how to please the great body of her subjects, the people, than the spoiled children of her privy-chamber. "The queen," says sir John Harrington, "did once ask my wife, in merry sort, 'How she kept my good-will and love?' My Moll, in wise and discreet manner, told her highness, 'She had confidence in her husband's understanding and courage, well founded on her own steadfastness not to offend or thwart, but to cherish and obey. Hereby did she persuade her husband of her own affection, and in so doing did command his.'—'Go to! go to! mistress,' saith the queen; 'you are wisely bent, I find. After such

<sup>1</sup> Additional MSS. Brit. Museum, 15891, f. 30.

<sup>2</sup> Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, by sir Harris Nicolas.

sort do I keep the good-will of all my husbands,—my good people; for if they did not rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience.”<sup>1</sup>

The czar, Ivan Basilovitch, applied to Elizabeth to negotiate a peace between him and John king of Sweden; and was so well pleased with her good offices, that, imagining she might stand his friend in a matter more interesting to his personal happiness, he made humble suit to her majesty to send him a wife out of England. Elizabeth made choice of a young lady of royal Plantagenet descent, Anne, sister to the earl of Huntingdon; but when she discovered that the barbarous laws of Muscovy allowed the sovereign to put away his czarina as soon as he was tired of her and wished for something new in the conjugal department, she excused her fair subject from accepting the proffered honor by causing his imperial majesty to be informed “that the young lady’s health was too delicate for such a change of climate, and her mother was too tenderly attached to endure the absence of her daughter; and above all, the laws of England would not permit her to give away the daughters of her subjects in marriage without the consent of their parents.” The czar was dissatisfied, and did not long survive his disappointment.<sup>2</sup> One of his successors, the czar Boris Godonouf, subsequently requested the queen to send an English consort for one of his sons; and by the following passages in a letter from his imperial majesty to her, it should seem that Elizabeth had either outlived her former scruples, or found some noble family willing to obtain the perilous preferment for one of their daughters, and that the royal Muscovite entertained a suspicion that some trickery was intended in the matter, for he manifests prudential caution in his inquiries as to the young lady’s descent, person, and qualifications:—

“Concerning the argument of your princely letters,” he says, “it cannot but give us an extraordinary contentment, we finding therein your majesty’s love

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. pp. 177, 178.

<sup>2</sup> *Camden’s Annals*. MS. Cotton., Nero, b. xi. p. 392.

and affection towards us and our children, carefully endeavoring the matching and bestowing of them in your own line and race. By which your letters your highness made known unto us, that amongst others you have made choice of a young lady, being a pure maiden, nobly descended by father and mother, adorned with graces and extraordinary gifts of nature, about eleven years of age, of whom you made an offer to us. . . . But your majesty hath not particularly written unto us of that worthy lady, what she is, whether she be of your highness's blood, descended of your royal race by your father or mother, or from some other archduke or duke, whereof we are desirous of being resolved."

Elizabeth's faithful kinsman and servant, the earl of Sussex, died at his house in Bermondsey, June, 1583. He retained his contempt of his old adversary, Leicester, to the last. "I am now passing into another world," said he to the friends who surrounded his death-bed, "and I must leave you to your fortunes and the queen's grace and goodness. But beware of the gipsy, or he will be too hard for you all; you know not the nature of the beast as well as I do."<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth bestowed the office of lord chamberlain, which had become vacant by the death of Sussex, on her cousin lord Hunsdon, who was one of the few persons who had ever ventured to contradict her. The independence of his character will be proved by the following anecdote. The queen, having on a former occasion made him governor of Berwick, considered him very tardy in taking possession of his post. One afternoon, when she was at cards, she turned to her young kinsman Robert Carey, who stood at her elbow, and asked him when his father, lord Hunsdon, meant to depart to his government at Berwick? He replied, "After Whitsuntide." This information put her majesty into a great rage. "God's wounds!" she exclaimed, "I will set him by the feet, and send another in his place if he dallies thus." Robert Carey replied that the delay was but to make provision. She declared that Hunsdon had been going from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to Whitsuntide, and if he was not off directly, she would put another in his place; and so she commanded Carey to tell him. But Hunsdon came of her own lineage, and shared her own indomitable spirit: in reply, he told his mind very freely to Burleigh. The threat of laying him by the feet

<sup>1</sup> Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*.

he could not digest, and alluded to it in these high-spirited words:—"Any imprisonment she may put me to shall redound to her dishonor, because I neither have nor will I deserve it."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth's temper became more irritable than usual, after she was deprived of the amusement of coquetting with the princes and envoys of France over her last matrimonial treaty. Burleigh often shed bitter tears in private, in consequence of the life she led him. At length, worn out with these vexations, and disgusted with the treatment he received from a growing party that was beginning to divide the council against him, he requested permission to withdraw from the turmoils of the court, and end his days in retirement at Theobalds; on which the queen, who knew his value too well to be content to part with him, wrote the following lively letter to the discontented minister:—

"SIR SPIRIT:—

"I doubt I do nickname you, for those of your kind (they say) have no *sense* [feeling]. But I have lately seen an *ecce signum*, that if an ass kick you, you feel it too soon. I will recant you from being *spirit*, if ever I perceive that you disdain not such a feeling. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumor, but let them well know that you desire the righting of such wrong by making known their error, than you to be so silly a soul as to fore slow what you ought to do, or not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pass of no man so much, as not to regard her trust who putteth it in you.

"God bless you, and long may you last.

"Omnino E. R."

The queen likewise wrote a facetious address to him, by the title of sir Eremite, of *Tyball* (Theobalds), a rhapsody which, in affectation, surpasses all the euphuism of that era. On one of her visits to Theobalds, her majesty had promised to make seven knights. Burleigh chose and arranged the candidates for that honor, so that some gentlemen of ancient lineage stood at the lower part of his hall, meaning that the *parvenus* should be knighted first, as the queen passed; and thus, as senior knights, take precedence ever after of their better-born neighbors. The queen was informed of this scheme, but said nothing. As she went through the

<sup>1</sup> Life of Sir Robert Carey, pp. 231–233.

hall, where the candidates for knighthood were placed according to Burleigh's policy, she passed all by; then she turned about and said, "I had almost forgot what I had promised," and beginning with the lowest-placed gentlemen, knighted all in rotation as they stood. Stanhope, a gentleman of her privy-chamber, observed to her, "Your majesty was too fine for my lord Burleigh."—"Nay," replied Elizabeth, "I have but fulfilled the Scripture; the first shall be last, and the last first."<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth's ladies and courtiers were universally malcontent at the idea of a visit to Theobalds, where strict economy and precision of manners always prevailed, and no amusements were provided for their recreation.

Elizabeth's maids of honor were regarded with a jealous eye by her cabinet, as the purveyors of the abundant stores of gossip with which her majesty was constantly supplied. Yet they had little influence in obtaining her favor for any applicant, which made sir Walter Raleigh declare "that they were like witches, capable of doing great harm, but no good." Sir Fulke Greville, who had often access to the queen, held long private conversations with her, and though he had both the power and inclination to do good, which he often used for the benefit of those who had fallen into disgrace, the queen's maids declared "he brought her all the tales she heard." This made him say merrily of himself, "that he was like Robin Goodfellow, for when the dairy-maids upset the milk-pans, or made a romping and racket, they laid it all on Robin; so whatever gossip-tales the queen's ladies told her, or whatever bad turns they did to the courtiers, they laid all upon him." Indeed, there seems to have been an incipient warfare forever going on between Elizabeth's maids of honor and the gentlemen of her household. Her kinsman, sir Francis Knollys, a learned old *militaire*, whose office brought his apartment in close contiguity to the dormitory of the maids of honor, declared "that they used, when retired for the night, to frisk and hey about so, that it was in vain for him to attempt sleep or study." One night, when the fair bevy were more than usually obstrep-

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's Apothegms.



erous, he marched into their apartment in his night-cap, and, with his book in his hand and an enormous pair of spectacles on his nose, walked up and down, declaiming in Latin. Some of the young ladies fled, half dressed, others entreated his absence; but he said, "He would not leave them in quiet possession of their dormitory, unless they permitted him to rest in his apartment."

But these lively ladies, like the rest of Elizabeth's household, sometimes felt, in their turn, the effects of her caprice. "I could relate," says Harrington, "many pleasant tales of her majesty outwitting the wittiest ones, for few knew how to aim their shafts against her cunning. I will tell a story that fell out when I was a boy. She did love rich clothing, but often chid those that bought more finery than became their state. It happened that lady Mary Howard was possessed of a rich border,<sup>1</sup> powdered with gold and pearls, and a velvet suit belonging thereto, which moved many to envy; nor did it please the queen, who thought it exceeded her own. One day the queen did send privately and got the lady's rich vesture, which she put on herself, and came forth the chamber among her ladies. The kirtle and border being far too short for her majesty's height, she asked every one 'How they liked her new-fancied suit?' At length she asked the owner herself, 'If it were not made too short and ill-becoming?' to which the poor lady agreed. 'Why, then,' rejoined the queen, 'if it become not me as being too short, it shall never become thee as being too fine.' This sharp rebuke abashed the lady, and the vestment was laid up till after the queen's death."<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth possessed the rare faculty of dividing her attention among a variety of subjects at the same time: Harrington records the fact that she wrote one letter while she dictated another to her amanuensis, and listened to a tale, to which she made suitable replies, all at the same time. He has preserved the letters, which were found in a MS. en-

<sup>1</sup> Or flounce.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Howard appears to have incurred the queen's ill-will by her undisguised flirtations with the young earl of Essex, who was beginning, at this period, to attract the favor of her majesty.—*Nugæ Antiquæ*.

titled *A Precious Token of her Highness's Great Wit and Marvellous Understanding*. In one of these letters, Elizabeth defines friendship "to be the uniform consent of two minds, such as virtue links, and nought but death can part." With consummate knowledge of the human heart, she goes on to observe, "that where minds differ and opinions swerve, there is scant a friend in that company."

Queen Elizabeth gave her half-brother, sir John Perrot, the command of a fleet, to avert a meditated invasion of Ireland by Philip II. Sir John prepared for the voyage, taking with him for his personal band fifty gentlemen of good family, dressed in orange-colored cloaks. As this party lay to in his barge off Greenwich palace, where the queen kept her court, sir John sent one of these orange-men on shore with a diamond, as a token to his mistress, Blanche Parry,<sup>1</sup> willing him to tell her "that a diamond coming unlooked for did always bring good luck with it;" which the queen overhearing, sent sir John a fair jewel hanged by a white cypress (a white love-ribbon), signifying, withal, "that as long as he wore that for her sake, she did believe, with God's help, he should have no harm." This message and jewel sir John received right joyfully, and returned answer to the queen, that "He would wear it for his sovereign's sake, and he doubted not, with God's favor, to restore her ships in safety; and either to bring back the Spaniards prisoners, if they came in his way, or to sink them in the deep sea." So, as sir John passed in his barge, the queen, looking out of a window at Greenwich palace, "shaked her fan at him, and put out her hand towards him. Whereupon he, making a low obeisance, put the scarf and jewel round his neck."

Perrot was soon after appointed by the queen to the highest military command in Ireland, where, while he exercised the most despotic cruelty on the insurgents, he manifested the strongest inclination to act independently of her

<sup>1</sup> Blanche Parry, the queen's old maid of honor, was one of the learned women of the day. She was born in 1508, died blind in 1589. She was an alchemist, astrologer, antiquarian, and herald. She was a great crony of Dr. Dee, the conjurer; and, it is probable, kept up his connection with the queen.—Ballard.

majesty, whose birth he considered not a whit better than his own. The speeches he made on various occasions to this effect were carefully registered against him. It was his pleasure to suppress the cathedral of St. Patrick; the queen forbade this proceeding, when he thus undutifully addressed the council:—"Stick not so much on the queen's letters of commandment; for she may command what she will, but we will do what we like." The queen appointed Mr. Errington clerk of the exchequer, on which sir John exclaimed, "This fiddling woman troubles me out of measure. God's dear lady! he shall not have the office: I will give it to sir Thomas Williams." This was proved by the oath of his secretary, Philip Williams, who, when he was brought to trial for disobedience and contempt of the queen, was the principal witness against him. Sir John earnestly requested his secretary might be confronted with him; but with the infamous injustice which marked such trials in the sixteenth century, Popham, the queen's attorney-general, forbade this reasonable request. One of the depositions of this man touched Elizabeth on tender ground. At the time of the Spanish invasion, sir John, according to his report, said, "Ah, silly woman! now she shall not curb me: now she shall not rule me. Now, God's dear lady! I shall be her white boy again;" adding, that when sir John Garland brought him a letter from the queen, he said, with violent execrations, "This it is to serve a base-born woman! Had I served any prince in Christendom, I had not been thus dealt withal."<sup>1</sup> He was accused of treasonable communication with Spain, but nothing was proved excepting foolish speeches. He attributed his disgrace chiefly to the malice of his old enemy, sir Christopher Hatton, whom he despised as a carpet knight, who had danced his way into Elizabeth's good graces. When sir John Perrot was told he must die, he exclaimed, "God's death! will my sister sacrifice her brother to his frisking adversaries?"<sup>2</sup> When Elizabeth heard this truly Tudor-like remonstrance, she paused from signing his death-warrant, saying, "they were all knaves that condemned him." Sir John Perrot was not

<sup>1</sup> State-Trials, p. 30, vol. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Fragmenta Regalia.

executed, but pined himself to death, like a prisoned eagle, in confinement in the Tower.

"Ireland," says Naunton, "cost the queen more vexation than anything else. The expense of it pinched her; the ill success of her officers wearied her; and in that service she grew hard to please." The false step taken by the pope at Elizabeth's accession, by mooted the point of her reign *de jure*, instead of considering it *de facto*, forced her into the measure of insisting that all Ireland should renounce the Catholic religion, and become Protestant; and this she enforced under the severest penal laws. The Irish had recognized the English monarchs as *suzerains*, or lords paramount, over their provincial princes and chiefs for several centuries, but had scarcely acknowledged them as kings of Ireland for a score years, and then only on condition of enjoying the benefit of English laws. Instead of which, the English lord deputy governed despotically by mere orders of council, and endeavored to dispense with the Irish parliament, the taxes being cessed at the will of the lord deputy. The earl of Desmond, the head of the Fitzgeralds (and possessed at that time of an estate of six hundred thousand acres), aided by lord Baltinglas (head of the Eustaces, from whose family lord treasurers or lord deputies of Ireland had frequently been appointed), firmly resisted this arbitrary procedure, and required that a parliament might be called, as usual, to fix the demands on the subject. Lord Baltinglas having refused the payment of an illegal cess of 36*l.*, was, with three other barons, immured in a tower of Dublin castle. These gallant precursors of Hampden sent three lawyers to complain to Elizabeth of the oppressive conduct of her lord deputy; for which presumption, as she called it, she incarcerated the unfortunate agents in the Tower. The English parliament, however, finding their sole crime was insisting that Ireland should not be taxed without the authority of her own parliament, was inclined to view the case favorably. Elizabeth, therefore, postponed her vengeance on Desmond and Baltinglas, and ordered their liberation. When Philip of Spain, in revenge for the assistance given by Eliz-

abeth to his Protestant subjects in the Low Countries, proffered aid to the Irish, the Geraldines and Eustaces flew to arms, and for many years sustained a contest with the English lord deputy. At length, the earl of Desmond, crushed by overwhelming numbers, became a fugitive, and after wandering about in glens and forests for three years, was surprised in a lonely hut by a party of his enemies. Kelly of Moriarty struck off his head, and conveyed it, as an acceptable present, to queen Elizabeth, by whose order it was fixed on London bridge.<sup>1</sup>

Then the lord deputy Mountjoy commenced that horrid war of extermination which natives, out of hatred to Elizabeth, call "the hag's wars." The houses and standing corn of the wretched natives were burnt, and the cattle killed, wherever the English forces came, which starved the people into temporary submission. When some of the horrors of the case were represented to the queen, and she found the state to which the sister island was reduced, she was heard to exclaim, bursting into tears at the same time, "That she found she had sent wolves, not shepherds, to govern Ireland, for they had left nothing but ashes and carcasses for her to reign over!"<sup>2</sup> This deprecatory speech did not, however, save the lives of the patriots who had resisted the extinction of the Irish parliaments. Edward Eustace (the brother of lord Baltinglas) was hanged in Dublin; and lord Baltinglas himself fled to Spain, where he died soon after of a broken heart. As this patriotic noble had personally escaped Elizabeth's vengeance, a peculiar act was passed to place his vast property at her disposal; it was called 'the statute of Baltinglas,' which confiscated the estates belonging to the Eustaces in Ireland, although the young brother of lord Baltinglas had taken no part in the rebellion.<sup>3</sup> The latter days

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Lingard.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Ware's Annals of Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> See the important document in Egerton Papers, published by the Camden Society, headed, "Royal Prerogative." The Rev. Charles Eustace, of Kildare, is the representative of this family, and the claimant of the Baltinglas peerage. The illegal attainder, by which the last lord Baltinglas suffered, could not, in point of law or justice, affect the descendants of his brother, who never forfeited his allegiance. The restoration by George IV. of the forfeited peerages to the



of Elizabeth were certainly impoverished and embittered by the long strife in Ireland; and if her sister declared "that, when dead, Calais would be found written on her heart," Elizabeth had as much reason to affirm that the burning cares connected with the state of Ireland had wasted her lamp of life.

descendants of some of the noblemen who suffered for their devotion to the cause of Stuart, was not only a generous but a politic measure, as it healed all ancient wounds, and forever quenched the spirit of hereditary disaffection to the reigning family in many a noble heart, which, from that hour, glowed with loyal affection to the sovereign, in grateful acknowledgment of the royal act of grace. Surely the services which the father and brothers of the venerable claimant of the Baltinglas peerage have performed for England have been sufficient to obliterate the offence of their collateral ancestor, the unfortunate but patriotic victim of the unconstitutional government of Elizabeth in Ireland.

# ELIZABETH,

## SECOND QUEEN-REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

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### CHAPTER IX.

Evil consequences from the detention of Mary queen of Scots—Plots against Elizabeth's life—Her parsimony—Altercation with the Scotch ambassadors—Hard treatment of the earls of Northumberland and Arundel—Takes offence with Leicester—Her anger—Quarrels with Burleigh—Leicester's jealousy of Raleigh—First notice of Essex—Charles Blount attracts the royal favor—Scandals regarding him—Essex's jealousy—Babington's conspiracy—Elizabeth's peril—Queen of Scots implicated—Her removal to Fotheringay—Proceedings against Mary—Elizabeth's irritation—Her levity—Petitioned by parliament to put Mary to death—Her speech—Elizabeth and the French ambassadors—Mary's sentence—Her letter to the queen—Elizabeth's haughty letter to the king of France—Her scornful treatment of the Scotch ambassadors—Crooked policy of her ministers—Excited state of her mind—Scenes between her and Davison—Forgery of Mary's death-warrant—Receives the news of Mary's death—Rates her ministry—Disgrace of Davison—Queen's excuses to the French ambassador—Hypocritical letter to the king of Scots—Pope Sixtus V. commends her spirit, but proclaims a crusade against her.

THE unjust detention of Mary queen of Scots in an English prison had, for fifteen years, proved a source of personal misery to Elizabeth, and a perpetual incentive to crime. The worst passions of the human heart—jealousy, hatred, and revenge—were kept in a constant state of excitement by the confederacies that were formed in her dominions in behalf of the captive heiress of the crown. Her ministers pursued a systematic course of espionage and treachery in order to discover the friends of the unfortunate Mary, and when discovered, omitted no means, however base, by which they might be brought under the penalty of treason.<sup>1</sup> The sacrifice of human life was appalling; the violation of all moral and divine restrictions of conscience more melancholy still. Scaffolds streamed with blood; the pestilential jails

<sup>1</sup> See Camden. Bishop Goodman. Howell's State-Trials.

were crowded with victims, the greater portion of whom died of fever or famine, unpitied and unrecorded, save in the annals of private families.<sup>1</sup>

Among the features of this agitating period, was the circumstance of persons of disordered intellects accusing themselves of designs against the life of their sovereign, and denouncing others as their accomplices. Such was the case with regard to Somerville, an insane Catholic gentleman, who attacked two persons with a drawn sword, and declared that he would murder every Protestant in England, and the queen as their head. Somerville had, unfortunately, married the daughter of Edward Arden, a high-spirited gentleman of ancient descent in Warwickshire, and a kinsman of Shakspeare's mother. Arden had incurred the deadly malice of Leicester, not only for refusing to wear his livery, like the neighboring squires, to swell his pomp during queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, "but chiefly," says Dugdale, "for galling him by certain strong expressions touching his private addresses to the countess of Essex before she was his wife." These offences had been duly noted down for vengeance; and the unfortunate turn which the madness of the lunatic son-in-law had taken, formed a ready pretext for the arrest of Arden, his wife, daughters, sister, and a missionary priest named Hall. Arden and Hall were subjected to the torture, and Hall admitted that Arden had once been heard to wish "that the queen was in heaven." This was sufficient to procure the condemnation and execution of Arden. Somerville was found strangled in his cell at Newgate. Hall and the ladies were pardoned. As the insanity of Somerville was notorious, it was generally considered that Arden fell a victim to the malice of Leicester, who parcelled out his lands among his own dependents.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the 17th of November, 1577, the attorney-general was directed to examine Thomas Sherwood on the rack, and orders were given to place him in the dungeon among the *rats*. This horrible place was a den in the Tower below high-water mark, entirely dark, and the resort of innumerable rats, which had been known to wound and maim the limbs of the wretched denizens of this dungeon; but Sherwood's constancy and courage were not subdued by the horrors of this cell.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

But while plots, real and pretended, threatening the life of the queen, agitated the public mind from day to day, it had become customary for groups of the populace to throw themselves on their knees in the dirt by the wayside whenever she rode out, and pray for her preservation, invoking blessings on her head, and confusion to the papists, with the utmost power of their voices. A scene of this kind once interrupted an important political dialogue, which the maiden-queen was holding with the French ambassador Mauvissière as he rode by her side from Hampton court to London, in November, 1583. She was in the act of discussing the plots of the Jesuits, "when," says he,<sup>1</sup> "just at this moment many people, in large companies, met her by the way, and kneeling on the ground, with divers sorts of prayers wished her a thousand blessings, and that the evil-disposed who meant to harm her might be discovered, and punished as they deserved. She frequently stopped to thank them for the affection they manifested for her. She and I being alone amidst her retinue, mounted on goodly horses, she observed to me 'that she saw clearly that she was not disliked by all.' "

The parsimony of Elizabeth in all affairs of state policy, where a certain expenditure was required, often embarrassed her ministers, and traversed the arrangements they had made, or were desirous of making, in her name with foreign princes. Walsingham was so greatly annoyed by her majesty's teasing minuteness and provoking interference in regard to money matters, that he took the liberty of penning a long letter of remonstrance to her, amounting to an absolute lecture on the subject. In the course of this epistle he uses the following expressions:—

"Heretofore your majesty's predecessors, in matters of peril, did never look into charges, though their treasure was neither so great as your majesty's is, nor their subjects so wealthy, nor so willing to contribute. A person that is diseased, if he look only upon the medicine without regard of the pain he sustaineth, cannot in reason and nature but abhor the same; if, therefore, no peril, why then 'tis vain to be at charges, but if there be peril, it is hard that charges

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<sup>1</sup> Reports of Mauvissière de Castelnau. Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii. p. 29.

should be preferred before peril. I pray God that the abatement of the charges towards that nobleman that hath the custody of the *bosom serpent* [meaning Mary queen of Scots] hath not lessened his care in keeping of her. To think that in a man of his birth and quality, after twelve years' travail in charge of such weight, to have an abatement of allowance, and no recompense otherwise made, should not breed discontentment, no man that hath reason can so judge; and, therefore, to have so special a charge committed to a person discontented, everybody seeth it standeth no way with policy. What dangerous effects this loose keeping hath bred, the taking away of Morton, the alienation of the king [James of Scotland], and general revolt in religion, intended [caused] only by her charges, doth show."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth had curtailed the allowance of fifty-two pounds per week, which had been, in the first instance, granted to the earl of Shrewsbury for the board and maintenance of the captive queen of Scots and her household, to thirty. The earl complained of being a great loser, and pinched the table of his luckless charge in so niggardly a fashion that a serious complaint was made to queen Elizabeth, by the French ambassador, of the badness and meanness of the diet provided for Mary. Elizabeth wrote a severe reprimand to Shrewsbury; on which he petitioned to be released from the odious office that had been thrust upon him. After a long delay his resignation was accepted, but he had to give up his gloomy castle of Tutbury for a prison for Mary, no other house in England, it was presumed, being so thoroughly distasteful to the royal captive as an abiding-place.<sup>2</sup> Walsingham's term of "*bosom serpent*" appears peculiarly infelicitous as applied to Mary Stuart, who was never admitted to Elizabeth's presence, or vouchsafed the courtesies due to a royal lady and a guest; but, when crippled with chronic maladies, was denied the trifling indulgence of a coach, or an additional servant to carry her in a chair.

Mauvissière, in a letter to his own court, gives an amusing detail of an altercation which was carried on between Elizabeth and the archbishop of St. Andrew's on account of the execution of Morton, in which she vituperated the queen of Scots and the young king James, and in the midst of her choler exclaimed, "I am more afraid of making a fault in

<sup>1</sup> Complete Ambassador, p. 427.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge's Illustrations.



my Latin, than of the kings of Spain, France, and Scotland, the whole house of Guise, and their confederates.”<sup>1</sup> In the previous year, when James had despatched his favorite minister, the duke of Lenox, with a letter and message to her explanatory of the late events in Scotland, she at first refused to see him, and when she was at last induced to grant him an interview, she, according to the phrase of Calderwood, the historian of the kirk, “rattled him up” on the subject of his political conduct; but he replied with so much mildness and politeness, that her wrath was subdued, and she parted from him courteously.

The young king was now marriageable, and his mother's intense desire for him to marry with a princess of Spain was well known. If such an alliance were once accomplished, it might be suspected that the English Catholics, assured of aid both from Scotland and Spain, would no longer endure the severity of the penal laws to which they were subjected by a queen whose doubtful legitimacy might afford a convenient pretext to the malcontent party for her deposition. The Jesuits, undismayed by tortures and death, arrayed their talents, their courage, and their subtlety against Elizabeth with quiet determination; and plots, and rumors of plots against her life and government thickened round her. The details of these would require a folio volume. The most important in its effects was that in which the two Throckmortons, Francis and George, were implicated with Charles Paget, in a correspondence with Morgan, an exiled Catholic, employed in the queen of Scots' service abroad. Francis Throckmorton endured the rack thrice with unflinching constancy; but when, with bruised and distorted limbs, he was led for a fourth examination to that terrible machine, he was observed to tremble. The nervous system had been wholly disarranged, and, in the weakness of exhausted nature, he made admissions which appeared to implicate Mendoça, the Spanish ambassador, as the author of a plot for dethroning queen Elizabeth. Mendoça indignantly denied the charge when called upon to answer it before the privy council, and retorted upon Burleigh the injury that

<sup>1</sup> MS. Harl., folio 398.

had been done to his sovereign by the detention of the treasure in the Genoese vessels.<sup>1</sup> He was, however, ordered to quit England without delay. Lord Paget and Charles Arundel fled to France, where they set forth a statement that they had retired beyond seas not from a consciousness of guilt, but to avoid the effects of Leicester's malice. Lord Paget was brother to one of the persons accused. Throckmorton retracted on the scaffold all that had been wrung from his reluctant lips by the terrors of the rack.

The capture of Creighton, the Scotch Jesuit, and the seizure of his papers, which he had vainly endeavored to destroy by throwing them into the sea when he found the vessel in which he had taken his passage pursued by the queen's ships, brought to light an important mass of evidence connected with the projected invasion of England, and Elizabeth perceived that a third of her subjects were ready to raise the standard of revolt in the name of Mary Stuart. At this momentous crisis, the treachery of the king of Scotland's mercenary envoy, Arthur Gray, by putting Elizabeth in possession of the secrets of his own court and the plans of the captive queen, enabled her to countermine the operations of her foes. She out-manœuvred king James, and, as usual, bribed his cabinet; she first duped, and then crushed Mary, and laid the rod of her vengeance with such unsparing severity on her Catholic subjects, that the more timorous fled, as the reformers had done in the reign of her sister, to seek liberty of conscience, as impoverished exiles, in foreign lands. It was not, however, every one who was so fortunate as to escape. Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland, brother to the unfortunate earl Thomas, who had been beheaded for his share in the northern rebellion, was sent to the Tower, on pretext of having implicated himself in the Throckmorton plot, Shelly, an acquaintance of his, having admitted something to this effect in a confession extorted by the rack. After having been detained more than a year in close confinement, without being brought to trial, the earl was found one morning dead in his bed, with three slugs lodged in his heart. Suspicions were entertained that

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

he had been murdered, but the jury brought in a verdict of *felo de se*, it having been deposed that he had been heard to swear, with an awful oath, "that the queen," whom he irreverently designated by a name only proper to a female of the canine race, "should not have his estates;" and therefore, to avert the consequences which would result from an act of attainder being passed upon him, he had obtained a pistol through the intervention of a friend, and shot himself in his bed.<sup>1</sup>

A more lingering tragedy was the doom of Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, the eldest son of the beheaded duke of Norfolk. This young nobleman had been educated in the Protestant faith, and was married, in his fifteenth year, to one of the co-heiresses of the ancient family of Dacre. Her he at first neglected, intoxicated, as it appears, by the seductive pleasures of the court and the flattering attentions which the queen lavished upon him. It had even been whispered among the courtiers, "that if he had not been a married man, he might have aspired to the hand of his sovereign."<sup>2</sup> Meantime, his deserted wife, in the seclusion of the country, became a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome, probably through the persuasions of her husband's grandfather, Fitzalan earl of Arundel. On the death of that nobleman, Philip Howard claimed to succeed him in his honors and estates. His claims were admitted, and he took his place in the house of lords as earl of Arundel and premier peer of England, for there were then no dukes, his father having been the last man who bore that dignity in Elizabeth's reign. The prophetic malediction which was denounced against Reuben—"unstable as water, thou shalt not excel"—appears peculiarly applicable to both these unfortunate Howards. They were of a temperament too soft and timid for the times, and the very excess of caution which they exercised to avoid committing themselves, either personally or politically, was the cause of exciting a greater degree of suspicion in the mind of their

<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole. Bayley's History of the Tower.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Life of Philip earl of Arundel, in possession of the duke of Norfolk. Howard Memorials.

wary and observant sovereign than would probably have been the result of a more manly line of conduct.

Arundel, with naturally virtuous and refined inclinations, had been led, by the contagious influence of evil companions, into a career of sinful folly, which impaired his fortune, deprived him of the respect of his friends, and excited the contempt of his enemies. The repeated slights that were put upon him rendered him at length aware of the light in which he was regarded in that false flattering court, and in the mingled bitterness of self-reproach and resentment he retired to Arundel castle. There he became, for the first time, sensible of the virtues and endearing qualities of his neglected wife, and endeavored, by every mark of tender attention, to atone for his past faults. The queen took umbrage at Arundel's withdrawing from court. Notwithstanding the caresses she had lavished upon him, she regarded him with distrust as the son of the beheaded Norfolk. The nature of her feelings towards the family of that unfortunate nobleman had been betrayed as early as two years after his execution, on the occasion of his sister, the lady Berkeley, kneeling to solicit some favor at her hand. "No, no, my lady Berkeley," exclaimed her majesty, turning hastily away; "we know you will never love us for your brother's death."<sup>1</sup> Yet Elizabeth amused herself with coquetting with the disinherited heir of Norfolk till his reconciliation with his deserted countess provoked her into unequivocal manifestations of hostility, and confirmed the general remark, that "no married man could hope to retain her favor, if he lived on terms of affection with his wife."

The first indications of her displeasure fell on the weaker vessel. Lady Arundel was presented for recusancy, and confined under the royal warrant to the house of sir Thomas Shirley for twelve months.<sup>2</sup> Arundel was deeply offended at the persecution of his lady and the deprivation of her society, of which he had learned the value too late. He was himself, in heart, a convert to the same faith which she openly professed; and being much importuned by the friends of the queen of Scots to enter into the various confederacies

<sup>1</sup> Smythe's Lives of the Berkeleys.

<sup>2</sup> Howard Memorials.

formed in her favor, he determined to avoid further danger by quitting England. His secretary, Mumford, had already engaged a passage for him in a vessel that was to sail from Hull, when he was informed that it was her majesty's intention to honor him with a visit at Arundel house. Elizabeth came, was magnificently entertained, behaved graciously, and carried her dissimulation so far as to speak in terms of commendation of her host to the French ambassador, Mauvissière de Castelnau, who was present. "She praised the earl of Arundel much for his good nature," says that statesman; but when she took her leave of him, she thanked him for his hospitality, and in return, bade him "consider himself a prisoner in his own house." His brother, lord William Howard, and Mumford his secretary, were arrested at the same time.<sup>1</sup> They were subjected to very rigorous examinations, and Mumford was threatened with the rack. Nothing, however, was elicited that could furnish grounds for proceeding against any of the parties, and after a short imprisonment they were set at liberty.

Arundel, after this, attempted once more to leave England, and had actually embarked and set sail from the coast of Sussex. The vessel was chased at sea by two of the queen's ships; he was taken, brought back, and lodged in the Tower.<sup>2</sup> Previous to his departure he had written a pathetic letter to Elizabeth, complaining of the adverse fortune which had now for several generations pursued his house,—his father and grandfather having perished on a scaffold without just cause; his great-grandfather having also suffered attainder and condemnation to the block, from which he only escaped, as it were, by miracle; and the same evil fortunes appearing to pursue him, he saw no other means of escaping the snares of his powerful enemies and enjoying liberty of conscience, than leaving the realm. This letter was to have been presented to the queen by Arundel's sister, lady Margaret Sackville; but she and lord William Howard were placed under arrest almost simultaneously with himself. The countess of Arundel was then

<sup>1</sup> MS. Life of Philip Howard, in possession of the duke of Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup> Memorials of the Howard Family. MS. Life of Philip Howard.



near her lying-in. She brought forth a fair son, and sent to gladden her captive lord with the tidings of her safety, and the accomplishment of his earnest desire for the birth of an heir; but lest he should take comfort at the news, he was allowed to remain in suspense many months, and was then falsely informed that his lady had borne another daughter.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Arundel was treated with great cruelty. All her goods were seized in the queen's name, and they left her nothing but the beds on which she and the two servants, who now constituted her sole retinue, lay, and these were only lent as a great favor. After Elizabeth had despoiled and desolated Arundel house, she came there one day, in the absence of its sorrowing mistress, and espying a sentence written by her with a diamond on a pane of glass in one of the windows, expressing a hope of better fortunes, she cruelly answered it, by inscribing under it another sentence indicative of anger and disdain.<sup>2</sup> Arundel was fined ten thousand pounds, by a Star-chamber sentence, for having attempted to quit the realm without leave. He was also condemned to suffer imprisonment during her majesty's pleasure. Nothing less than a life-long term of misery satisfied the vengeance of Elizabeth.

The famous association for the protection of queen Elizabeth against "popish conspirators" was devised by Leicester. All who subscribed it bound themselves to prosecute to the death, or as far as they were able, all who should attempt anything against the queen. Elizabeth, who was naturally much gratified at the enthusiasm with which the majority of her subjects hastened to enrol themselves as her voluntary protectors, imagined that the queen of Scots would be mortified and depressed at an institution which proved how little she had to hope from the disaffection of Englishmen to their reigning sovereign. "Her majesty," writes Walsingham to Sadler, "could well like that this as-

<sup>1</sup> Memorials of the Howard Family. MS. Life of Philip Howard.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Life of Anne countess of Arundel, at Norfolk house, quoted, in the Howard Memorials, by the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby. Probably the sentence written by the unfortunate countess was a distich in rhyme, as she was an elegant poet; and that Elizabeth's response was one of the sharp epigrammatic couplets for which she was celebrated.

sociation were shown to the queen, your charge, upon some apt occasion; and that there were good regard had both unto her, her countenance and speech, after the perusing thereof.”<sup>1</sup> Mary Stuart disappointed the prying malignity of the parties by whom she was exposed to this inquisitorial test, by her frank and generous approval of the association, and astonished them by offering to subscribe it herself. The new parliament, which had been summoned of necessity, the last having been dissolved after the unprecedented duration of eleven years, converted the bond of this association into a statute, which provided:—

“That any person, by or for whom rebellion should be excited, or the queen’s life attacked, might be tried by commission under the great seal, and adjudged to capital punishment. And if the queen’s life should be taken away, then any person by or for whom such act was committed should be capitally punished, and the issue of such person cut off from the succession to the crown.”

“It is unnecessary,” observes that great civilian, sir James Mackintosh, with reference to this act, “to point out the monstrous hardship of making the queen of Scots, a prisoner in the hands of Elizabeth, responsible for acts done for her, or in her name.”<sup>2</sup> Such, however, was the object of the statute, which was intended to prepare the way for the judicial murder of the heiress-presumptive to the throne, and also for the exclusion of her son from the succession. This clause, sir James Mackintosh affirms, was ascribed to Leicester, who had views for himself, or his brother-in-law Huntington, the representative of the house of Clarence.

Elizabeth was, at this juncture, on terms of conventional civility with Henry III. of France. Sir Edward Stafford, her ambassador, in a letter from Paris detailing the dangerous illness of that prince, informs her good grace, in his postscript, of a present that was in preparation for her. “There is,” says he,<sup>3</sup> “the fairest *caroche*, almost ready to be sent your majesty, that ever I saw. It must needs be well in the end, the king hath changed the workmanship of it so often, and never is contented, not thinking it good

<sup>1</sup> Sadler’s State-Papers, vol. ii. p. 430.

<sup>2</sup> History of England, in Lardner’s Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. ii. p. 300.

<sup>3</sup> Sloane MS., i. p. 4160.

enough." Henry, however, continued to advocate the cause of his unfortunate sister-in-law, Mary Stuart, and his ambassadors made perpetual intercessions in her favor to Elizabeth, who generally received these representations with a stormy burst of anger and disdain. Henry was too much paralyzed by internal commotions and foreign foes to resent the contempt with which his remonstrances were treated by his haughty neighbor, far less was he able to contend with her for the dominion of the Low Countries. Elizabeth possessed the power, but prudently declined the name of sovereign of those states, though the deputies on their knees again offered her that title after the death of the duke of Anjou. She sent, however, a considerable military force to their aid, under the command of her quondam favorite, the earl of Leicester. If we may credit the private letters of the French ambassador, Mauvissière, to Mary queen of Scots, this appointment was intended by Elizabeth, and the predominant party in her cabinet, as a sort of honorable banishment for Leicester, whom they were all desirous of getting out of the way. According to the same authority, Christopher Blount, though a Catholic, was sent out by the queen as a spy on Leicester. Leicester was received with signal honors by the States, on which he assumed the airs of regality, and sent for his countess, with intent to hold a court that should rival that of England in splendor.<sup>1</sup> "It was told her majesty," writes one of Leicester's kinsmen to his absent patron, "that my lady was prepared to come over presently to your excellency, with such a train of ladies and gentlemen, and such rich coaches, litters, and side-saddles, that her majesty had none such; and that there should be such a court of ladies and gentlemen as should far surpass her majesty's court here." This information did not a little stir her majesty to extreme choler at all the vain doings there, saying, with great oaths, "she would have no more courts under her obeisance but her own, and would revoke you from thence with all speed."<sup>2</sup> This letter confirms the report of Mauvissière,

<sup>1</sup> Inedited State-Paper MSS.; Mary Stuart, vol. xv. p. 141.

<sup>2</sup> Hardwicke State-Papers, vol. i. p. 229.

who, in one of his intercepted confidential communications to the captive queen of Scots, observes, "The earl of Leicester takes great authority in Flanders, not without exciting the jealousy of the queen. She will neither allow him supplies of money, nor permit his wife to come out to him."<sup>1</sup> "I will let the upstart know," exclaimed the last and proudest of the Tudor sovereigns, in the first fierce explosion of her jealousy and disdain, "how easily the hand which has exalted him can beat him down to the dust." Under the impetus of these feelings she penned the following scornful letter, which she despatched to him by her vice-chamberlain, who was also charged with a verbal rating on the subject of his offences,—doubtless well worth the hearing, if we may judge from the sample of the letter:—

"How contemptuously you have carried yourself towards us you shall understand by this messenger, whom we send to you for that purpose. We little thought that one whom we had raised out of the dust, and prosecuted with such singular favor above all others, would, with so great contempt, have slighted and broken our commands in a matter of so great consequence, and so highly concerning us and our honor. Whereof, though you have but small regard, contrary to what you ought by your allegiance, yet think not that we are so careless of repairing it that we can bury so great an injury in silence and oblivion."<sup>2</sup>

She also wrote to the States, "that as, to their disgrace and without her knowledge, they had conferred the absolute government of the confederate States upon Leicester, her subject, though she had refused it herself, she now required them to eject Leicester from the office they had unadvisedly conferred upon him."<sup>3</sup> The States returned a submissive answer, and Leicester expressed the deepest contrition for having been so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure. At first, she preserved great show of resentment, threatened to recall and punish him, and rated Burleigh for endeavoring to excuse him. Burleigh, on this, tendered his resignation; Elizabeth called him "a presumptuous fellow," but the next morning her choler abated. She had vented her displeasure in empty words, and the council induced her to

<sup>1</sup> Inedited State-Paper office MS.; Mary Stuart, vol. xv.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers, vol. i. pp. 51, 52.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

sanction the measure of sending supplies of men and money to Leicester. Soon after this reconciliation was effected, Elizabeth began to speak of Leicester in her wonted terms of partial regard. Sir Walter Raleigh, in a postscript to a courteous letter addressed by him to the absent favorite, says, "The queen is in very good terms with you, and, thanks be to God, well pacified, and you are again her sweet Robin." Bitterly jealous, however, was "sweet Robin" of the graceful and adroit young courtier whom he suspected of having superseded him in the favor of his royal mistress, by whom, indeed, Raleigh appears at that time to have been very partially regarded.

When the queen was at Croydon, April, 1585, Raleigh carried his presumption to such a height as to appropriate the lodgings of the vice-chamberlain, sir Christopher Hatton, to his own use. Hatton indignantly withdrew to his own house at Holdenby, whence he sent a pair of bracelets, and a true-love knot to his royal mistress, with a pathetic lamentation at his enforced absence from the sunshine of her presence, leaving it to his old ally Heneage, the treasurer of the privy-chamber, to deliver his letter and tokens, and to explain the cause which prevented him from attending her majesty at Croydon for the performance of his duty. Heneage triumphantly communicates the result, in one of his pleasant letters to Hatton. "Your bracelets," says he, "be embraced according to their worth, and the good-will of the sender." After mentioning the affectionate manner in which her majesty had been pleased to speak of Hatton, he adds, "she told me, 'She thought your absence as long as yourself did, and marvelled that you came not.' I let her majesty know (understanding it by Varney) that you had no place here to rest yourself; which, after standing and waiting, you much needed. Whereupon she grew very much displeased, and would not believe that any should be placed in your lodging, but sending Mr. Darcy to understand the matter, found that sir Wa. R. [Walter Raleigh] lay there; wherewith she grew more angry with my lord chamberlain than I wished she had been, and used bitterness of speech against R., telling me 'that she had rather



*As Widow of  
Francis II.  
From Drawing in  
the Bibliothèque  
Nationale,  
Paris*

**Mary Stuart as La Reine Blanche, and as Queen of Scots**

*Probably as Darnley's Wife. After the  
Painting, now at Versailles, by  
an Unknown Artist*

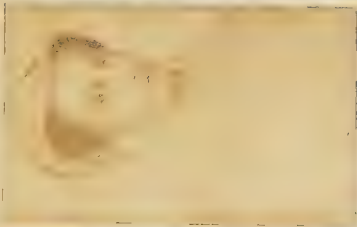
*As Bothwell's Wife. After the Painting  
of the School of Clouet now at the  
Hermitage Gallery, Saint*

*Petersburg*

*From the Monument  
in Westminster  
Abbey*



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see him hanged than equal him with you, or that the world should think she did so.'"<sup>1</sup>

Heneage then relates the gracious manner in which the maiden monarch received her handsome vice-chamberlain's gift of the love-knot. "I must tell you her highness saith 'You are a knave to send her such a thing, and of that price which you know she will not send you back again,—that is, the knot she most loves, and she thinks cannot be undone.'" These flattering expressions were evidently used only for the purpose of quieting Hatton's jealousy of the younger and more audacious favorite, on whom Elizabeth had, for the last three years, lavished unbounded tokens of her regard. So varied, so brilliant were the talents of Raleigh, as soldier, seaman, statesman, poet, philosopher, and wit, that it would have been wonderful if a woman so peculiarly susceptible as Elizabeth had not felt the power of his fascinations. Raleigh had, withal, higher claims to the notice of his sovereign than those of the silken courtiers who vied with each other in offering the incense of adulation to her faded charms. The first possession acquired by England in the new world was discovered by him, and in compliment to queen Elizabeth named Virginia. It was from this coast that he first introduced tobacco into England.\* It is a well-known tradition, that Raleigh's servant, entering his study with a foaming tankard of ale and nutmeg toast saw him for the first time with a lighted pipe in his mouth, and enveloped in the clouds of smoke he was puffing forth; the simple fellow, imagining his master was the victim of an internal conflagration, flung the contents of the tankard in his face for the purpose of extinguishing the combustion, and then ran down stairs and alarmed the family with dismal outcries "that his master was on fire, and would be burned to ashes before they could come to his aid."

Notwithstanding the formidable appearance of England's

<sup>1</sup> Additional MSS. British Museum.

\* The anonymous author of the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, printed in London, 1740, affirms that he saw sir Walter's veritable tobacco-box in the museum of Ralph Thoresby, the historical antiquary at Leeds.



first smoker to the eyes of the uninitiated, the practice soon became so general that it was introduced at court, and even tolerated by queen Elizabeth in her own presence, of which the following anecdote affords amusing evidence. One day she was inquiring very minutely as to the various virtues which Raleigh attributed to his favorite herb, and he assured her "that no one understood them better than himself, for he was so well acquainted with all its qualities that he could even tell her majesty the specific weight of the smoke of every pipe-full he consumed." The queen, though she was accustomed to take Raleigh for her oracle, thought he was going a little too far in putting the license of a traveller on her, and laid a considerable wager with him that he could not prove his own words, not believing it possible to subject so immaterial a substance as smoke to the laws of the balance. Raleigh, however, demonstrated the fact by weighing, in her presence, the tobacco before he put it into his pipe, and the ashes after he had consumed it, and convinced her majesty that the deficiency proceeded from the evaporation. Elizabeth admitted that this conclusion was sound logic; and when she paid the bet, merrily told him, "that she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first who had turned smoke into gold."<sup>1</sup>

It was to Raleigh's patronage that Spenser was indebted for an introduction to queen Elizabeth, who was so much captivated with his poetic genius that she, in a moment of generous enthusiasm, promised him a hundred pounds; but when she spoke to my lord treasurer Burleigh of disbursing that sum, he took the liberty of uttering a cynical exclamation on the prodigality of awarding so large a guerdon for a song! "Give him, then, what is reason," rejoined her majesty. Burleigh, acting in conformity with the hardness of his own nature, gave him nothing. After a pause of

<sup>1</sup> Oldys. Tobacco had long been cultivated in Portugal, whence it was introduced into France by Jean Nicot, who sent some seeds to Catherine de Medeis, by whom it was so greatly patronized, that it was at first called "the queen's herb." Smoking soon became so fashionable at the court of France, that not only the gentlemen, but the ladies occasionally indulged themselves with a pipe.

fruitless expectation, the disappointed poet addressed the following epigram to the queen :—

“ I was promised on a time,  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
Since that time, until this season,  
I have had nor rhyme nor reason.”

It is said that by these lines the bard outwitted the penurious minister, for Elizabeth, considering that her queenly honor was touched in the matter, insisted that he should be paid the hundred pounds which she had at first promised. She understood her business as a sovereign too well to disgust a man who possessed the pen of a ready writer, and Spenser, in return, never omitted an opportunity of offering the poetic incense of his gracefully turned compliments to his royal mistress. She is personified in the *Faerie Queen*, under the several characters of *Gloriana*, *Belphebe*, and *Mercillæ*, and made the subject of the highest eulogiums in each of these allegorical creations. She is also greatly extolled in the pastoral poem of “*Colin Clout’s come home again*,” as the shepherdess *Cynthia*, the lady of the sea. In this quaint, but elegant poem, the distress of sir *Walter Raleigh*, on account of his temporary disgrace with the queen, is pathetically set forth. The poem was probably written at the desire of that accomplished courtier, to whom it is dedicated, and who is there called the ‘shepherd of the ocean;’ and, in his dialogue with the other illustrious swains, is made by Spenser to speak thus of his royal patroness :—

“ Whose glory, greater than my simple thought,  
I found much greater than the former fame.  
Such greatness I cannot compare to aught;  
But if I her like aught on earth might read,  
I would her liken to a crown of lilies  
Upon a virgin bride’s adorned head,  
With roses dight, and goolds, and daffadilies;  
Or like the circlet of a turtle true,  
In which all colors of the rainbow be;  
Or like fair *Phœbe’s* girland shining new,  
In which all pure perfection one may see.  
But vain it is to think, by paragon  
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine;

Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom none  
 Can deem, but who the Godhead can define!  
 Why then do I, base shepherd, bold and blind,  
 Presume the things so sacred to profane?  
 More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,  
 The image of the heavens in shape humane."

After this hyperbolical strain of adulation, Spenser goes on to explain that it was the 'shepherd of the ocean' who first made him known to the queen; and this is very prettily done, with the exception of the epithet goddess, which applied to any lady, whether sovereign or beauty, is always in bad taste:—

"The shepherd of the ocean, quoth he,  
 Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanced,  
 And to mine oaten pipe inclined her ear,  
 That she thenceforth therein 'gan take delight,  
 And it desired at timely hours to hear,  
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;  
 For not by measure of her own great mind  
 And wondrous worth she met my simple song,  
 But joy'd that country shepherds aught could find  
 Worth hearkening to amongst that learned throng."

It must have been the influence of party spirit alone which could have blinded Mulla's bard to the want of moral justice displayed by him in endeavoring to distort the character and situation of the persecuted captive, Mary Stuart, into the hideous portrait of Duessa. In this, however, Spenser was probably only performing the task enjoined to him by the leaders of the cabinet, by whom nothing was omitted that was calculated to poison the minds, both of the sovereign and the people of England, against the ill-fated heiress of the realm.

Robert Devereux, earl of Essex,<sup>1</sup> is supposed to have

<sup>1</sup> He was the son of Walter earl of Essex and Lettice Knollys, the daughter of the queen's first cousin, lady Knollys, daughter of Mary Boleyn, and sister to Henry Carey, lord Hunsdon. Lettice Knollys was one of the most beautiful girls at the court of Elizabeth, and seems to have inherited not only the charms of person, but the fascination of manners of the queen's mother and aunt, Anne and Mary Boleyn. She married the earl of Essex, and became the mother of a family beautiful as herself. The death of her husband the earl of Essex, in Ireland, 1576, was attributed to poison, administered by the agents of Leicester, who had unfortunately fallen in love with Lettice. Earl Walter, before he

been first introduced to the notice of queen Elizabeth by his step-father, Leicester, in the hope of diverting her majesty's regard from her new favorite Raleigh, whose influence was regarded with a jealous eye by her ministers. As Essex was the great-grandson of Anne Boleyn's sister Mary, and William Carey, he was nearly related to queen Elizabeth, who distinguished him, in the first instance, rather as a youthful pet and kinsman, than a lover. The young earl, however, quickly assumed the haughty and jealous airs of a person who considered that he had a right to distance all other pretenders to the royal favor. Elizabeth's fickle fancy was just then engaged more peculiarly by a gentleman, of whom the busy plotting conspirator Morgan, in one of his secret letters to the captive queen of Scots, speaks as follows, commencing with an allusion to supposed coolness between her and the late object of her regard, sir Walter Raleigh :—"Whether," writes he, "Raleigh, the mignon of her of England, be weary of her or she of him, I hear she hath now entertained one Blount, brother of the lord Mountjoy, being a young gentleman whose grandmother she may be, for her age and his."<sup>1</sup>

died, wrote to the queen, recommending his infants to her care and patronage. The eldest of these children was Robert, afterwards the noted favorite of Elizabeth; then scarcely ten years old. When Leicester married the widow, lady Essex, the young earl of Essex was placed at Trinity college, Cambridge, under the guardianship of lord Burleigh, to whose daughter his step-father wished to contract him in marriage. So thrifty was the young earl's guardian, that his tutor, Mr. Wroth, had to write for a supply of clothes for him in 1577, saying that his pupil was not only "*thread-bare*, but ragged." Letters from the young earl to Burleigh, in very elegant Latin, were written from Cambridge till the year 1579. Burleigh found it needful to write his ward a letter on his prodigality in the year 1582. Essex's answer, acknowledging his fault, is dated at York.—See Ellis's Letters. Soon after, he emerged into Elizabeth's court, where he was as much distinguished by her favor as by his boundless extravagance. His beautiful sister Penelope, the wife of lord Rich, became, at the same time, one of the leading *intrigantes* of that day. Essex involved himself by reason of his extensive patronage to a vast number of needy military followers, who devoured his substance, and constantly urged him to obtain gifts from the queen. When he was but twenty-four he was in debt to the enormous amount of 23,000*l.*; and in his letter, dated 1590, to Elizabeth's vice-chamberlain (evidently meant for the queen's eye), he owns the queen "had given him so much he dared not ask her for more."

<sup>1</sup> Inedited State-Paper MS.; Mary queen of Scots, vol. xv. p. 414.

This letter, which was written in the year 1585, places to a certainty the introduction of Charles Blount to the court of Elizabeth at an earlier date than has generally been supposed. The circumstances connected with that introduction are pleasantly related by sir Robert Naunton:—"When queen Elizabeth first saw Charles Blount, at Whitehall, she was struck with his tall graceful stature and agreeable countenance. She was then at dinner, and asked her lady-carver who he was; who, not being able to satisfy her majesty's curiosity, further inquiry was made, and she was informed that he was the younger brother of the lord William Mountjoy, a learned student from Oxford, and had just been admitted to the inner Temple. This inquiry, with the eye of her majesty fixed upon him, according to her custom of daunting those she did not know, made the young gentleman blush: which she perceiving, gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with gracious words and looks, saying to her lords and ladies in attendance, "that she no sooner observed him, than she saw that there was noble blood in his veins," adding some expressions of pity for the misfortunes of his house,—his father having wasted much in the vain pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and his brother by extravagant profusion. Her majesty having made him repeat his name to herself, said to him, "Fail you not to come to court, and I will bethink me how to do you good." His fortune was then very small. The earl of Essex was seized with jealous displeasure at the favorable reception given by the queen to this modest young courtier, who, bashful as he was, was well accomplished in the manly exercises of that chivalrous age. One day the noble student ran so well at the tilt that the queen, being highly pleased with him, sent him, in token of her favor, a golden chess-queen, richly enamelled, which his servant next day fastened to his arm with a crimson ribbon. Proud of this token, and the better to display it, Charles Blount passed through the privy-chamber with his cloak under his arm, instead of over his shoulder; on which the earl of Essex, observing the decoration, demanded what it was, and wherefore so placed? Mr. Fulke Greville replied "that it was the queen's



favor, which the day before she had, after the tilting, sent to Charles Blount ;" on which the earl contemptuously observed, "Now I perceive that every fool must have a favor."<sup>1</sup> Blount replied to this unprovoked impertinence by a challenge. He and Essex met near Marylebone park. Essex was wounded in the thigh, and disarmed. When the queen was informed of this hostile encounter and its result, she swore "by God's death! that it was fit that some one or other should take the earl down and teach him manners, otherwise there would be no ruling him."<sup>2</sup>

Essex had distinguished himself very honorably at the battle of Zutphen, where he encouraged his men with this chivalric address :—"For the honor of England, my fellows, follow me!" and with that he "threw his lance into the rest, and overthrew the first man; and with his curtleaxe so behaved himself, that it was wonderful to see."<sup>3</sup> In that same battle the flower of English chivalry, the illustrious sir Philip Sidney, received his death-wound: after performing prodigies of valor, his thigh-bone was shattered in the third charge. When Leicester saw him, he exclaimed, with great feeling, "Oh, Philip! I am sorry for thy hurt."—"Oh, my lord!" replied the dying hero, "this have I done to do you honor, and her majesty service." Sir William Russell kissed his hand, and said, with tears, "Oh, noble sir Philip! never man attained hurt more honorably than ye have done, nor any served like unto you." But Sidney's most glorious deed was yet to do, when, a few minutes after this, he resigned the cup of cold water which he had craved in his agony, to quench the death-thirst of a private soldier who had turned a longing look on the precious draught. "Give it to him," exclaimed sir Philip, "his necessity is greater than mine;" an incident which must have inclined every one to say that the death of Sidney was worthy of his life. Public honors were decreed to the remains of her hero by his weeping country, and the learned young king of Scotland composed his epitaph in elegiac Latin verse. Elizabeth is said to have prevented sir Philip Sidney's election to

<sup>1</sup> Birch's Memorials. Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.

<sup>2</sup> Naunton.

<sup>3</sup> Stowe.

the sovereignty of Poland, observing, "That she could not afford to part with the choicest jewel of her court." Sidney, in a tone of chivalric loyalty, replied, "And I would rather remain the subject of queen Elizabeth than accept of the highest preferment in a foreign land."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth subsequently alluded to the death of this accomplished hero in terms approaching to levity, on the occasion of her youthful favorite, Charles Blount, escaping from the silken bonds in which she essayed to detain him, and joining the English army in Flanders. Her majesty sent a special messenger to his commander, sir John Norreys, charging him to send her truant back to her. She received Blount with a sound rating, asking him "How he durst go without her consent? Serve me so once more," added she, "and I will lay you fast enough for running. You will never leave off till you are knocked over the head, as that inconsiderate fellow Sidney was."<sup>2</sup> Such was the respect cherished by the sovereign for the memory of the brightest ornament of her court,—he who had worshipped her as a goddess during his life, and rejoiced to die in her service! She concluded her lecture to Blount in these words:—"You shall go when I send you. In the mean time, see that you lodge in the court, where you may follow your books, read, and discourse of the wars."<sup>3</sup>

The junta by whom Elizabeth's resolves were at times influenced, and her better feelings smothered, had sinned too deeply against Mary Stuart to risk the possibility of her surviving their royal mistress. Elizabeth shrank from either incurring the odium, or establishing the dangerous precedent of bringing a sovereign princess to the block. The queens whose blood had been shed on the scaffold by her ruthless father were subjects of his own, puppets whom

<sup>1</sup> Naunton.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Blount, afterwards, became fatally enamoured of the sister of his old adversary Essex, the beautiful Penelope, whose affection he had won before she was linked in a joyless wedlock with Robert lord Rich. When lady Rich was repudiated by her injured husband, after much guilt and sorrow they were united in marriage. But Blount, who had succeeded to his brother's title, died the following year, 1606, of the sorrow his self-indulgence had sown for him,—a mournful sequel to the bright beginning of his fortunes.

he had raised and then degraded from the fatal dignity which his own caprice had bestowed upon them; but even he, tyrant as he was, had not ventured to slay either of his royally-born consorts, Katharine of Arragon or Anne of Cleves, though claiming the twofold authority of husband and sovereign over both. Mary Stuart was not only a king's daughter, but a crowned and anointed sovereign; and under no pretence could she legally be rendered amenable to Elizabeth's authority. Every species of quiet cruelty that might tend to sap the life of a delicately organized and sensitive female had been systematically practised on the royal captive by the leaders of Elizabeth's cabinet. Mary had been confined in damp, dilapidated apartments, exposed to malaria, deprived of exercise and recreation, and compelled occasionally, by way of variety, to rise from a sick-bed and travel, through an inclement country, from one prison to another in the depth of winter.<sup>1</sup> These atrocities had entailed upon her a complication of chronic maladies of the most agonizing description; but she continued to exist, and it was evident that the vital principle in her constitution was sufficiently tenacious to enable her to endure many years of suffering. The contingencies of a day, an hour, meantime, might lay Elizabeth in the dust, and call Mary Stuart to the seat of empire. Could Burleigh, Walsingham, and Leicester expect, in that event, to escape the vengeance which their injurious treatment had provoked from that princess? It is just possible that Burleigh, rooted as he was to the helm of state, and skilled in every department of government, might, like Talleyrand, have made his defence good, and retained his office under any change. He had observed an outward show of civility to Mary, and was suspected by Walsingham of having entered into some secret pact with James of Scotland; but Walsingham and Leicester had committed themselves irrevocably, and for them there could be no other prospect than the block, if the Scottish queen, who was nine years younger than Elizabeth, outlived her.

From the moment Elizabeth declared that "honor and

<sup>1</sup> See Letters of Mary Queen of Scots.

conscience both forbade her to put Mary to death," it had been the great business of these statesmen to convince her that it was incompatible with her own safety to permit her royal captive to live. Assertions to this effect were lightly regarded by Elizabeth, but the evidence of a series of conspiracies, real as well as feigned, began to take effect upon her mind, and slowly, but surely, brought her to the same conclusion. For many years it had been the practice of Walsingham to employ spies, not only for the purpose of watching the movements of those who were suspected of attachment to the Scottish queen, but to inveigle them into plots against the government and person of queen Elizabeth. One of these base agents, William Parry, after years of secret treachery in this abhorrent service, became himself a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome, and conceived a design of assassinating queen Elizabeth. This he communicated to Neville, one of the English exiles, the claimant of the forfeit honors and estates of the last earl of Westmoreland. Neville, in the hope of propitiating the queen, gave prompt information of Parry's intentions against her majesty; but as Parry had formerly denounced Neville, Elizabeth, naturally imagining that he had been making a very bold attempt to draw Neville into an overt act of treason, directed Walsingham to inquire of the spy whether he had recently, by way of experiment, suggested to any one the idea of taking away her life? If Parry had replied in the affirmative, he would have been safe; but the earnest manner of his denial excited suspicion. He and Neville were confronted, and he then avowed "that he had felt so strong an impulse to murder the queen, that he had, of late, always left his dagger at home when summoned to her presence, lest he should fall upon her and slay her."<sup>1</sup> This strange conflict of feeling appears like the reasoning madness of a monomaniac, and suggests the idea that Parry's mind had become affected with the delirious excitement of the times. He was condemned to death, and on the scaffold cited his royal mistress to the tribunal of the all-seeing Judge in whose presence he was about to appear.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hamilton's Annals. State-Trials.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

The unhappy man expressly acquitted the queen of Scots of any knowledge of his designs. Mary herself, in her private letters, denies having the slightest connection with him. The plot, however, furnished an excuse for treating her with greater cruelty than before. Her comparatively humane keeper, sir Ralph Sadler, was superseded by sir Amias Paulet and sir Drue Drury, two rigid puritans, who were selected by Leicester for the ungracious office of embittering the brief and evil remnant of her days. The last report made by Sadler of the state of bodily suffering to which the royal captive was reduced by her long and rigorous imprisonment, is very pitiable. "I find her," says he, "much altered from what she was when I was first acquainted with her. She is not yet able to strain her left foot to the ground, and to her very great grief, not without tears, findeth it wasted and shrunk of its natural measure."<sup>1</sup> In this deplorable state, the hapless invalid was removed to the damp and dilapidated apartments of her former hated jail, Tutbury castle.<sup>2</sup> A fresh access of illness was brought on by the inclemency of the situation and the noxious quality of the air. She wrote a piteous appeal to Elizabeth, who did not vouchsafe a reply. Under these circumstances, the unfortunate captive caught, with feverish eagerness, at every visionary scheme that whispered to her in her doleful prison-house the flattering hope of escape. The zeal and self-devotion of her misjudging friends were the very means used by her foes to effect her destruction. Morgan, her agent in France, to whom allusion has already been made, was a fierce, wrong-headed Welchman, who had persuaded himself, and some others, that it was not only expedient but justifiable to destroy Elizabeth, as the sole means of rescuing his long-suffering mistress from the living death in which she was slowly pining away. So greatly had Elizabeth's animosity against Morgan been excited by the disclosures of Parry, that she declared "that she would give ten thousand pounds for his head." When she sent the order of the Garter to Henry III., she demanded that Morgan should be given up to her vengeance. Henry, who was doubtless

<sup>1</sup> Sadler Papers, 460.

<sup>2</sup> See Letters of Mary Queen of Scots.



aware that many disclosures might be forced from Morgan on the rack that would have the effect of committing himself with his good sister of England, endeavored to satisfy her by sending Morgan to the Bastille, and forwarding his papers to Elizabeth. Morgan's friends were permitted to have access to him, and he employed himself in plotting a more daring design against the life of queen Elizabeth than any that had yet been devised. Mary's faithful ambassador at Paris, Beaton archbishop of Glasgow, and her kinsmen of the house of Guise, decidedly objected to the project.<sup>1</sup> Intent on his vindictive scheme, Morgan paid no heed to the remonstrances of Mary's faithful counsellors, but took into his confidence two of Walsingham's most artful spies, in the disguise of Catholic priests, Gifford and Greatly by name, together with Poley and Maude, two other of the agents of that statesman. Easy enough would it have been for Walsingham, who had perfect information of the proceedings of the conspirators from the first, to have crushed the plot in its infancy; but it was his occult policy to nurse it till it became organized into a shape sufficiently formidable to Elizabeth to bring her to the conclusion that her life would never be safe while the Scottish queen was in existence, and, above all, to furnish a plausible pretext for the execution of that unfortunate princess.

The principal leaders of the conspiracy were Ballard, a Catholic priest, and Savage, a soldier of fortune, who undertook to assassinate queen Elizabeth with his own hand. These unprincipled desperadoes, aided by their treacherous colleagues, succeeded in beguiling Anthony Babington of Dethick, a young gentleman of wealth and ancient lineage in Derbyshire, into the confederacy. Babington, who was a person of enthusiastic temperament, was warmly attached to the cause of Mary, for whom he had formerly performed the perilous service of transmitting letters during her imprisonment at Sheffield. At first he objected to any attempt against his own sovereign; but the sophistry of Ballard, and the persuasions of the treacherous agents of Walsingham, not only prevailed over his scruples, but induced him

<sup>1</sup> Murdin's State-Papers. Egerton Papers. Lingard.

to go the whole length of the plot, even to the proposed murder. This deed, he protested, ought not to be intrusted to the single arm of Savage, and proposed that six gentlemen should be associated for that purpose.<sup>1</sup> How a man of a naturally generous and chivalric disposition could devise so cowardly a combination against the person of a female appears almost incredible; but such was the blind excitement of party feeling and fanatic zeal, that he recklessly pressed onward to the accomplishment of his object, without even pausing to consider the turpitude of the design, much less its absurdity. It is scarcely possible to imagine that Babington was a person of sound mind, when we find that he had his picture drawn with the six assassins grouped round him, with the following Latin motto:—

*“ Hi mihi sunt comites, quos ipsa pericula jungunt :”*

*‘ My comrades these, whom very peril draws.’*<sup>2</sup>

This picture, being shown to Elizabeth, was probably instrumental in saving her life; for, soon after, while walking in Richmond park, she observed a person loitering in her path, in whom she recognized the features of Barnwall, one of the leagued assassins who had pledged themselves to take her life. Far from betraying the slightest feminine alarm on this occasion, she fixed her eyes upon the lurking criminal with a look that fairly daunted him, and, turning to sir Christopher Hatton and the other gentlemen in attendance, exclaimed, significantly, “ Am I not well guarded to-day, not having one man wearing a sword by his side near me ?” Barnwall afterwards deposed that he distinctly heard the queen utter these words; on which sir Christopher Hatton told him, “ that if others had observed him as closely as her majesty did, he had not escaped so easily.”<sup>3</sup>

Elizabeth, notwithstanding her intrepid deportment on this occasion, liked not the predicament in which she stood, with an associated band of desperadoes at large who had pledged themselves to take her life, and she was urgent for the apprehension of Ballard and Babington. Her wily ministers had, however, higher game to bring down than a

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Murdin. Lingard.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

<sup>3</sup> State-Trials.

few fanatic Catholics. Walsingham had not wasted money and time, and woven his web with such determined subtlety, for the destruction of private individuals; his object was to entangle the queen of Scots into actual participation in a plot against Elizabeth's life and government. This had not yet been done, and he, with difficulty, prevailed on his royal mistress to allow matters to proceed for a few days longer. Elizabeth was, indeed, rather overborne than persuaded by her cabinet on this occasion. Her feminine fears had been excited, and she said, "It was her duty to put an end to the evil designs of her enemies while it was in her power to do so, lest, by not doing it, she should seem to tempt God's mercy, rather than manifest her trust in his protection."<sup>1</sup> There was sound sense in this remark, and if her council had believed in the reality of her danger, they would have been without excuse had they ventured to trifle with the safety of their sovereign for a single day.

At length, Mary was induced to write to the French and Spanish ambassadors, urging them to obtain from their respective courts the assistance of men and money, to be employed in her deliverance. Her letters were intercepted, opened, and copied by Elizabeth's celebrated decipherer, Phillips, who was located under the same roof with the unsuspecting captive at Chartley, together with Gregory, a noted seal-forgery and opener of sealed letters. The labors of this worthy pair were not, it should appear, confined to opening and copying, *verbatim*, all the letters that were exchanged between Mary and her confederates. Camden, the great contemporary historian, to whom Burleigh himself submitted all the *then* unbroken state-papers of Elizabeth's reign, assures us that a postscript was added to one of Mary queen of Scots' letters to Babington in the same characters used by her, containing an approval of the leading objects of the conspiracy.

The game was now considered by Walsingham sufficiently advanced for him to make a decided move, and he gave orders for the arrest of Ballard. Babington, almost immediately after this had been effected, encountered Savage in

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

one of the cloisters of old St. Paul's, and said to him, "Ballard is taken, and all will be betrayed. What remedy now?"—"None but to kill her presently," replied Savage. "Then go you to court to-morrow," said Babington, "and execute the pact."—"Nay," rejoined Savage, "I cannot go to-morrow. My apparel is not ready, and in this array I shall never be allowed to come near the queen." Babington gave him all the money he had about him and his ring, and bade him provide himself with what was needful;<sup>1</sup> but Savage, like other bravoës, had boasted of that which he dared not attempt. He faltered, and neither he, nor either of the associated ruffians, would venture it.

Babington was at that time an invited guest, residing under Walsingham's own roof, and such was his infatuation, that he actually fancied he was the deceiver, instead of the dupe of that most astute of all diplomatists, till one day, after the arrest of Ballard, a letter from the council, directing that he should be more closely watched, was brought to the under-secretary Scudamore, who incautiously read it in his presence. A glance at the contents, which he contrived to read over Scudamore's shoulder, convinced him of his delusion; but dissembling his consternation, he effected his escape the next night from a tavern, where he was invited to sup, amidst the spies and servants of Walsingham. He gave the alarm to the other conspirators, and having changed his complexion by staining his face with walnut-skins and cut of his hair, betook himself with them to the covert of St. John's Wood, near Mary-le-bone,<sup>2</sup> which was at that time the formidable haunt of robbers and outlaws. Exaggerated accounts of the plot were published by Walsingham, stating "that a conspiracy to burn the city of London and murder the queen had been providentially discovered; that the combined forces of France and Spain had put to sea to invade England; that it was supposed they would effect a landing on the southern coast, and all the papists were preparing to take up arms to join them." Such was the popular excitement at these frightful rumors, that all foreigners and Catholics were in the greatest peril, and

<sup>1</sup> State-Trials.

<sup>2</sup> Camden. State-Trials. Mackintosh. Lingard.

the ambassadors themselves were insulted and menaced in their own houses.<sup>1</sup> When Babington and several of the conspirators were captured, and brought, under a strong guard, to the Tower, the most vehement satisfaction was expressed by the people, who followed them with shouts, singing psalms, and every demonstration of joy at the escape of the queen from their treasonable designs. The bells rang, bonfires were kindled, and every one appeared inspired with the most ardent loyalty towards the sovereign.

On the 13th of September, 1586, seven out of the fourteen conspirators were arraigned. They confessed their crime, and the depositions of Savage afford startling evidence that the greatest danger to the person of the queen proceeded from the constant persuasions of Walsingham's spy, Gifford, for the deed to be attempted at any time or place where opportunity might serve. "As her majesty should go into her chapel to hear divine service," Gifford said, "he [Savage] might lurk in her gallery, and stab her with his dagger; or, if she should walk in her garden, he might shoot her with his dagger; or, if she should walk abroad to take the air, as she often did, accompanied rather with women than men, and those men slenderly weaponed, then might he assault her with his arming sword, and make sure work; and though he might hazard his own life, he would be sure to gain heaven thereby."<sup>2</sup> The greatest marvel is that such advice as this, addressed by Gifford in his feigned character of a Catholic priest to men of weak judgments, excitable tempers, and fanatic principles, did not cost the queen her life. But Walsingham, in his insatiable thirst for the blood of Mary Stuart, appears to have forgotten that contingency, and even the possibility that by employing agents to urge others to attempt the assassination of his sovereign, the accusation of devising her death might have been retorted upon himself. Gifford was suffered to depart to France unquestioned and unmolested; but the fourteen

<sup>1</sup> Despatches of Chateaufneuf.

<sup>2</sup> State-Trials. After his condemnation, Babington wrote a piteous letter of supplication to Elizabeth, imploring her mercy for the sake of his wife and children.—Rawlinson MS., Oxford, vol. 1340, No. 55, f. 19.



deluded culprits were sentenced to expiate their guilt by undergoing the dreadful penalty decreed by the law to traitors. Elizabeth was so greatly exasperated against them that she intimated to her council the expediency of adopting "some new device," whereby their sufferings might be rendered more acute, and more calculated to strike terror into the spectators. Burleigh, with business-like coolness, explained to her majesty, "that the punishment prescribed by the letter of the law was to the full as terrible as anything new that could be devised, if the executioner took care to protract the extremity of their pains in the sight of the multitude."<sup>1</sup> That functionary appears to have acted on this hint, for the revolting circumstances with which the executions of the seven principal conspirators were attended excited the indignation of the by-standers to such a pitch that her majesty found it expedient to issue an especial order that the other seven should be more mercifully dealt with. They were therefore strangled before the concluding horrors of the barbarous sentence were inflicted.

These sanguinary scenes were but the prelude to the consummation of the long-premeditated tragedy of the execution of the queen of Scots, for which the plot against Elizabeth's life had prepared the public mind. Immediately after the apprehension of Babington and his associates, Mary had been removed unexpectedly from Chartley to Tixal, and her papers and money seized during her absence. Her two secretaries, Nau and Curle, were arrested and threatened with the rack, to induce them to bear witness against their unfortunate mistress. They were, at first, careful not to commit her by their admissions, which they well knew they could not do without implicating themselves in the penalty. Burleigh, penetrating the motives of their reserve, wrote to Hatton his opinion, coupled with this facetious remark:—"That they would yield somewhat to confirm their mistress's crimes if they were persuaded that themselves might escape, and the blow fall upon their mistress between her head and her shoulders."<sup>2</sup> This suggestion was

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Burleigh to Hatton, in Lingard.

<sup>2</sup> Letters from the Leigh Collection, quoted by Lingard.

acted upon, and, combined with the terror occasioned by the execution of Babington and his associates, drew from them sufficient admissions to serve for evidence against their mistress.

The angry and excited state of feeling to which Elizabeth's mind had been worked up against her unfortunate kinswoman may be plainly seen in the following letter, written by her to sir Amias Paulet soon after the removal of the queen of Scots to the gloomy fortress of Fotheringay:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR AMIAS PAULET.

"Amias, my most faithful and careful servant! God reward thee treblefold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged. If you knew, my Amias, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my grateful heart accepts and prizes your spotless endeavors and faultless actions, your wise orders and safe regard, performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would ease your travails and rejoice your heart, in which I charge you place this most just thought, that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgment the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasures to countervail such a faith. If I reward not such deserts, let me lack when I have most need of you; if I acknowledge not such merit, *non omnibus dictum*.

"Let your wicked murderess [his prisoner, Mary queen of Scots] know how, with hearty sorrow, her vile deserts compel these orders; and bid her, from me, ask God forgiveness for her treacherous dealings towards the saviour of her life many a year, to the intolerable peril of my own, and yet, not contented with so many forgivenesses, must fault again so horribly, far passing woman's thought, much less a princess; instead of excusing whereof, not one can sorrow, it being so plainly confessed by the authors of my guiltless death. Let repentance take place, and let not the fiend possess her, so as her better part may not be lost, for which I pray with hands lifted up to Him, that may both save and spill.

"With my most loving adieu and prayer for thy long life, your most assured and loving sovereign, as thereby by good deserts induced."<sup>1</sup>

The great point for which Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham, and their colleagues had been laboring for the last eighteen years was at length accomplished. They had succeeded in persuading Elizabeth that Mary Stuart, in her sternly-guarded prison, crippled with chronic and neuralgic maladies, surrounded by spies, and out of the reach of human aid, was so formidable to her person and government, that it was an imperative duty to herself and her Protestant subjects to put her to death. Having once brought their long-irresolute mistress to this conclusion,

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper. MS. Collection relative to Mary queen of Scots, written in a beautiful and very legible hand.

all other difficulties became matters of minor importance to the master-spirits who ruled Elizabeth's council, since they had only to arrange a ceremonial process for taking away the life of their defenceless captive in as plausible and formal a manner as might be compatible with the circumstances of the case. It was determined that Mary should be tried by a commission of peers and privy councillors, under the great seal, the fatal innovations<sup>1</sup> which Henry VIII's despotic tyranny had made in the ancient laws of England on life and death having rendered the crown arbitrary on that point. The commissioners appointed for this business left London for Fotheringay castle before the 8th of October, 1586; for on that day Davison dates a letter written to Burleigh by her majesty's command, containing various instructions, and informing him "that a Dutchman, newly arrived from Paris, who was familiar with the queen-mother's jeweller, had begged him to advise her majesty to beware of one who will present a petition to her on her way to chapel, or walking abroad." Davison then requests Burleigh to write to the queen, to pray her to be more circumspect of her person, and to avoid showing herself in public till the brunt of the business then in hand be overblown.<sup>2</sup> This mysterious hint of a new plot against the queen's life was in conformity with the policy of the cabinet, which referred all attempts of the kind to the evil influence of the captive, Mary Stuart. In conclusion, Davison informs Burleigh and Walsingham that he is especially commanded by her majesty to signify to them both, "how greatly she doth long to hear how her 'spirit' and her 'moon' do find themselves after so foul and wearisome a journey."<sup>3</sup> By the above pet names was the

<sup>1</sup> Namely, the practice of trying noble or royal victims by a commission selected from the house of lords, and such commoners as held great crown places and were lords of the council. The members of such committees were called *lords-triers*, and as the house of peers was, at the Tudor era, a very small body, whose interests and prejudices were intimately known to the government, only those prepared to go all lengths with it were put into commission; neither was the victim allowed to protest against any enemy in the junta. This shameful precedent was first adopted for the judicial murder of Anne Boleyn.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Harris Nicolas's *Life of Davison*.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

mighty Elizabeth accustomed, in moments of playfulness, to designate those grave and unbending statesmen, Burleigh and Walsingham; but playfulness at such a season was certainly not only in bad taste, but revolting to every feeling of humanity, when the object of that foul and weary journey on which Elizabeth's 'spirit' and her 'moon' had departed is considered.

The most repulsive feature in the final proceedings against the hapless Mary is the odious levity with which the leading actors in the tragedy demeaned themselves while preparing to shed her blood, and at the same time appealing to the Scriptures in justification of the deed. L'Aubespine de Chateauneuf, the French ambassador, demanded, in the name of his sovereign, that Mary might be allowed the assistance of counsel. Elizabeth returned an angry verbal answer by Hatton, "that she required not the advice or schooling of foreign powers to instruct her how she ought to act;" and added, "that she considered the Scottish queen unworthy of counsel." What, it may be asked, was this but condemnation before trial? and what result was to be expected from the trial of any person of whom a despotic sovereign had made such an assertion? Can any one read Elizabeth's letter to the commissioners, dated October 7th, in which she charges them "to forbear *passing sentence* on the Scottish queen till they have returned into her presence, and made their report to herself,"<sup>1</sup> and call that a trial which was preordained to end in a sentence? Four days after the date of this letter they assembled at Fotheringay for the business on which they had been deputed. On the 12th they opened their court. Mary refused to acknowledge their authority, on which they delivered to her the following letter from their royal mistress:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"You have, in various ways and manners, attempted to take my life, and to bring my kingdom to destruction by bloodshed. I have never proceeded so harshly against you, but have, on the contrary, protected and maintained you like myself. These treasons will be proved to you, and all made manifest. Yet it is my will, that you answer the nobles and peers of the kingdom as if I were

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<sup>1</sup> Harleian MSS., 290, f. 180.

myself present. I therefore require, charge, and command that you make answer, for I have been well informed of your arrogance.

“Act plainly, without reserve, and you will sooner be able to obtain favor of me.  
ELIZABETH.”

This letter was addressed to Mary (without the superscription of cousin or sister), and, as it may be supposed from the well-known high spirit of that queen, had not the slightest effect in inducing her to reply to the commissioners. She told them, however, “that she had endeavored to gain her liberty, and would continue to do so as long as she lived; but that she had never plotted against the life of their queen, nor had any connection with Babington or the others but to obtain her freedom; on which particulars, if Elizabeth chose to question her in person, she would declare the truth, but would reply to no inferior.” The details of this celebrated process, for trial it cannot be called, belong to the personal history of Mary Stuart, rather than to the biography of Elizabeth. Suffice it therefore to say, that after two days’ fruitless struggle to defend herself against the subtlety and oppression of men who demeaned themselves like adverse lawyers, pleading on the side of the crown rather than as conscientious judges, Mary demanded to be heard before the assembled parliament of England, or the queen and her council. The commissioners then adjourned the court to meet October 25th, in the Star-chamber, Westminster. On that day they reassembled, and pronounced sentence of death on the Scottish queen, pursuant to the statute of the 27th of Elizabeth, which had been framed for that very purpose.

The parliament met on the 29th, and having considered the reports of the commissioners, united in petitioning queen Elizabeth that the sentence against the Scottish queen might be carried into execution. Elizabeth received this deputation, November 12th, in her presence-chamber at Richmond palace. Mr. sergeant Puckering, the speaker, after enlarging on the offences of Mary against queen Elizabeth, recalled to her majesty the example of God’s displeasure on Saul for sparing Agag, and on Ahab for preserving Benhadad; and after preaching a political sermon, too tedious for



recapitulation, from these irrelevant cases, he assured her "that her compliance with the petition would be most acceptable to God, and that her people expected nothing less of her." Elizabeth made an elaborate and mystified harangue in reply, of great length and verbosity. The following passages may serve as a sample of the style and substance of this celebrated speech:—

"The bottomless graces and benefits bestowed upon me by the Almighty are and have been such that I must not only acknowledge them, but admire them, accounting them miracles [as well] as benefits. And now, albeit I find my life hath been full dangerously sought, and death contrived by such as no desert procured, yet I am therein so clear from malice (which hath the property to make men glad at the falls and faults of their foes, and make them seem to do for other causes when rancor is the ground), as I protest it is and hath been my grievous thought, that one, not different in sex, of like estate, and my near kin, should fall into so great a crime. Yea, I had so little purpose to pursue her with any color of malice, that it is not unknown to some of my lords here (for now I will play the blab), I secretly wrote her a letter, on the discovery of sundry treasons, that if she would confess them, and privately acknowledge them by her letters to myself, she never need be called for them in so public question. Neither did I it of mind to circumvent her; for I knew as much as she could confess. And if even yet, now that the matter is made but too apparent, I thought she truly would repent (as, perhaps she would easily appear in outward show to do), and that, on her account, no one would take the matter upon them; or if we were but as two milkmaids, with our pails on our arms; or if there were no more dependencies upon us, but mine own life only in danger, and not the whole estate of your religion, I protest (whereon you may believe me, for though I have many vices, I hope I have not accustomed my tongue to be an instrument of untruth) I would most willingly pardon and remit this offence."<sup>1</sup>

Lest, however, any one should be deceived by all this parade of mercy and Christian charity into the notion that it was her sincere wish to save her unfortunate kinswoman, she concluded her speech by informing them "that she had just received information of another plot, in which the conspirators had bound themselves, under the penalty of death, to take away her life within the month;" thus exciting a more deadly flame of loyal indignation in their bosoms against her who was pointed at as the inciter of all attempts against the person of Elizabeth. The parliament responded in the tone that was desired, with a more ardent requisition for the blood of Mary. Elizabeth faltered: her mind was

<sup>1</sup> Holinshed, 1582, vol. ii.

tempest-tossed between her desire for Mary's death and her reluctance to stand forth to the world as her acknowledged executioner. She would have the deed performed "some other way;" but how?

"The dial spake not, but it gave shrewd signs,  
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

One, at least, of her ministers entered into the feelings of his royal mistress on this delicate subject, and endeavored to relieve her from her embarrassment as to the means of removing her victim without the undesirable *éclat* of a public execution. Leicester wrote from Holland, to suggest "the sure but silent operation of poison."<sup>1</sup> He even sent a divine over to convince the more scrupulous Walsingham of the lawfulness of the means proposed; but that stern politician was resolutely bent on maintaining a show of justice, and at the same time exalting the power of his royal mistress, by bringing the queen of Scotland to the block. Burleigh coincided in this determination, and in his letters to Leicester complained "that the queen's slackness did not stand with her surety or their own." The personal influence of Leicester with the sovereign appears to have been required for the consummation of the tragedy, and he was recalled home. On the 22d of November, lord Buckhurst and sir Robert Beale announced to the queen of Scots that sentence of death had been pronounced against her. They executed their ungracious errand without the slightest delicacy or consideration for the feelings of the royal victim, telling her "that she must not hope for mercy," adding taunts on the score of her religious opinions very much at variance with the divine spirit of Christianity, and concluded by ordering her chamber and her bed to be hung with black.<sup>2</sup>

Meantime, the French ambassador, L'Aubespine Chateaufort, wrote in great alarm to Henry III. "that the queen of England was proceeding, he feared, to extremities with the queen of Scots, and urged him to interfere for her

<sup>1</sup> Camden's Elizabeth, in White Kennet, p. 519.

<sup>2</sup> Reports of M. de Bellievre and L'Aubespine in Egerton; and Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii. p. 199.

preservation." Henry despatched M. de Pomponne de Bellievre as an ambassador-extraordinary, for the purpose of remonstrating with Elizabeth against the outrage she was preparing to commit, and to use every means in his power to soften her determination. Bellievre landed at Dover, after a stormy passage, November 29th; he and one of the gentlemen in his suite had suffered so severely from sea-sickness that they were unable to proceed till they had reposed themselves for a day and night. Elizabeth took advantage of this circumstance to delay the new envoy's audience, under pretence that he and his company had brought the infection of the plague from France, and that it would be attended with great peril to her royal person if she admitted them into her presence.<sup>1</sup> It was also asserted that Bellievre had brought over some unknown men, who had come expressly to assassinate her. These reports appear to have been very offensive to the embassy, and are ascribed by the indignant secretary of legation, by whom the transactions of that eventful period were recorded for the information of his own court, "to the infinite malice of the queen."<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth had withdrawn to her winter-quarters at Richmond, and it was not till the 7th of December that the urgency of Bellievre induced her to grant him his first audience. He came to her after dinner on that day, accompanied by L'Aubespine and all the gentlemen who had attended him from France. Elizabeth received them in her presence-chamber, seated on her throne, and surrounded by her nobles and the lords of her council. Leicester had placed himself in close contiguity to the royal person; but when the French envoy proceeded to open the business on which he came, she bade her presumptuous master of the horse "fall back." His colleagues hearing this command addressed to him, took the hint, and withdrew also to a little distance. Bellievre then delivered the remonstrances on the part of his sovereign in behalf of the Scottish queen,

<sup>1</sup> Statement for M. de Villeroy of the transactions of M. de Bellievre in England.

<sup>2</sup> Reports of M. de Bellievre.

his sister-in-law. Elizabeth interrupted him many times, answering him point by point, speaking in good French, but so loud, that she could be heard all over the saloon. When she mentioned the queen of Scots, she appeared under the influence of passion, which was expressed by her countenance.<sup>1</sup> She burst into invectives against her, accused her of ingratitude for the many favors which she said "she had conferred upon her," although it was impossible for hatred and revenge to have worked more deadly mischief against another than such love as hers had wrought to the hapless victim of her treachery. With reference to the address Bellievre had just delivered, Elizabeth said:—"Monsieur had quoted several examples drawn from history; but she had read much and seen many books in her lifetime,—more, indeed, than thousands of her sex and rank had done. But never had she met with, or heard of, such an attempt as that which had been planned against her by her own kinswoman, whom the king her brother-in-law ought not to support in her malice, but rather to aid her in bringing speedily to justice;" adding, "that she had had great experience in the world, having known what it was to be both subject and sovereign, and the difference also between good neighbors and those who were evilly disposed towards her."<sup>2</sup> She told Bellievre "that she was very sorry he had not been sent on a better occasion; that she had been compelled to come to the resolution she had taken, because it was impossible to save her own life if she preserved the queen of Scots; but if the ambassadors could point out any means whereby she might do it consistently with her own security, she should be greatly obliged to them, never having shed so many tears at the death of her father, of her brother king Edward, or her sister Mary, as she had done for this unfortunate affair."<sup>3</sup> She then inquired after the health of the king of France and the queen-mother, promised the ambassador he should have an answer in four days, and retired to her apartment.

Bellievre returned to London, where he vainly waited for

<sup>1</sup> Report for M. de Villeroy. Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii. p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> Report for Villeroy.

<sup>3</sup> Bellievre's letter to the king of France.

the promised answer, and at last repaired, with L'Aubespine, to Richmond once more, to solicit another audience. It was accorded, and then postponed from day to day; till Bellievre, considering that she was trifling with him, demanded his passport, observing at the same time, "that it was useless for him to remain longer in England." Elizabeth, on this, sent Hunsdon and Walsingham to him, to appoint an audience for the following Monday. A lively account of this reception, and the altercations which took place between the two French ambassadors and her majesty on that occasion, is related in a joint letter from Bellievre and L'Aubespine to their own sovereign, Henry III. :—<sup>1</sup>

"The said lady [queen Elizabeth] gave us audience on the appointed day, Monday, in her presence-chamber. We recommenced our prayer with all the urgency that was possible, and spoke in such a manner that we could not be heard save by her principal councillors. But she rejoined in so loud a tone as to be annoying, because we were using entreaties (as the necessity of the affair required), and by her answers they could not but understand that our petition was refused. After she had continued long, and repeated the same thing many times, she adverted to Morgan, and said, 'Wherefore is it, that having signed a league, which I observe, does not he [the king of France] observe it also, in a case which is so important to all princes?' assuring us, 'That if any of her subjects—ay, those that were nearest of kin (naming at the same time and showing us my lord the chamberlain,<sup>2</sup> who is her cousin-german)—had enterprised things to the prejudice of your majesty's life, she would have sent him to you for purgation.' To which we answered, 'That if Morgan, having been, on her sole account, for a long time detained in a strong prison in France, had plotted a little against her majesty, he could not do her any harm, as he was in ward; that the queen of Scotland has fallen into such a miserable state, and has found so many enemies in this kingdom, that there was no need to go and search for them in France to accelerate her ruin; and that it would be deemed a thing too monstrous and inhuman for the king to send the knife to cut the throat of his sister-in-law, to whom, both in the sight of God and man, he owed his protection.'

"We imagined at first that we had satisfied her with this answer, but she abandoned the subject of Morgan, and flew to that of Charles Paget, saying, 'Wherefore is he not sent?' We replied, 'That we did not consider that Paget was in your majesty's power, as Paris was a great forest; that your majesty would not refuse to perform any office of friendship that could be expected, but that she must please to reflect that you could not always do as you would wish in the present state of your realm; for your majesty had been censured at Rome, and elsewhere, for the detention of Morgan, which was done solely out of respect

<sup>1</sup> Lettres Originales d'État, De Mesmes Collection; No. 9513, tome iii. f. 399, Bibliothèque du Roi.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Hunsdon, the son of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.



to her.' On which she said to us, 'That the said Paget had promised to monsieur de Guise to kill her; but that she had means enough in Paris to have him killed, if she wished.'

"She said this, on purpose, so loud that the archers of her guard could hear. 'As to Morgan,' she said 'that he had within three months sent to her, that if she would please to accord him her grace, he would discover all the conspiracy of the queen of Scotland;' adding, 'that he was very ill-guarded in the Bastille, for the bishop of Glasgow had spoken more than twenty times to him; and that he was also free to converse with whomsoever he thought proper.' Then the said lady, lowering her voice, told us, 'That she would wish us to be well advised, desiring the good of your majesty; and that you could not do better than to give shortly a good peace to your subjects, otherwise she could foresee great injury to your realm, which a great number of foreigners would enter in such a sort, that it would not be very easy to find a remedy to the evil.'

"On this we took upon ourselves to tell her, 'That your majesty desired nothing more than to see your country in a happy repose, and would feel obliged to all princes, your neighbors, who had the same wish, if they would counsel your subjects to that effect. That the queen, your mother, at her age, had taken the trouble to seek the king of Navarre for this good purpose, and that it was our opinion that they would now enter into a treaty; that the king, your majesty, and all good people, desired much the preservation of the king of Navarre; and that knowing the respect which the said king of Navarre bore to her, we thought the good counsel she might give him would greatly tend to accelerate the blessing of peace.' While holding this discourse, it seemed, by her countenance, that we talked of a thing that was distasteful to her, for she turned away her head as not wishing to proceed with the topic, and said to us in Latin, 'He is of age.'

"We observed to her, 'That she talked much of leagues and of armies; but she ought to wish that your majesty, who has never willingly consented to anything which was prejudicial to his realm, were delivered from these unhappy civil wars, and to consider that she could not take the same assurances of all other princes.' On this she said, 'That we might perhaps mean the king of Spain; but that her enmity and his having commenced with love, we ought not to think that they could not be well together whenever *she* wished.' And in truth, sire, we believe that she might very easily enter into such relations as she chose with that king; as far as we can judge, she has not the means needful for sustaining a war against so powerful a prince, being infinitely sparing of her money, and her people very desirous of a peace with Spain, as they have lost all their commerce on account of the war. It seems that this queen has determined rather to accord with Spain than continue the war; and we understand she has sent several missions to the duke of Parma.

"Her majesty returned to the subject of the queen of Scots, saying, 'That she had given us several days to consider of some means whereby she could preserve that princess's life without being in danger of losing her own; and not being yet satisfied on that point, nor having yet found any other expedient, she could not be cruel against herself; and that your majesty ought not to consider it just that she, who is innocent, should die, and that the queen of Scotland, who is guilty, should be saved.' We continued our entreaties, on which she told us, 'that in a few days she would give us an answer.'

"The next day we were apprised that they had made proclamation through this city that sentence of death had been given against the queen of Scotland. She has been proclaimed a traitress, incapable of succeeding to the crown, and worthy of death. The earl of Pembroke, the mayor and aldermen of the city of London, assisted at this proclamation, and the same instant all the bells in this city began to ring; this was followed universally throughout the realm of England, and they continued these ringings for the space of twenty-four hours, and have also made many bonfires of rejoicing for the determination taken by their queen against the queen of Scotland. This gave us occasion to write to the said lady [queen Elizabeth] the letter, of which we send a copy to your majesty. Not being able to devise any other remedy, we have made supplication that she would defer the execution of the judgment till we could learn what it would please your majesty to do and say in remonstrance. The said lady sent word to us, 'that on the morrow morning she would let us know her answer, by one of her councillors of state.' The day passed, and we had not any news.

"This morning the sieur Oullé,<sup>1</sup> a member of her council, came to us, on the part of the said lady queen, with her excuse that we had not heard from her yesterday on account of the indisposition of her majesty; and after a long discourse on the reasons which had moved them to proceed to this judgment, he said, 'That out of the respect she [the queen] had for your majesty, she was content to grant a delay of the term of twelve days before proceeding to the execution of the judgment, without pledging herself, however, to observe such delay, if in the interim anything should be attempted against her which might move her to alter her mind; and the said lady has accorded a like delay to the ambassadors of Scotland, who have made to her a similar request.' They have declared to this queen, 'That if she will put to death the queen of Scotland, the king her son is determined to renounce all the friendship and alliance that he has with England, and to advise with his friends how he shall proceed in her cause; at which she has put herself into a great fury.'

The report of the French ambassadors is dated December 18, 1586; on the 19th, queen Mary addressed the following noble letter to Elizabeth:—

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.<sup>2</sup>

"Fotheringaye, December 19, 1586.

"MADAME:—

"Having, with difficulty, obtained leave from those to whom you have committed me to open to you all I have on my heart, as much for exonerating myself from any ill-will or desire of committing cruelty, or any act of enmity against those with whom I am connected in blood, as also kindly to communicate to you what I thought would serve you, as much for your weal and preservation as for the maintenance of the peace and repose of this isle, which can only be injured if you reject my advice: you will credit or disbelieve my discourse as it seems best for you.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Woolley.

<sup>2</sup> De Mesmes MS., No. 9513.—Collection of Original State Letters; Bibliothèque du Roi.

"I am resolved to strengthen myself in Christ Jesus alone, who, to those invoking him with a true heart, never fails in his justice and consolation, especially to those who are bereft of all human aid,—such are under his holy protection; to him be the glory! He has equalled my expectation, having given me heart and strength, *in spe contra spem* [in hope against hope], to endure the unjust calumnies, accusations, and condemnations (of those who have no just jurisdiction over me), with a constant resolution to suffer death for upholding the obedience and authority of the apostolical Roman Catholic church.

"Now, since I have been, on your part, informed of the sentence of your last meeting of parliament, lord Buckhurst and Beale having admonished me to prepare for the end of my long and weary pilgrimage, I beg to return you thanks, on my part, for these happy tidings, and to entreat you to vouchsafe to me certain points for the discharge of my conscience. But since sir A. Paulet has informed me (though falsely) that you had indulged me by having restored to me my almoner,<sup>1</sup> and the money that they had taken from me, and that the remainder would follow; for all this I would willingly return you thanks, and supplicate still further, as a last request, which I have thought for many reasons I ought to ask of you alone, that you will accord this ultimate grace, for which I should not like to be indebted to any other, since I have no hope of finding aught but cruelty from the puritans, who are at this time, God knows wherefore, the first in authority,<sup>2</sup> and the most bitter against me. I will accuse no one: nay, I pardon, with a sincere heart, every one, even as I desire every one may grant forgiveness to me, God the first. But I know that you, more than any one, ought to feel at heart the honor or dishonor of your own blood, and that, moreover, of a queen, and the daughter of a king.

"Then, madame, for the sake of that Jesus to whose name all powers bow, I require you to ordain, that when my enemies have slaked their black thirst for my innocent blood, you will permit my poor desolated servants altogether to carry away my corpse to bury it in holy ground with the other queens of France, my predecessors, especially near the late queen, my mother; having this in recollection, that in Scotland the bodies of the kings my predecessors have been outraged, and the churches profaned and abolished, and that, as I shall suffer in this country, I shall not be given place near the kings your predecessors,<sup>3</sup> who are mine as well as yours; for, according to our religion, we think much of being interred in holy earth. As they tell me that you will in nothing force my conscience nor my religion, and have even conceded me a priest,<sup>4</sup> refuse me not this my last request that you will permit me free sepulchre to this body when the soul is separated, which, when united, could never obtain liberty to live in repose such as you would procure for yourself,—against which repose, before

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<sup>1</sup> De Préau; he remained in Fotheringay, but was forbidden to see his royal mistress.

<sup>2</sup> With no little grandeur of soul, Mary treats Elizabeth, not as her murderess, but as a person controlled by a dominant faction.

<sup>3</sup> This implied wish of burial in Westminster abbey her son James afterwards observed.

<sup>4</sup> In this she was deceived; her chaplain was not suffered to see her, though in the castle.

God I speak, I never aimed a blow; but God will let you see the truth of all after my death.

"And because I dread the tyranny of those to whose power you have abandoned me, I entreat you not to permit that execution be done on me without your own knowledge, not for fear of the torment, which I am most ready to suffer, but on account of the reports which will be raised concerning my death without other witnesses than those who would inflict it, who, I am persuaded, would be of very different qualities from those parties whom I require (being my servants) to be spectators, and, withal, witnesses of my end in the faith of our sacrament, of my Saviour, and in obedience to His church. And after all is over, that they together may carry away my poor corpse (as secretly as you please), and speedily withdraw without taking with them any of my goods, except those which, in dying, I may leave to them . . . which are little enough for their long and good services.

"One jewel that I received of you, I shall return to you with my last words, or sooner if you please. Once more I supplicate you to permit me to send a jewel and a last adieu to my son, with my dying benediction; for of my blessing he has been deprived since you sent me his refusal to enter into the treaty, whence I was excluded by his wicked councillors. This last point I refer to your favorable consideration and conscience, as the others; but I ask them in the name of Jesus Christ, and in respect of our consanguinity, and for the sake of king Henry VII., your grandfather and mine; and by the honor of the dignity we both hold, and of our sex in common, do I implore you to grant these requests.

"As to the rest, I think you know that in your name they have taken down my *dais* [canopy and raised seat], but afterwards they owned to me that it was not by your commandment, but by the intimation of some of your privy council. I thank God that this wickedness came not from you, and that it serves rather to vent their malice than to afflict me, having made up my mind to die. It is on account of this, and some other things, that they debarred me from writing to you; and after they had done all in their power to degrade me from my rank, they told me 'that I was but a mere dead woman, incapable of dignity.' God be praised for all!

"I would wish that all my papers were brought to you without reserve, that, at last, it may be manifest to you that the sole care of your safety was not confined to those who are so prompt to persecute me. If you will accord this my last request, I would wish that you would write for them; otherwise they do with them as they choose. And moreover I wish that to this, my last request, you will let me know your last reply.

"To conclude, I pray God, the just Judge, of his mercy, that he will enlighten you with his holy Spirit; and that he will give me his grace to die in the perfect charity I am disposed to do, and to pardon all those who have caused or who have co-operated in my death. Such will be my last prayer to my end, which I esteem myself happy will precede the persecution which I foresee menaces this isle, where God is no longer seriously feared and revered, but vanity and worldly policy rule and govern all,—yet will I accuse no one, nor give way to presumption. Yet, while abandoning this world and preparing myself for a better, I must remind you that one day you will have to answer for your charge, and for all those whom you doom, and that I desire that my blood and my country may be remembered in that time. For why? From the first days



of our capacity to comprehend our duties, we ought to bend our minds to make the things of this world yield to those of eternity !

"From Forteringhay [Fotheringay], this 19th December, 1586.

"Your sister and cousin, prisoner wrongfully,

"MARIE, *Royne*." <sup>1</sup>

The effect produced by this touching but dignified appeal to the conscience of Elizabeth is rather hinted at than described by the pitiless satrap Leicester, in one of his pithy letters to Walsingham. "There is a letter from the Scottish queen," writes he, "*that hath wrought tears ; but, I trust, shall do no further herein, albeit the delay is too dangerous.*" <sup>2</sup>

Rapin, with sophistry unworthy of an historian, says :— "The queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass that one of the queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall." This was decidedly untrue. The royal authority of Elizabeth was never more firmly established than at this very period. She could have nothing to apprehend from the sick, helpless, and impoverished captive at Fotheringay. It was to the ministers of Elizabeth and their party that Mary was an object of alarm ; consequently, it was their interest to keep the mind of their royal mistress in a constant state of excitement by plots and rumors of plots, till they had wrought her irritable temper up to the proper pitch. Among the many means resorted to for that purpose by Burleigh, may, in all probability, be reckoned the celebrated letter which has been published in Murdin's State-Papers as the production of Mary queen of Scots, in whose name it was written, but which bears every mark of the grossest forgery. It is written in French," <sup>3</sup> and details, with provoking minuteness, a variety of scandals, which appear to have been in circulation against queen Elizabeth in her own court. These are

<sup>1</sup> The original of this letter is in very obsolete French, of which a copy may be seen in the Bridgewater edition of the Egerton Papers. A fragment of the same, copied in a very beautiful hand, is also preserved in the State-Paper office, in the voluminous collection connected with the personal history of Mary queen of Scots : an abridged translation has been published by Mr. Tytler, in the eighth volume of his valuable History of Scotland.

<sup>2</sup> Harleian MS. 285 ; British Museum.

<sup>3</sup> But not in Mary's well-known hand : no copy of the letter exists in her writing. The story relating to the discovery of this letter is extremely absurd.



affirmed to have been repeated to the captive queen by the countess of Shrewsbury, who, during the life of her first husband, Mr. Saintlow, was one of Elizabeth's bedchamber women. Lady Shrewsbury was a malignant gossip and *intrigante*, and on very ill terms with her husband's royal charge. These circumstances gave some plausibility to the idea that Mary wrote this letter in order to destroy her great enemy's credit with the queen.

Mary had made, at various times, very serious complaints of the insolence of this vulgar-minded woman, and of the aspersions which she had cast on her character; and she had also requested the French ambassador to inform queen Elizabeth of her treasonable intrigues in favor of her little grand-daughter, lady Arabella Stuart; but that Mary ever departed so far from the character of a gentlewoman as to commit to paper the things contained in this document, no one who is familiar with the pure and delicate style which forms the prevailing charm of her authentic letters can believe. Neither was Mary so deplorably ignorant of the human heart as not to be aware that the person who has so little courtesy as to repeat to another painful and degrading reports becomes invariably an object of greater dislike to that person than the originator of the scandal. Every sentence of the letter has been artfully devised for the express purpose of irritating Elizabeth, not only against lady Shrewsbury, but against Mary herself, who would never have had the folly to inform her jealous rival "that Lady Shrewsbury had, by a book of divination in her possession, predicted that Elizabeth would very soon be cut off by a violent death, and Mary would succeed to her throne."<sup>1</sup> What was this but furnishing Elizabeth with a cogent reason for putting her to death without further delay?

The letter, as a whole, will not bear insertion; it contains very offensive observations on Elizabeth's person, constitution, and conduct, which are there affirmed to have been made by Lady Shrewsbury, together with a repetition of much indelicate gossip touching her majesty's intimacy with Simier, the plenipotentiary of Francis duke of Anjou, with

<sup>1</sup> Murdin's State-Papers, p. 558.

Anjou himself, and with Hatton. Some allusion is also made to a love-quarrel between Elizabeth and Hatton about certain gold buttons on his dress, on which occasion he departed out of her presence in a fit of choler; that she sent Killigrew after him in great haste, and bestowed a buffet on her messenger when he came back without him, and that she pensioned another gentleman with three hundred a year for bringing her news of Hatton's return; that when the said Hatton might have contracted an illustrious marriage, he dared not, for fear of offending her; and, for the same cause, the earl of Oxford was afraid of appearing on good terms with his own wife; that lady Shrewsbury had advised her (the queen of Scots), laughing excessively at the same time, to place her son in the list of her majesty's lovers, for she was so vain, and had so high an opinion of her own beauty, that she fancied herself into some heavenly goddess, and if she took it into her head, might easily be persuaded to entertain the youthful king of Scots as one of her suitors; that no flattery was too absurd for her to receive, for those about her were accustomed to tell her "that they could not look full upon her, because her face was as resplendent as the sun;" and that the countess of Shrewsbury declared, 'that she and lady Lenox never dared look at each other, for fear of bursting out laughing, when in Elizabeth's presence, because of her affectation,' adding, "that nothing in the world would induce her daughter, Talbot, to hold any office near her majesty's person, for fear she should, in one of her furies, treat her as she had done her cousin Scudamore, whose finger she had broken, and then tried to make her courtiers believe that it was done by the fall of a chandelier; that she had cut another of her attendants across the hand with a knife, and that her ladies were accustomed to mimic and take the queen off, for the amusement of their waiting-women; and, above all, that lady Shrewsbury had asserted. "that the queen's last illness proceeded from an attempt to heal the disease in her leg,"<sup>1</sup> with many other remarks equally vexatious. If Elizabeth really believed this letter to have been written by Mary, it is impossible to wonder at

<sup>1</sup> Murdin's State-Papers, p. 558.

the animosity she evinced against her, since the details it contained were such as few women could forgive another for repeating.

The young king of Scotland addressed a letter of earnest and indignant remonstrance to Elizabeth on the subject of his unfortunate mother, and directed sir William Keith, his ambassador, to unite with the French ambassador in all the efforts he made for averting the doom that was now impending over her. Elizabeth long delayed an audience to Keith, and when she did admit him to her presence, she behaved with her wonted duplicity. "I swear by the living God!" said she, "that I would give one of my own arms to be cut off, so that any means could be found for us both to live in assurance."<sup>1</sup> In another interview she declared, "that no human power should ever persuade her to sign the warrant for Mary's execution." When, however, James was informed that the sentence against his mother had been published, he wrote a letter expressed in menacing and passionate terms. Elizabeth broke into a storm of fury when Keith delivered his remonstrances, and was with difficulty prevented from driving him from her presence. Leicester, it appears, interposed, and at last succeeded in pacifying her, and inducing her, on the following day, to dictate a more moderate reply. Unfortunately, James also abated his lofty tone, and wrote an apology to his royal godmother. From that moment Elizabeth knew that the game was in her own hands, and bore herself with surpassing insolence to the Scotch envoys who were sent to expostulate with her by James.

The particulars of her reception of the proposals communicated to her, in the name of king James, by the master of Gray, are preserved in a memorial drawn up by himself. "No one," he says, "was sent to welcome and conduct him into the presence of the queen, and it was ten days before he and his coadjutor, sir Robert Melville, were admitted to an audience." Now, although this uncourteous delay proceeded from herself, Elizabeth's first address was in these blunt terms:—"A thing long looked for should be welcome

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Warrender's MSS. cited by Tytler, *History of Scotland*, vol. viii.

when it comes; I would now see your master's orders." Gray desired first to be assured that the cause for which they were to be made was "still *extant*;" meaning, that it was reported that the Scottish queen had already been put to death. "I think," said Elizabeth, coolly, "it be extant yet, but I will not promise for an hour."<sup>1</sup> She rejected the conditions they offered in the name of the king their master with contempt, and, calling in Leicester, the lord admiral, and Hatton, very despitely repeated them in the hearing of them all. Gray then proposed that Mary should demit her right of succession to the crown of England in favor of her son, by which means the hopes of the Catholics would be cut off. Elizabeth pretended not to understand the import of this proposition; on which Leicester explained, that it simply meant that the king of Scots should be put in his mother's place, as successor to the crown of England. "Is it so?" exclaimed Elizabeth, with a loud voice and a terrible oath. "Get rid of one, and have a worse in her place! Nay, then, I put myself in a worse place than before. By God's passion, that were to cut my own throat! and for a duchy or earldom to yourself, you, or such as you, would cause some of your desperate knaves to kill me."<sup>2</sup> This gracious observation appears to have been aimed at Leicester, to mark her displeasure at his interference in attempting to explain that which it was not her wish to understand in allusion to the delicate point of the succession; and it is more than probable that she suspected that the proposition was merely a lure, concerted between Gray and Leicester, to betray her into acknowledging the king of Scots as her successor. "No, by God!" concluded she, "he shall never be in that place." Gray solicited that Mary's life might be spared for fifteen days, to give them time to communicate with the king their master, but she peremptorily refused. Melville implored for only eight days. "No," exclaimed Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "not for an hour!" and so left them.<sup>3</sup> The expostulations of Melville in behalf of his royal mistress were as sincere as they were manly

<sup>1</sup> Memorial of the Master of Gray, January 12, 1586-87.

<sup>2</sup> Gray's Memorial. Robertson. Tytler. Aikin.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

and courageous, but the perfidious Gray secretly persuaded Elizabeth to slay, and not to spare, by whispering in her ear the murderous proverb, *Mortua non mordet*. 'A dead woman bites not.'<sup>1</sup>

Meantime, the eloquent Bellievre addressed a long and beautiful letter of expostulation to Elizabeth, in reply to her declaration that she was willing to save the life of the queen of Scots, if he and the king of France could point out any way by which it might be done without endangering her own safety. It is written in a noble spirit, and as it has never been translated before, an abstract, comprising some of the most forcible passages, may not prove unacceptable to the reader. It proves that the injustice and cruelty of carrying the sentence against her royal kinswoman into execution were very plainly set before her by the chivalric envoy who had undertaken to plead for that unfortunate lady.

"God," says he, "has given your majesty so many means of defence, that even were the said lady free in your dominions, or elsewhere, you would be well guarded; but she is imprisoned so strictly that she could not hurt the least of your servants. Scarcely had she completed her twenty-fifth year when she was first detained as your prisoner, and deprived of communication with her own council, which has, perhaps, rendered it easier for persons to betray her into malicious snares intended for her ruin. But if, when she was obeyed in Scotland as a queen, she had entered your realm in warlike array for the purpose of depriving you of your state and life, and had been overcome and fallen into your power, she could not, according to the laws of war, be subjected to harsher treatment than the imposition of a heavy ransom; but as it is, I have neither heard nor can comprehend any reason whereby she is, or can be, rendered accountable to you. The said lady entered your realm, a persecuted supplicant, in very great affliction; she is a princess, and your nearest relative; she has been long in hope of being restored to her kingdom by your goodness and favor; and of all these great hopes she has had no other fruit than a perpetual prison. Now, madame, it has pleased your majesty to say that you only desire to see the means by which you could save the life of the queen of Scots without putting your own in danger. This we have reported to the king, our master, and have received his majesty's commands on this to say, 'That desiring, above all things in the world, to be able to point out some good way for your satisfaction in this, it seems to him that the matter is entirely in your own hands, as you detain the queen of Scots prisoner, and hold her in your power.' This noble princess is now so humiliated and abased that her greatest enemies must view her with compassion, which makes me hope more from your majesty's clemency and

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<sup>1</sup> Camden.



compassion. Nothing remains to the queen of Scots but a miserable life of a few sad days, and surely no one can believe that your majesty can resolve to cut those short by a rigorous execution.

"That the treatment of the queen of Scots should be more hard than that of a prisoner of war, I think, madame, you can scarcely maintain. Perhaps you may be told that Conradin, who was the last prince of Swabia, was condemned and executed by the sentence of Charles (king of Sicily), for having usurped the name of king, and practised against the life of the said king Charles. I will reply, that of all his acts this has been the most blamed by persons who lived in that time, and by all historians who have written on the subject. The French who had accompanied Charles to Italy held this sentence in execration, and his relative, the count of Flanders, with his own hand slew the judge who pronounced so iniquitous a judgment. King Charles was, withal, reproached that he out-Neroed Nero himself, and was worse than the Saracens, to whom he had been himself prisoner, having been taken with his brother, St. Louis king of France, and they behaved to him more like Christians than he had done to Conradin; for the said Saracens had treated them honorably whilst in prison, and liberated them in a civilized manner on ransom, according to the laws of nations.

"Now then, madame, allege not the example of so fatal a judgment without contravening your own nature. Whoever is the author of such a deed will be accursed in memory to all posterity. And, truly, those who compare the case of the queen of Scots with the death of young Conradin will, I tell you, madame, consider that the said Conradin was condemned with more show of justice. Admit that all your charges against the queen of Scots are true, still it remains that she was, at the worst, but striving to gain her freedom and save her life, the sole charge you bring against this noble princess detained so long in prison. Now, Conradin invaded Naples to take the life and kingdom of king Charles; but the queen of Scots came, not to offend you, but in the hope that, in her great affliction, the presence of your majesty would be her harbor of safety, and that, on the strength of a promise, she should be with you in security for a few days, till she could take counsel from her friends in Scotland, or save herself by putting herself under the protection of her brother-in-law, the king of France.

"The enemies of the queen of Scots have raised among your people a frightful rejoicing, and it is a common saying, 'That the life of the queen of Scots is your ruin, and that your two lives cannot exist in the same realm.' It seems that the authors of this language attribute all power to the councils of man, and nought to the will of God. But those, madame, who give you advice so bloody and inhuman as the destruction of the queen of Scots, will be, by the posterity who look back on these unhappy times, as much detested and blamed as those who gave counsel to the aforesaid king Charles, saying, *Vita Conradini, mors Caroli! mors Conradini, vita Caroli!*"<sup>1</sup>

This remonstrance extends to very great length, and is interspersed with quotations from the classic poets and

<sup>1</sup> Remonstrance of Bellievre, ambassador-extraordinary to queen Elizabeth, against the execution of the queen of Scots.—Bethune MSS., No. 8955; printed in the Egerton Papers.

essayists. Bellievre enlarges on the sacred character of sovereigns, and their inviolability as a class, and lays peculiar stress on the saying of Plato, "That the material of which the common race of mortals is formed is lead or iron, but that of kings is of gold,"—a sentiment well calculated to flatter the pride of her to whom it is artfully addressed. After stating that the queen-mother and the queen-consort of France added their earnest intercession to that of the king and the whole realm of France, for the life of their unfortunate relative the queen of Scots, he concludes with the following observations:—

"We are now at the feast of Christmas, when it pleased God, instead of wreaking his vengeance on the iniquity and ingratitude of man, to send into this world his only son our Lord Jesus Christ, to serve as a propitiation for our sins. Surely, at the feast of his nativity, mankind ought to put far from their eyes and thoughts all things sanguinary, odious, and deadly.

"If your majesty resolves to proceed to extremity with the queen of Scots, those who are connected with her in blood and friendship are resolved to take the same course. On the contrary, if it pleases you to show your goodness to that lady, all Christian princes will hold themselves bound to watch over your preservation. In the first place, our king offers you, on his own account, and promises that he will hinder, to the utmost of his power, all attempts that may be made against your majesty; besides which, he will command all the relatives of the queen of Scots that may be in his kingdom [here the family of Guise is alluded to] to sign an obligation, on their faith and homage due to him, that neither she, nor any one for her, shall undertake aught against your majesty. And his said very Christian majesty will, in his kingdom and in all others, perform for you the offices of a sincere friend and good brother.

"For these causes, we supplicate your majesty to consider that we have shown you, by the express will of our master the king of France, that there is a better way, if your goodness will follow it, of securing yourself than by taking the life of the queen of Scots. Your fortune is high and happy, so is that of your realm; your fame is bright among the kingdoms of the earth, and this will continue, if you are not persuaded to act so contrary to your foregoing life.

"Your majesty will, moreover, live in greater security during the existence of the queen of Scots than if you kill her. I will not stay to dwell on my reasons, but your majesty can comprehend them better than any other person. His very Christian majesty the king of France hopes that your goodness will repent of counsel, as fatal as it is hard, against the queen of Scots; but if it is not the good pleasure of your majesty to give heed to these great considerations, which we have preferred in this very urgent and very affectionate prayer on the part of the said lord king our master, and that you do indeed proceed to so rigorous and extraordinary an execution, he has given us charge, madame, to say, that he cannot but resent it deeply as an act against the common interest of all sovereigns, and to him in particular highly offensive."

It was even offered, on the part of France, that the duke of Guise, Mary's kinsman, should give his sons as hostages for the security of queen Elizabeth against any further plots from the Catholic party; but Elizabeth replied, "Such hostages would be of little avail to her after her life was taken away, which she felt assured would be the case if the queen of Scots were suffered to exist." As for the examples cited, her council said "they were irrelevant; and with respect to the observations touching Conradin and Charles of Anjou, on which Bellievre had dwelt at some length, that which was said in that case might, with great truth, they added, be repeated in the present:—"The death of Mary is the life of Elizabeth, and the death of Elizabeth is the life of Mary." <sup>1</sup>

Those who have asserted that Henry III. of France gave secret instructions to Bellievre to urge privately the execution of Mary instead of protesting against it have certainly never read the letters of that monarch to his ambassadors on the subject, nor the letters of those gentlemen, informing him of their earnest intercessions with Elizabeth for the preservation of that unfortunate princess. So unremitting was Bellievre in his efforts to avert the doom of the devoted victim, that he followed queen Elizabeth to Greenwich, when she went to keep her Christmas holidays there, and implored her to grant him a final audience, that he might try the effect of his personal eloquence on her once more in behalf of the queen of Scots, after the rejection of his letter of remonstrance.<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth allowed him to supplicate in vain for four or five successive days before she would grant the audience he entreated. At last she sent for him, on the 6th of January, and received him in the presence-chamber of her palace at Greenwich. He came accompanied by L'Aubespine, the resident French ambassador, and, having gone through the usual ceremonial, delivered his remonstrance. She listened patiently till nearly the concluding words, which were of a menacing character, when she indignantly interrupted him by exclaiming, "Monsieur de Bellievre, have you had orders

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Reports of Bellievre.

from the king, your master, to hold such language to me?" "Yes, madame," replied he, "I have the express commands of his majesty."—"Have you the authority signed by his own hand?" she demanded. Bellievre assuring her that he had, she said she would have the order sent to her the same day. She then made all who were in the presence-chamber withdraw, and remained alone in conference with the two French ambassadors, and only one of her own council, for a full hour.<sup>1</sup>

Her displeasure at the bold language in which Bellievre had couched his official remonstrances in behalf of Mary Stuart is sternly manifested in the following haughty letter, which she addressed to Henry III. on the subject:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO HENRY III. OF FRANCE.

"SIR, MY GOOD BROTHER:—

"The old ground, on which I have often based my letters, appears to me so changed at present, that I am compelled to alter the style, and, instead of returning thanks, to use complaints. My God! how could you be so unreasonable as to reproach the injured party, and to compass the death of an innocent one by allowing her to become the prey of a murderess? But, without reference to my rank, which is nowise inferior to your own, nor to my friendship to you most sincere,—for I have well-nigh forfeited all reputation among the princes of my own religion, by neglecting them in order to prevent disturbances in your dominions; exposed to dangers such as scarcely any prince ever was before; expecting, at least, some ostensible reasons and offers for security against the daily danger for the epilogue of this whole negotiation,—you are, in spite of all this, so blinded by the words of those who I pray may not ruin you, that instead of a thousand thanks, which I had merited for such singular services, monsieur de Bellievre has addressed language to my ears which, in truth, I know not well how to interpret. For, that you should be angry at my saving my own life,<sup>2</sup> seems to me the threat of an enemy, which, I assure you, will never put me in fear, but is the shortest way to make me dispatch the cause of so much mischief. Let me, I pray you, understand in what sense I am to take these words: for I will not live an hour to endure that any prince whatsoever should boast that he had humbled me into drinking such a cup as that. Monsieur de Bellievre has, indeed, somewhat softened his language by adding that you in nowise wish any danger to accrue to me, and still less to cause me any. I therefore write you these few words, and if it please you to act accordingly, you shall never find a truer friend; but if otherwise, I am neither in so low a place, nor govern realms so inconsiderable, that I should, in right and honor, yield

<sup>1</sup> Lettres Originales d'État, 111, fol. 421; Bibliothèque du Roi.

<sup>2</sup> In Raumer's version of this letter, Elizabeth says, "For to tell me 'that if I did not save the life of that woman I should feel the consequences,' seems like the threat of an enemy."

to any living prince who would injure me, and I doubt not, by the grace of God, to make my cause good for my own security.

"I beseech you to think rather of the means of maintaining, than of diminishing my friendship. Your realm, my good brother, cannot abide many enemies. Give not the rein, in God's name, to wild horses, lest they should shake you from your saddle. I say this to you out of a true and upright heart, and implore the Creator to grant you long and happy life.

"ELIZABETH."

It is probable that some reminiscences of the youthful impertinences of Henry duke of Anjou, when reluctantly compelled by his ambitious mother to allow his name to be used in the celebrated matrimonial negotiation with Elizabeth, might have occurred to the mind of the august spinster while penning this scornful and humiliating letter to the feeble and degraded Henry III. of France.

Bellievre now reiterated his demand for his passport, and took his leave of Elizabeth and her nobles; but when he and all his suite were preparing to commence their journey, her majesty sent two of her gentlemen to entreat him to remain two days longer. This request seems merely to have proceeded from some secret misgiving on her part, which must have been quickly overruled by her cabinet, for at the end of two days passports were sent, and Bellievre was permitted to depart without the slightest reason having been given for the delay that had been asked.<sup>1</sup> The very day on which Bellievre sailed for France it was affirmed by the council that a fresh plot, of a very perilous nature, against the queen's life had been discovered, in which the resident French ambassador, L'Aubespine, was deeply involved. It was asserted, "that when Stafford, the brother of the English ambassador at Paris, paid a familiar visit to L'Aubespine, that statesman asked him, 'If he knew any one who, for some crowns, would do an exploit?' And when asked by Stafford 'what that should be?' replied, 'to kill the queen.' On which Stafford named one Mody, a necessitous and disaffected person, who would do anything for money; whereupon the ambassador sent his secretary, Destrappes, to arrange the terms with Mody, who told him, 'He was so well acquainted with every part

<sup>1</sup> MS. de Brienne, 34, p. 412; Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.



of the royal lodgings that he knew of a place underneath the queen's chamber where he could easily place a barrel of gunpowder, make a train, and overthrow everything.'"<sup>1</sup>

Stafford made deposition to this effect before the council, on which Mody and Destrappes were taken into custody. The ambassador indignantly denied the charge, or rather rebutted it, by stating, "that Stafford came to him and made a proposition to kill the queen," saying, "he knew of a person who would undertake to do it for a good sum." This was evidently the truth, for who can believe that any statesman would be guilty of the absurdity of boldly requesting a gentleman of high rank in Elizabeth's service, and the brother of her representative in his own court, to furnish an assassin to take away her life? Stafford was doubtless employed by Burleigh or Walsingham to draw the French ambassador, or some of his suite, into a secret confederacy or correspondence with him ostensibly for that object, in which he so far succeeded that L'Aubespine heard what he had to say without giving information to Elizabeth or her council, but forbade him his house. Elizabeth herself, after the death of Mary, acknowledged to the French ambassador, "that she had received full conviction that the accusation was unfounded," and said some very civil things of Destrappes. She had been deluded by the misrepresentations of others, who were determined to put a stop to her receiving further remonstrances from the court of France.

"By means of this attempt," observes Camden, "such as bore mortal hatred against the queen of Scots took occasion to hasten her death. And to strike the greater terror into the queen, knowing that when any one's life is at stake fear excludes pity, they caused false rumors and terrifying reports daily to be heard of, and spread throughout England, —viz., that the Spanish fleet was already arrived at Milford Haven; that the Scots were broken into England; that the duke of Guise was landed in Sussex with a strong army; that the northern parts were up in rebellion; that there was a new conspiracy on foot to kill the queen, and set the

<sup>1</sup> Murdin, 580, 581.

city of London on fire." Some of these startling rumors were intended to prepare the public mind for the news of Mary's execution, and to receive it as a public good, so artfully had she, oppressed and helpless as she was, been rendered a bugbear to the majority of the people of England. Camden expressly states, "that with such scarecrows and affrighting arguments as these they drew the queen's wavering and perplexed mind to that pass that she signed a warrant for putting the sentence of death into execution."<sup>1</sup>

With all Elizabeth's strength of mind and masculine powers of intellect, be it remembered that she must have been as dependent for information on the reports of her ministers and personal attendants as any other princess. If it suited the policy of those around her to withhold or mystify the truth, what channel was there through which it could reach her? The press was in its infancy, public journals detailing the events of the day were not in existence, and the struggles of certain independent members of the house of commons for liberty of speech had ceased. The spies of Walsingham, Burleigh, and Leicester were, it is true, perpetually at work, and there was no class of society into which they did not insinuate themselves. They were goers to and fro throughout the realm, and made reports to their employers of all they heard and saw; but were their reports faithfully conveyed to the queen by her ministers, ungarbled and uninterpolated? Assuredly not, unless it suited their own policy to do so; for have we not seen how long she was kept in ignorance by Leicester of so public an event as the fall of Rouen? and does not the under-current of the transactions respecting Mary queen of Scots abound with evidence that the mighty Elizabeth was frequently the dupe, and at last the absolute tool, of her ministers, in ridding them of a successor to the throne whom they had cause to dread?

The state of Elizabeth's mind, just before she was induced to sign the death-warrant, is thus described by the graphic pen of the contemporary historian Camden:—"In the midst of those doubtful and perplexing thoughts, which so troubled

<sup>1</sup> *Annals of Elizabeth*, in *White Kennet*, fol. 533.

and staggered the queen's mind that she gave herself over to solitariness, she sate many times melancholy and mute, and frequently sighing, muttered this to herself, *Aut fer, aut feri*; that is, 'either bear with her, or smite her;' and *Ne feriare, feri*, 'strike, lest thou be stricken.'<sup>1</sup>

"After that the sentence against the Scottish queen was passed, and subscribed by the lords and others the commissioners appointed to her trial,"<sup>2</sup> Davison says "that her majesty had notified the same to the world by her proclamation according to the statute, there remained nothing but her warrant under the great seal of England, for the performing and accomplishing her execution, which, after some instance, as well of the lords and commons, of the whole parliament then assembled, as of others of her council and best affected subjects, it pleased her majesty at length to yield thereunto; and thereupon gave order to my lord treasurer to project the same, which he accordingly performed, and with her majesty's privy left in my hands to procure her signature. But by reason of the presence of the French and Scotch ambassadors, then suitors for her [Mary's] life, she [queen Elizabeth] forebore the signing thereof till the first of February, which was some few days after their departure home; at what time her majesty, after some conference with the lord admiral of the great danger she constantly lived in, and moved by his lordship to have more regard to the surety of herself and state than she seemed to take, resolved to defer the said execution no longer, and gave orders to his lordship to send for me to bring the warrant unto her to be signed, which he forthwith did by a messenger of the chamber, who found me in the park, whither I had newly gone to take the air. Whereupon, returning back immediately with him, I went directly up to the privy-chamber, where his lordship, attending my coming, discoursed unto me what speech had passed that morning betwixt her maj-

<sup>1</sup> Annals of Elizabeth, in White Kennet, fol. 534.

<sup>2</sup> Copied by sir Harris Nicolas from the Cotton MS., Titus, c. vii. f. 48, and collated by him with the copies in the Harl. MSS., and that in Caligula, and pronounced by him to be in Davison's own hand. His "summary Report of that which passed between her majesty and him in the cause of the Scottish queen, from the signing of the warrant to the time of his restraint."

touching the justice against the said Scottish  
ly told me, 'how she was now fully resolved  
the accomplishment thereof, and had com-  
send expressly for me to bring the warrant  
signed, that it might be forthwith despatched,  
no longer.' According to which direction, I  
ly to my chamber to fetch the said warrant,  
gs touching her service; and returning up  
Mrs. Brooke to signify my being there to  
no presently called for me.

ing in, her highness first demanded of me  
d been abroad that fair morning?' advising  
tender,' and reprehending me 'for the neglect  
ther like gracious speeches arguing care of  
finally asked me, 'what I had in my hands?'  
ivers things to be signed that concerned her  
nquired, 'Whether my lord admiral had not  
r to bring up the warrant for the Scottish  
on?' I answered, 'Yes;' and thereupon ask-  
I delivered it into her hands. After the  
f, she, calling for pen and ink, signed it, and  
her on the mats, demanded of me 'whether  
rtily sorry to see it done?' My answer was,  
far from taking pleasure in the calamity or  
otherwise from thirsting in any sort after the  
happy lady in particular, as I could not but  
ved to think that one of her place and quality,  
o near unto her majesty, should give so great  
d done to take this resolution; but seeing  
queen threatened her majesty's death, and  
ct of hers, in all men's opinions, was of that  
cessity that she could not defer it without the  
g and danger of herself and the whole realm,  
sorry to see her take an honorable and just  
ing the one and the other, as he that pre-  
h of the guilty before the innocent?' which  
hness approving, with a smiling countenance  
e matter to ask me 'what else I had to sign?'  
offering unto her some other warrants and



instructions touching her service, it pleased her, with the best disposition and willingness that might be, to sign and despatch them all. After this, she commanded me to carry it to the seal, and to give my lord chancellor special order to use it as secretly as might be, lest the divulging thereof before the execution might, as she pretended, increase her danger. And in my way to my lord chancellor, her pleasure also was that I should visit Mr. secretary Walsingham, being then sick at his house in London, and communicate the matter to him, 'because the grief thereof would go near,' as she merrily said, 'to kill him outright;' then taking occasion to repeat unto me some reasons why she had deferred the matter so long, as, namely, 'for her honor's sake, that the world might see that she had not been violently or maliciously drawn thereto.'

"Howbeit, as I was ready to depart, she fell into some complaint of sir Amias Paulet and others, 'that might have eased her of this burden;' wishing that Mr. secretary [Walsingham] and I would yet write unto both him and sir Drue Drury, to sound their disposition in this behalf. And," pursues Davison, "albeit I had before excused myself from meddling therein upon sundry her majesty's former motions, as a matter I utterly prejudged, assuring her 'that it would be so much labor lost, knowing the wisdom and integrity of the gentleman, whom I thought would not do so unlawful an act for any respect in the world,' yet, finding her desirous to have the matter attempted, I promised, for her satisfying, to signify this her pleasure to Mr. secretary; and so, for that time leaving her, went down directly to my lord treasurer [Burleigh], to whom I did communicate the said warrant signed, together with such other particulars as had passed at that time between her highness and me. The same afternoon I waited on my lord chancellor for the sealing of the said warrant, according to her majesty's direction, which was done between the hours of four and five; from whence I returned back unto Mr. secretary Walsingham, whom I had visited by the way and acquainted with her pleasure touching the letters that were to be written to the said sir Amias Paulet and sir



Drue Drury, which, at my return, I found ready to be sent away.'” The reader is here presented with the copy of the private official letter, in which the two secretaries propose the murder, in plain and direct terms, to Paulet and Drury.

WALSINGHAM AND DAVISON TO SIR AMIAS PAULET AND  
SIR DRUE DRURY.

“February 1, 1586–87.

“After our hearty commendations, we find, by a speech lately made by her majesty [queen Elizabeth], that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not, in all this time (of yourselves, without other provocation), found out some way of *shortening the life of the Scots' queen*, considering the great peril she [queen Elizabeth] is hourly subject to *so long as the said queen shall live*; wherein, besides a kind of lack of love towards her, she wonders greatly that you have not that care of your own particular safeties, or rather the preservation of religion, and the public good and prosperity of your country that reason and policy commandeth, especially having so good a warrant and ground for the *satisfaction of your consciences towards God*, and the discharge of your credit and reputation towards the world as the oath of association, which you have both so solemnly taken and vowed, especially the matter wherewith *she* [Mary] standeth charged being so clearly and manifestly proved against her.

“And therefore *she* [Elizabeth] taketh it most unkindly, that men, professing that love towards her that you do, should, in a kind of sort, for lack of discharging your duties, cast the burden upon her, knowing as you do her indisposition to shed blood, especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near her in blood, as that queen is. These respects, we find, do greatly trouble her majesty, who, we assure you, hath sundry times protested, ‘that if the regard of the danger of her good subjects and faithful servants did not more move her than her own peril, she would never be drawn to the shedding of blood.’

“We thought it meet to acquaint you with these speeches,

lately passed from her majesty, referring the same to your good judgments. And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty.

“Your most assured friends,

“FRA. WALSINGHAM.

“WILL. DAVISON.”

So far was Davison from intending to enlighten the world with this precious specimen of diplomatic virtue, that he enveloped it in a private letter from himself to sir Amias Paulet, recommending its destruction. Sir Amias made the following entries concerning both in his letter-book :—“This letter”—meaning that suggesting the murder of his royal prisoner—“was received at Fotheringay the 2d of February, at five in the afternoon.” Also, “An abstract of a letter from Mr. secretary Davison, of the said 1st of February, 1586, as followeth :—‘I pray let this and the enclosed be committed to the fire, which measure shall be likewise meet to your answer, after it hath been communicated to her majesty for her satisfaction.’” The uncompromising old knight paid no heed to this earnest hint, but, as if with the intention of carefully verifying the correspondence, books his answer, and heads it with official precision :—“A copy of a letter to sir Francis Walsingham, of the 2d of February, 1586, at six in the afternoon, being the answer to a letter from him, the said sir Francis, of the 1st of February, 1586, received at Fotheringay the 2d of February, 1586.”

SIR AMIAS PAULET TO SECRETARY WALSINGHAM.

“SIR :—

“Your letters of yesterday coming to my hands this present day, at five post meridian, I would not fail, according to your direction, to return my answer with all possible speed, which I shall deliver to you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy as living to see this unhappy day, in which I am required, by direction from my most gracious sovereign, to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth.

“My goods and my life are at her majesty’s *disposition* [disposal], and I am ready to loose them the next morrow if it shall please her, acknowledging that I do hold them as of her mere and most gracious favor, and do not desire to enjoy them but with her highness’s good liking. But God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, as to shed blood without law or warrant.

“Trusting that her majesty, of her accustomed clemency, and the rather by





your good mediation, will take this my answer in good part, as proceeding from one who will never be inferior to any Christian subject living in honor, love, and obedience towards his sovereign, and thus I commit you to the mercy of the Almighty.

“Your most assured poor friend,

“A. POWLET” [Paulet].

“From Fotheringaye, the 2d of February, 1586–87.

“P.S.—Your letters coming in the plural number, seem to be meant to sir Drue Drury as to myself; and yet, because he is not named in them, neither the letter directed unto him, he forbeareth to make any particular answer, but subscribeth in heart to my opinion.

“D. DRURY.”<sup>1</sup>

Then follows the copy of a postscript in a letter from Mr. secretary Davison, of the 3d of February, 1586 :—

“I entreated you in my last to burn my letters sent unto you, for the argument’s sake, which by your answer to Mr. secretary, which I have seen, appeareth not to have been done. I pray you let me entreat you to make *heretiques* of the one and the other, as I mean to use yours after her majesty hath seen it.”

In the end of the postscript :—

“I pray you let me hear what you have done with my letters, because they are not fit to be kept, that I may satisfy her majesty therein, who might otherwise take offence thereat, and if you entreat this postscript in the same manner you shall not err a whit.”

Paulet, after copying these missives, coolly responded to the anxious sender, February 8th :—

“If I should say I have burned the papers you wot of, I cannot tell if anybody would believe me, and therefore reserve them to be delivered into your own hands at my coming to London.”

Davison, meantime, wholly unconscious that his correspondence with Paulet and Drury had been registered to his eternal infamy, says “he went again to the queen, who asked him ‘whether the warrant had passed the seal?’ I told her, ‘Yes.’ Thereupon she asked, ‘What needeth that haste?’ I answered, ‘That I had therein made no more haste than herself commanded and my duty, in a case of that moment, required, which, as I took it, was not to be

<sup>1</sup> These letters were first published by Hearne, in Robert of Gloucester’s Chronicle, pp. 673–676; from a MS. folio book, containing letters to and from sir Amias Paulet while he had the custody of the queen of Scots. They are also printed in the notes of Biographia Britannica; Tytler’s Hist. of Scotland, vol. viii.; and sir Harris Nicolas’s Life of Davison.



dallied with.'—'But methinketh,' saith she, 'that it might have been otherwise handled for the form,' naming unto me some that were of that opinion, whose judgments she commended. I answered, 'That I took the honorable and just way to be the safest and best way, if they meant to have it done at all;' whereto her majesty replying nothing for that time, left me and went to dinner. From her I went to Mr. vice-chamberlain Hatton, with whom I did communicate the warrant and other particulars that had passed between her highness and me touching the despatch thereof; when, falling into a rehearsal of some doubtful speeches of hers, betraying a disposition to throw the burden from herself if by any means she might, and remembering unto him the example of her dealing in the case of the duke of Norfolk's execution, which she had laid heavily upon my lord treasurer [Burleigh] for a long time after, and how much more her disavowing this justice was to be feared, considering the timorousness of her sex and nature, the quality of the person whom it concerned, and respect of her friends, with many other circumstances that might further incline her thereunto, I finally told him 'that I was, for mine own part, fully resolved, notwithstanding the directions I had received, to do nothing that might give her any advantage to cast a burden of so great weight upon my single and weak shoulders; and therefore, having done as much as belonged to my part, would leave to him and others as deeply interested in the surety of her majesty and the state as myself, to advise what course should now be taken for accomplishing the rest.'"<sup>1</sup>

Hatton's rejoinder to these observations was, "That he was heartily glad the matter was brought thus far, and, for his part, he would wish him hanged who would not co-operate in a cause which so much concerned the safety of the queen and her realm." On further consultation, they both decided on going to Burleigh, with whom they agreed that the matter should be communicated to the rest of the lords of the council; and Burleigh took upon himself to prepare the letters to the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent,

<sup>1</sup> Davison's summary Report.

and the others to whom the warrant was directed. The next morning Burleigh sent for Davis and Hatton, and showed the draught he had drawn up of those letters. Hatton considered them too particular in the wording, on which Burleigh offered to draw up others, in more general terms, against the afternoon. The council, being apprised of the business in hand, met in Burleigh's chamber, where he, entering into the particulars of the Scottish queen's offence, the danger of her majesty and state, and the necessity of this execution, and having shown them the warrant, the council came to the unanimous resolution that the warrant should be forthwith despatched without troubling her majesty any more about it. This subtle conclave who thus presumed to secure themselves by outwitting their sovereign and acting independently of her commands, did Beale (the clerk of the council) the honor of considering him the fittest person to whom they could commit the charge of putting the warrant for the death of the rightful heiress of the throne into execution. He accepted the office, and approved the copies of the letters devised by Burleigh; and having appointed them to be written out fair against the afternoon, they went to dinner, and between one and two o'clock returned to have the letters signed that were addressed to the lords and commissioners appointed to that duty. These were then delivered to Beale, with earnest request for him to use the utmost diligence in expediting the same.

"The next morning," proceeds Davison, "her majesty being in some speech with Burleigh in the private chamber, seeing me come in called me to her, and, as if she had understood nothing of these proceedings, smiling, told me 'she had been troubled that night upon a dream she had that the Scottish queen was executed,' pretending to have been so greatly moved with the news against me, as in that passion she would have done I wot not what.' But this being in a pleasant and smiling manner, I answered her majesty, 'That it was good for me I was not near her, so long as that humor lasted.' But withal, taking hold of her speech, asked her, in great earnest, 'What it meant? and

whether, having proceeded thus far, she had not a full and resolute meaning to go through with the said execution, according to the warrant? Her answer was, 'Yes,' confirmed with a solemn oath; 'only that she thought that it might have received a better form, because this threw all the responsibility upon herself.' I replied, 'That the form prescribed by the warrant was such as the law required, and could not well be altered with any honesty, justice, or surety to those who were commissioners therein; neither did I know who could sustain this burden if she took it not upon her, being sovereign-magistrate, to whom the sword was committed of God for the punishment of the wicked and defence of the good, and without whose authority the life or member of the poorest wretch in her kingdom could not be touched.' She answered, 'That there were wiser men than myself in the kingdom of other opinion.' I told her 'I could not answer for other men; yet this I was sure of, that I had never yet heard any man give a sound reason to prove it either honorable or safe for her majesty to take any other course than that which standeth with law and justice.' " Davison affirms that he communicated the letters to his royal mistress the next morning, which having read, "her majesty, falling into terms of offence, complaining of 'the daintiness and (as she called it) perjury of him and others, who, contrary to their oath of association, did cast the burden upon herself,' she rose up, and after a turn or two, went into the gallery, whither I followed her; and there renewing her former speech, blaming 'the niceness of those precise fellows, who in words would do great things for her surety, but in deed perform nothing,' concluded by saying 'that she could have it well enough done without them.' And here, entering into *particularities*, named unto me, as I remember, 'one Wingfield, who,' she assured me, 'would, with some others, undertake it,' which gave me occasion to show unto her majesty how dishonorable, in my poor opinion, any such course would be, and how far she would be from shunning the blame and stain thereof she so much sought to avoid. And so falling into the particular case of sir Amias Paulet and sir Drue Drury,

discoursed unto her the great extremity she would have exposed those poor gentlemen to; for if, in a tender care of her surety, they should have done what she desired, she must either allow their act or disallow it. If she allowed it, she took the matter upon herself, with her infinite peril and dishonor; if she disallowed it, she should not only overthrow the gentlemen themselves, who had always truly and faithfully served and honored her, but also their estates and posterities, besides the dishonor and injustice of such a course, which I humbly besought her majesty 'to consider of.' And so, after some little digression and speech about Mr. secretary and others touching some things passed heretofore, her majesty, calling to understand whether it were time to go to her closet, brake off our discourse."

"At my next access to her majesty," proceeds Davison, "which, I take, was Tuesday, the day before my coming from court, I having certain things to be signed, her majesty entered of herself into some earnest discourse of the danger she daily lived in, and how it was more than time this matter were despatched, swearing a great oath 'that it was a shame for them all that it was not done;' and thereupon spake unto me 'to have a letter written to Mr. Paulet for the despatch thereof, because the longer it was deferred, the more her danger increased.' Whereunto, knowing what order had been taken by my lords in sending the commission to the earls, I answered, 'that I thought there was no necessity for such a letter, the warrant being so general and sufficient as it was.' Her majesty replied little else, but 'that she thought Mr. Paulet would look for it.'" The entrance of one of her ladies, to hear her majesty's pleasure about dinner, broke off this conference, which took place on the very day of Mary's execution at Fotheringay.

Such then is Davison's statement in his "apology," artfully dedicated to his colleague, Sir Francis Walsingham, who either was, or pretended to be, incapacitated by sickness from transacting business at this responsible crisis. Nevertheless the joint letter addressed to Paulet and Drury, as alleged by the queen's desire, was authenticated by his signature as well as that of Davison. The reproachful answer

of the shrewd castellans of Fotheringay, refusing "to make shipwreck of their consciences, by shedding blood without leave or warrant," is addressed to Walsingham alone, without the slightest notice of his partner in the iniquitous suggestion, Davison, a Scotch adventurer, who was evidently regarded by them as a mere cipher. Davison was, in fact, an under-strapper of Leicester, having entered the court and cabinet of Elizabeth under his patronage. Leicester had always been a strenuous advocate for putting the queen of Scots to death,—witness his letter, previously quoted, urging his colleagues to the deed "without waiting for the assembling of parliament, or delaying for temporizing solemnities, but all to be stout and resolute in speedy execution." And this before the royal victim was either tried or sentenced. It will not be desirable to interrupt the current of Elizabeth's life and reign by relating the death-scene of Mary queen of Scots; full particulars of the heart-thrilling tragedy will be found in my *Life of that hapless sovereign*, to which the reader is referred.<sup>1</sup>

The instant the axe had fallen on Mary, lord Talbot rode off with fiery speed to Greenwich, where he arrived early on the morning of the 9th of February, and communicated the news to Burleigh and his colleagues, who were anxiously awaiting it. Burleigh forbade him to announce it to their royal mistress, saying, "that it would be better for time to be allowed to break it cautiously to her by degrees." Lingard regards this extraordinary proceeding as indicative of a secret collusion between Elizabeth and her premier. It affords, on the contrary, a strong presumption that he had acted on his own responsibility, and feared to reveal what he had done, and corroborates Elizabeth's assertion, "that she was neither consenting to, nor even cognizant of, the murder that had been perpetrated on her royal kinswoman at Fotheringay." The deed was concealed from her the whole of that day, which she passed as if nothing remarkable had occurred.<sup>2</sup> She rode out in the morning with her ladies and equerries to take the air; after her return she

<sup>1</sup> See *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, by Agnes Strickland, vol. vii. pp. 468 to 492. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

<sup>2</sup> Lingard.



had a long interview with don Antonio, the claimant of the crown of Portugal,<sup>1</sup> whose title she supported for the annoyance of her great political foe, Philip II. of Spain. In the evening she observed the blaze of bonfires, and asked "Why the bells rang out so merrily?" "Because of the death of the queen of Scots," replied one of her ladies. Elizabeth made no reply. Mary had long been in a state of health so infirm that her decease by natural means would have excited no surprise; but when Elizabeth learned the truth, which was not till the following morning, she heard it with transports of grief and indignation. Camden declares that "her countenance altered, her speech faltered and failed her, and through excessive sorrow she stood in a manner astonished, insomuch that she gave herself over to passionate grief, putting herself into a mourning habit, and shedding abundance of tears. The council she sharply rebuked, and commanded them out of her sight." Elizabeth's tears and lamentations, and the reproaches with which she overwhelmed her ministers on this occasion, have hitherto been attributed to the most profound hypocrisy,—an opinion in which I, in common with other historians, judging from existing evidences, very fully coincided.

The duty of an historian, which, as honest William of Malmesbury observes, "is never entirely performed," now requires me, in justice to the memory of Elizabeth, to declare frankly that since the publication of her biography in the preceding editions of "*Lives of the Queens of England*," my opinion of her conduct, in regard to the death of Mary queen of Scots, has been materially altered by the discovery of a contemporary document in the Cottonian library, transferring the stain of that murder from her to her ministers. This document is apparently the minute of a Star-chamber investigation, containing the deposition of two persons named Mayer and Macaw, stating "that the late Thomas Harrison, a private and confidential secretary of the late Sir Francis Walsingham, secretary of state, did voluntarily acknowledge to them that he was employed by his said master, Sir Francis Walsingham, to forge the signature of

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Goodman's Court of James I.

queen Elizabeth to the death-warrant of the queen of Scots, which none of her council could ever induce her to sign, and that he did this with the knowledge and assent of four of her principal ministers of state.”<sup>1</sup>

Like most petty villains, the forger found himself left in the lurch by his employers. Very soon after he achieved the important feat he had performed by their procurement, Walsingham told Burleigh “that he, Thomas Harrison, could imitate any handwriting whatsoever so perfectly that no one could perceive the difference.” Burleigh “desired to see if Harrison could imitate his.” This the practised forger immediately did in his presence, so accurately that it could not be distinguished from the original, whereupon the sagacious premier said that “Harrison was too dangerous, a person to retain in the secretary of state’s office, ordered his immediate dismissal, and interdicted him, under pain of death, from coming within thirty miles of the metropolis, or wherever the court might be; so that, instead of reaping the large rewards he had been promised for his services, he was compelled to live in banishment till after my lord treasurer’s death,” which was preceded, nearly ten years, by that of Walsingham.<sup>2</sup>

This curious document is dated 1606, nearly twenty years after the decapitation of Mary queen of Scots, and when death had swept all the actors in that great historic tragedy from the stage: Walsingham, Leicester, Hatton, Burleigh, Paulet, Elizabeth herself, had all gone to their great account; and it is impossible to conceive any motive for fabrication in the matter.

If Harrison’s statement, “that he was employed by Walsingham and others of her ministers to forge queen Elizabeth’s signature to the death-warrant of Mary queen of Scots,” be true, it explains all that has been regarded as enigmatical in the conduct of that mighty sovereign, and removes the charge of hypocrisy from her, which her warmest admirers find it impossible, on that occasion, either to deny or excuse. If she did not sign the warrant for Mary’s execution,—and we have only Davison’s asseveration

<sup>1</sup> Cotton. MS. Caligula, C. ix. F. 463.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 468.

in proof that she did,—then was her ignorance of the consummation of the tragedy real, her tears and lamentations unaffected, and her indignation against her ministers no grimace. Why then, it may be asked, did she not proclaim the act of intolerable treason of which they had been guilty, in presuming to forge her signature, and inflict condign punishment on the offenders? Before this question can be answered we must inquire whether it were in her power to do so? She was a despotic monarch, it is true, but these were the men by whom her despotism was exercised, and had been for nearly thirty years. Far easier would it have been for them to place the son of Mary Stuart on the throne of England than for Elizabeth to execute justice on them. She was a woman of masculine abilities and masculine spirit, but still a woman, and, though a sovereign, virtually subjected to a combination of wills too strong for female powers to vanquish.

“Without doubt, this queen has been greatly abused in the business of the poor queen of Scotland,” writes a secret correspondent of the French ambassador, Chateauneuf, in the English court. “The whole game has been played by three persons only,—the secretary Davison, the grand treasurer Burleigh, and Walsingham. They have been the perpetrators of this cruel murder. The grand treasurer, fearing Davison should confess something of him, has come to London on purpose to retard the process, thinking that by delay the queen may be induced to let Davison get off, which would be good for the two others, but the queen is determined to have justice. The grand treasurer is in great alarm, and trembles excessively.” The writer of this letter is supposed by prince Labanoff to be lady Shrewsbury’s son-in-law, sir Henry Pierrepont, a man very likely to know the real state of the case; and it is certainly a strong corroboration of Harrison’s statement.

The first burst of Elizabeth’s anger fell on Hatton, whom she sent for, and expressed the bitterest indignation against the men who had presumed to usurp her authority, by putting the queen of Scots to death without her knowledge or consent. Hatton informed his colleagues, and they all

advised Davison to keep out of her sight till her wrath should have subsided. Davison took to his chamber, under pretence of sickness, but she ordered him to be arrested and sent to the Tower. On this lord Buckhurst presented a memorial to her in the name of her ministers, representing "that the committal of Davison would give rise to reports that the queen of Scots was actually murdered; that the lords of her council would be regarded as murderers, and their whole proceedings, from first to last, would be esteemed no better than unlawful courses tending to murder."<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth was, however, inexorable.

Mr. secretary Woolley writes the following brief particulars to Leicester of her deportment to such of her ministers as ventured to meet the first explosion of her wrath:—"It pleased her majesty yesterday to call the lords and others of her council before her into her withdrawing chamber, where she rebuked us all exceedingly for our concealing from her our proceedings in the queen of Scots' case; but her indignation lighteth most on my lord treasurer [Burleigh] and Mr. Davison, who called us together and delivered the commission. For she protesteth 'she gave express commandment to the contrary,' and therefore hath took order for the committing Mr. secretary Davison to the Tower, if she continue this morning in the mind she was yesternight, albeit we all kneeled upon our knees to pray to the contrary. I think your lordship happy to be absent from these broils, and thought it my duty to let you understand them."<sup>2</sup> Woolley's letter is dated "this present Sunday," by which we understand that the memorable interview between Elizabeth and her council did not take place, as generally asserted, immediately after she learned the tidings of Mary's execution, on the Thursday evening, but on the Saturday.

Burleigh she forbade her presence with every demonstration of serious displeasure. Walsingham came in for a share of her anger, whereon he makes the following cynical comments to Leicester, which afford sufficient evidence of the irritation of both queen and cabinet at this crisis. "My

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Life of the Earl of Shrewsbury*.—*Life of Davison*.

<sup>2</sup> Wright's *Elizabeth and her Times*, vol. ii. p. 332.

very good lord, these sharp humors continue still, which doth greatly disquiet her majesty and her poor servants that attend here. The lord treasurer remaineth still in disgrace, and behind my back her majesty giveth out very hard speeches of myself, which I the easier credit, for that I find in dealing with her I am nothing gracious; and if her majesty could be otherwise served, I should not be used." Wal-singham goes on, after recounting matters of public business, to say, "the present discord between her majesty and her council hindereth the necessary consultation that were to be desired for the preventing of the manifest perils that hang over this realm." He proceeds to state the queen's perversity in not allowing the necessary supplies for the Low Countries, and says, "her majesty doth wholly bend herself to devise some further means to disgrace her poor council that subscribed, and in respect thereof she neglecteth all other causes."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth would probably have endeavored to emancipate herself from Burleigh's political thralldom, if she had not found it impossible to weather out the storm that was gathering against her on the Spanish coast without him. The veteran statesman was, besides, too firmly seated at the helm, to suffer himself to be driven from his office by a burst of female temper. He, the Talleyrand of the sixteenth century, understood the art of trimming his bark to suit the gales from all points of the compass. While the tempest of Elizabeth's anger lasted, he lowered his sails, and affected the deepest penitence for having been so unfortunate as to displease her by his zeal for her service; he humiliated himself by writing the most abject letters that could be devised, and after a time succeeded in re-establishing his wonted ascendancy in the cabinet. Davison alone was selected as the scape-goat on whom the whole blame of the death of the Scottish queen was to be laid. He was stripped of his offices, sent to the Tower, and subjected to a Star-chamber process, for the contempt of revealing the secret communications which had passed between her majesty and him to others of her ministers.

<sup>1</sup> Wright's Elizabeth.



Popham, the queen's attorney-general, charged Davison before a Star-chamber commission "with contempt towards the queen, Elizabeth, and breach of his allegiance, for that the queen, according to her innate clemency, never intended the queen of Scots should have been put to death, nor could by any means be persuaded to consent thereto, either by the estates of the realm or the repeated instances of the council. Although, for preventing of dangers, she had commanded a warrant for her execution to be drawn, and committed it to Davison's trust and secrecy, he, nevertheless, being her sworn secretary, had, contrary to what her majesty commanded him, acquainted the council therewith, and put the warrant into execution, without her knowing anything at all of it."

Davison, with the tears running down his cheeks, prayed the queen's learned council "that they would not urge the matter further, but to remember that he would not contest with the queen, to whose conscience and the commissioners' censure he wholly submitted himself." He was sentenced to pay a fine of ten thousand marks, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during her majesty's pleasure.

The position in which her ministers had placed Elizabeth was the more painful because, unless she could have brought them to a public trial, convicted them of the treasonable crime of procuring her royal signature to be forged, she could not explain the offence of which they had been guilty. The impossibility of proclaiming the whole truth rendered her passionate protestations of her own innocence not only unsatisfactory, but apparently false and equivocating. While she denied the deed, she was in a manner compelled to act as if it were her own, being unable to inflict condign punishment on the subtle junta who had combined to make unauthorized use of her name for the immolation of the heiress-presumptive of the crown. It was to their interest that Mary should not survive Elizabeth, but Elizabeth had nothing to apprehend from the life of the powerless, impoverished, invalided captive of Fotheringay; nothing to gain by her death, except the execration of the world in general.

With regard to the joint letters written by Walsingham and Davison, urging Paulet and Drury to perpetrate a private murder on their royal prisoner, we will dispassionately ask, whether ministers who, by their own showing, rendered themselves accomplices in the projected crime by coolly urging the expediency of the assassination of a helpless woman in her prison, would have hesitated to use the name of their royal mistress for the purpose of inducing compliance with their suggestion? There is no other evidence than Davison's statements that Elizabeth ordered such application to be made, and we trust it was done unknown to her. At any rate, the men who deliberately set their hands to so nefarious a proposition are not trustworthy witnesses against her. Is it credible, we would ask, that Elizabeth, if she had actually signed Mary's death-warrant, would have employed the secretary of state to whom she had delivered it, to tamper with the keepers of the royal prisoner, to destroy her by a private murder? And, above all, after their stern refusal to stain their consciences with so illegal a deed, that she should have ordered Davison to write a second time, to urge them to the commission of the crime, without offering the slightest inducement to overcome their inconvenient scruples? Davison, unless conscious of the forgery of her signature by the secretary of his colleague Walsingham, would, of course, have taken that opportunity of informing her that there was no need for her majesty to disquiet herself, for her faithful ministers, out of tender care for her safety, had ordered her royal warrant to be executed, and the queen of Scots was no more; but he pretends, as we have seen, that he said "there would be no occasion for the letter, the warrant being so general and sufficient as it was." To what purpose was the warrant mentioned, and its execution concealed?

Search has been vainly made for the death-warrant for the execution of Mary queen of Scots.<sup>1</sup> The original draft

<sup>1</sup> A modern fabrication, falsely asserted to be a fac-simile of this warrant, was exhibited a few years ago at the museum of the Archæological Institute, in the rooms of the society in Suffolk street, Pall Mall, among the portraits and relics of Mary queen of Scots; but it was in a perfectly illegal and irregular

of the letters that were addressed to the earl of Shrewsbury, and the other commissioners, was discovered by Mr. Lemon in the State-Paper office, among Walsingham's papers. It is in the handwriting of the notorious Thomas Phellipps.

Shakspeare, who had no means of penetrating mysteries of state, appears to have written from the general impression Davison had circulated of Elizabeth's conduct when he put these sentiments into the mouth of king John, in the striking scene where Hubert announces that he has complied with his instructions for prince Arthur's death:—

“ It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life,  
And on the winking of authority  
To understand a law ; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humor than advised respect.

*Hubert.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.  
*King John.* Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved  
Even at my gates with ranks of foreign powers ;  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.”

A copy of Davison's sentence was sent by Elizabeth to the king of Scotland, to whom she had previously written the following deprecatory letter, which, with many sighs and tears, she consigned to her young kinsman Robert Carey, one of lord Hunsdon's sons, whom she made her especial messenger to the Scottish court. Carey was per-

form, not tested in the royal style, but signed at the bottom, and had a red seal daubed on the paper, instead of the impressions of the great seal on both sides in yellow wax (after the manner of a medal), dependent from the document by a ribbon, according to the invariable custom with royal warrants. The testimony of the author of “ *La Mort de la Reine d'Ecosse*,” an eye-witness, proves that the warrant exhibited by Beale had the great seal in yellow wax pendent from it.

suaded of the reality of her sorrow, and, throughout his life, never forgot the tears she shed and the deep sighs she heaved on that occasion :—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO KING JAMES VI.

“February 14, 1586–87.

“MY DEAR BROTHER :—

“I would you knew (though not felt) the extreme dolor that overwhelms my mind for that *miserable accident*, which, far contrary to my meaning, hath befallen. I have now sent this kinsman of mine, whom, ere now, it hath pleased you to favor, to instruct you truly of that which is irksome for my pen to tell you. I beseech you, that as God and many *moe* know how innocent I am in this case, so you will believe me that, if I had bid aught, I would have abided by it. I am not so base-minded that the fear of any living creature or prince should make me afraid to do that were just, or, when done, to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a mind. But as to disguise fits not the mind of a king, so will I never dissemble my actions, but cause them to shew even as I meant them. Thus assuring yourself of me, that as I know this was deserved, yet, if I had meant it, I would never lay it on others' shoulders, no more will I *not* damnify myself that thought it not.

“The circumstances it may please you to *have* [learn] of this bearer (Robert Carey). And for your part, think not you have in the world a more loving kinswoman nor a more dear friend than myself, nor any that will watch more carefully to preserve you and your state. And who shall otherwise persuade you, judge them more partial to others than to you. And thus, in haste, I leave to trouble you, beseeching God to send you a long reign.

“Your most assured loving sister and cousin,

“ELIZABETH, R.”

The news of the execution of their queen was received in Scotland with a burst of national indignation so uncontrollable that Elizabeth's young kinsman, Robert Carey, the bearer of her letter to the king, would have fallen a victim

to popular fury if James had not sent a guard for his protection. The secretary of the English embassy complained of the insulting libels against queen Elizabeth that were placarded on the walls of Edinburgh. It is also recorded by him that a packet was addressed to Elizabeth containing a halter with four ribald lines, describing this present to be "a Scottish chain for the English Jezebel, as a reward for the murder of their queen."<sup>1</sup>

Meantime, all the despatches addressed to the French ambassador by his own court were seized and read by Elizabeth's council. L'Aubespine applied daily, but in vain, for a passport for the messenger whom he wished to send with letters apprising his sovereign of the execution of his royal sister-in-law, and was told "that the queen of England did not choose his majesty to be informed of what had been done by any one but the person she would send to him." "In fact," writes L'Aubespine to Henry III., "the ports have been so strictly guarded for the last fortnight that no one has left the kingdom except a person whom the queen has despatched to Mr. Stafford, to inform your majesty of what has taken place."

The day after Davison had been committed to the Tower, the queen sent for monsieur Roger, a gentleman of the privy-chamber of the king of France attached to the embassy, and told him "That she was deeply afflicted for the death of the queen of Scotland; that it never was her intention to have put her to death, although she had refused the request of M. de Bellievre." She said that "Davison had taken her by surprise, but he was now in a place where he would have to answer for it, and charged monsieur Roger to tell his majesty of France so." This she said with every demonstration of grief, and almost with tears in her eyes.<sup>2</sup>

At no period of her life does Elizabeth appear in so undignified a light. She sent for L'Aubespine to dine with her at the palace of the archbishop of Canterbury at Croydon, on Saturday, the 6th of March. She received him in

<sup>1</sup> Ellis's Letters, second series, vol. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Despatches of L'Aubespine de Chateauf.



the most courteous and winning manner, and offered the use of men, money, and ammunition to his sovereign, if required by him in his war against the League. The ambassador replied, "that his master had no need of the forces of his neighbors to defend himself." She then discoursed on the affairs of France in general, and related to his excellency much news from Paris, of which he had not heard a word. Then she complained of the detention of the English vessels by the king of France, and the ambassador replied, "that it had been done in consequence of her ordering the embargo to be laid on the French vessels in her ports." She expressed her desire to render everything agreeable, and referred all matters of complaint, in the commercial relations of the two countries, to four commissioners of her cabinet, with whom she requested him to confer.

All this time the ambassador was endeavoring to escape without entering into two subjects, on which he was reluctant to commit himself by discussing; one was the death of the queen of Scots, the other the affair of the pretended plot, in which not only the name of his secretary Des-trappes, but his own had been involved. Elizabeth, however, was not to be circumvented. The more she found him bent on getting away, the more pertinacious was she in her purpose of detaining him till she had compelled him to speak on those delicate points. He essayed to take his leave, but she prevented him by calling Walsingham to conduct him to the council-chamber. She then detained his excellency, playfully, by the arm, and said, laughing, "Here is the man who wanted to get me murdered!" Seeing the ambassador smile, she added, "that she never believed *he* had any share in the plot, and all she complained of was that he had said 'he was not bound to reveal anything to her, even though her life was in danger;' in which, however," she said, "he had only spoken as an ambassador, but she considered him to be a man of honor, who loved her, and to whom she might have intrusted her life."<sup>1</sup> She acknowledged "that she was now aware that the plot was

<sup>1</sup> Private Letter of L'Aubespine de Chateaneuf to Henry III.

only the trick of two knaves, one of whom, Mody, was wicked enough to commit any bad action for money; the other, for the sake of those to whom he belonged, she would not name" (alluding to Stafford, the person who had denounced the plot). She observed, at the same time, "that allowance ought to be made for the times, and the irritation of sovereigns," and assured L'Aubespine "that she now loved and esteemed him more than ever; and as she had before written to his sovereign against him, she should now write a letter in his favor, with an assurance that she was convinced that he was incapable of such an act. After such an *amende*, she trusted the king would grant an audience to her ambassador, and give orders for the release of the vessels of her subjects." "Madame," replied L'Aubespine, "I have come hither to treat of the affairs of the king my master, and for no other purpose. I have never considered that the duties of a man of honor differ from those of an ambassador. I never said that I would not reveal any conspiracy against your person were I to see it in danger, but that an ambassador was not compelled to reveal anything unless he chose to do so; and neither for that, nor any other thing, could he be amenable to the laws of the country. That you consider me innocent is a great satisfaction to me, and even that you are pleased to bear testimony in my behalf to my king. I entreat you, however, to allow me to send Destrappes to him, that the matter may be properly cleared up for the satisfaction of his majesty and my acquittal."<sup>1</sup> As Elizabeth did not particularly relish the idea of such an investigation, she adroitly turned it off, with an assurance "that there was no need of further acquittal; that she was convinced of the wrong that had been done him, for which she was much grieved," dismissing the subject with the following compliment to Destrappes's professional abilities as an advocate:—"Tell him, I hope never to have a cause to plead in Paris, where he might have an opportunity of revenging the offence I have given him."

"I thought," continues the ambassador, "to have taken

<sup>1</sup> Letter of L'Aubespine to Henry III.

my leave of the said lady without making any answer respecting Destrappes, or entering into the subject of the queen of Scotland; but she took my hand and led me into a corner of the apartment, and said, 'That since she had seen me, she had experienced one of the greatest misfortunes and vexations that had ever befallen her, which was, the death of her cousin-german,' of which she vowed to God, with many oaths, 'that she was innocent; that she had indeed signed the warrant,<sup>1</sup> but it was only to satisfy her subjects, as she had never intended to put her to death except in case of a foreign invasion or a formidable insurrection of her own subjects; that the members of her council, *four of whom were in presence*, had played her a trick which she could never forgive,' and she swore by her Maker's name that, 'but for their long services, and for the supposition that they had acted out of consideration for the welfare and safety of her person and state, they should all have lost their heads.' L'Aubespine does not specify the persons thus alluded to by Elizabeth, but three of them were undoubtedly Burleigh, Leicester, and Walsingham; the other was probably Hatton. "The queen begged me," pursues L'Aubespine, "to believe that she would not be so wicked as to throw the blame on an humble secretary, unless it were true." She declares, "that this death will wring her heart as long as she lives on many accounts, but principally, sire, for the respect she has for the queen your mother, and monseigneur your brother, whom she so dearly loved." After this tender allusion to her late fascinating suitor Alençon, whose memory few historians have given the illustrious spinster credit for cherishing with such constancy of regard, Elizabeth made many professions of amity for Henry III. "She protested," says L'Aubespine, "that she would not meddle, in any way, with the affairs of your subjects, but that she must consider her own security; that the Catholic king was daily making offers of peace and friendship, but she would not listen to them, knowing his ambition; on the contrary, she had sent Drake

<sup>1</sup> Here Elizabeth, as she could not punish the forgers, considered it necessary to admit the signature.

to ravage his coasts, and was considering about sending the earl of Leicester to Holland, to show that she was not afraid of war; with so many other observations against those of the League, that your majesty may easily conceive from the length of this despatch, that she had well prepared herself for this audience, in which she detained me for three good hours, as I let her say all she pleased."

This was certainly very civil of his excellency, but he did not carry his politeness so far as to leave her majesty's sayings unanswered. "I told her," pursues he, "that I was very glad that she desired the friendship of your majesty, knowing how serviceable it had been to her formerly; that I believed you entertained similar sentiments on your part; but it was necessary that I should tell her frankly, that if she desired your friendship, she must deserve it by deeds, and not by words, since to assist with money and ammunition those who are in arms against you, to instigate the German troops to enter France, to refuse to do justice to any of your plundered subjects, to treat your ambassador as she had treated me for the last four months, was not courting your friendship in the way that it should be sought."—"Madame," said I, "there are three sovereigns in Christendom, the king my master, the Catholic king, and your majesty: under these three, Christendom is divided. You cannot strive against the other two without great evil to yourself. With one you are at open war, and the other has great reason to believe that the war which distracts his kingdom is fomented by your means, and this opinion can only be changed by deeds, not words." Elizabeth protested that "She was not assisting the king of Navarre against the king of France, but against his foes of the house of Guise, who were leagued with the king of Spain and the prince of Parma, and, after they had effected his ruin, meant to attack her; but she would be ready to repel them, and would not relinquish her hold on the Low Countries, swearing an oath," continues the ambassador, 'that she would neither suffer the king of Spain nor the Guises to mock the 'poor old' woman, who, in her female form, carried the heart of a man."

Then she proposed that a council should be held for the adjustment of religious differences, which she offered to attend in person. "Those differences," she said, "were not so great as were supposed, and might be adjusted; and that it was her opinion that two Christian sovereigns, acting in unison, might settle everything on a better principle, without heeding either priests or ministers," insinuating that Henry and herself might be considered as the heads of the two religions which then divided Christendom.<sup>1</sup> L'Aubespine again reproached her with her interference in the domestic dissension in France; she replied with amicable professions, and the conference ended, little to the satisfaction of either party, for the ambassador evidently considered it an insult to his understanding that she should expect him even to pretend to give her credit for her good intentions, and she perceived not only that she had failed to deceive him, but that he did not think it worth his while to dissemble with her.

Elizabeth was too well aware of Henry III.'s weakness, both as a monarch and a man, to entertain the slightest uneasiness on the score of his resentment. Her great and sole cause of apprehension was, lest a coalition should be formed against her between Spain, Scotland, and France for the invasion of England, under the pretext of avenging the murder of the Scottish queen. From this danger she extricated herself with her usual diplomatic address, by amusing the court of Spain with a deceptive treaty, in which she affected to be so well disposed to give up her interest in the Netherlands for the sake of establishing her on amicable terms with her royal brother-in-law, that her Dutch allies began to suspect it was her intention to sacrifice them altogether. The threatening demeanor of the king of Scotland she subdued, not only by the bribery she disseminated in his cabinet, but by artfully bringing forward an embryo rival to his claims on the succession of the English throne in the person of his little cousin, lady Arabella Stuart. This young lady, whom Elizabeth had scarcely ever seen, and never, certainly, taken the slightest notice of before, she

<sup>1</sup> Despatches of L'Aubespine de Chateauneuf.



now sent for to her court, and, though she was scarcely twelve years of age, made her dine in public with her, and gave her precedence of all the countesses, and every other lady present. This was no more than the place which Arabella Stuart was, in right of her birth, entitled to claim in the English court, being the nearest in blood to the queen of the elder female line from Henry VII., and next to the king of Scotland in the regular order of succession to the throne of England.

L'Aubespine, in his despatch of the 25th of August, 1587, relates the manner in which queen Elizabeth called the attention of his lady (who had dined with her majesty on the preceding Monday) to her youthful relative. "After dinner, the queen being in a lofty grand hall with madame l'Aubespine de Chateauf, and all the countesses and maids of honor near her, and surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen, her majesty the queen, when madame dined with her, asked her 'if she had noticed a little girl, her relation, who was there?' and called the said Arabella to her. Madame de Chateauf said much in her commendation, remarked how well she spoke French, and that she 'appeared very sweet and gracious.'—'Regard her well,' replied the queen, 'for she is not so simple as you may think. One day she will be even as I am, and will be lady-mistress; but I shall have been before her.'" These observations were doubtless intended, as L'Aubespine shrewdly remarks, to excite the apprehensions of the king of Scots, and to act as a check upon him. Some years later, the innocent puppet of whom Elizabeth had made this artful use became an object of jealous alarm to herself, and would probably have shared the fate of the other royal ladies who had stood in juxtaposition to the throne, if her own life had been prolonged a few months.

At the same time that Mary Stuart's life was sacrificed to the jealousy of queen Elizabeth or her ministers, another lady of the blood-royal, Margaret countess of Derby, who was related in the same degree to both queens, being the grand-daughter of Mary Tudor, the youngest sister of Henry VIII., was languishing in prison, having been

arrested seven years before on the frivolous accusation of practising against Elizabeth's life by magic. Her real crime was, that being the sole surviving offspring of lady Eleanor Brandon, she had, by the deaths of the two hapless sisters of lady Jane Gray, succeeded to the fatal distinction of representing the line of Suffolk.

The countess of Bedford acted as chief mourner at the funeral of Mary Stuart, as queen Elizabeth's proxy, and made the offering in her name,<sup>1</sup> when the mangled remains of the royal victim, after being permitted to lie unburied and neglected for six months, were at last interred, with regal pomp, in Peterborough cathedral, attended by a train of nobles and ladies of the highest rank in the English court.

"What a glorious princess!" exclaimed the sarcastic pontiff, Sixtus V., when the news reached the Vatican. "It is a pity," he added, "that Elizabeth and I cannot marry: our children would have mastered the whole world." It is a curious coincidence, that the Turkish sultan, Amurath III., without being in the slightest degree aware of this unpriestly, or, as Burnet terms it, this profane jest on the part of Sixtus, was wont to say, "That he had found out a means of reconciling the dissensions in the Christian churches of Europe; which was, "that queen Elizabeth, who was an old maid, should marry the pope, who was an old bachelor."<sup>2</sup>

Sixtus entertained so high an opinion of Elizabeth's regnal talents, that he was accustomed to say, "There were but three sovereigns in Europe who understood the art of governing,—namely, himself, the king of Navarre, and the queen of England: of all the princes in Christendom but two, Henry and Elizabeth, to whom he wished to communicate the mighty things that were revolving in his soul, and as they were heretics, he could not do it."<sup>3</sup> He was even then preparing to reiterate the anathemas of his predecessors, Pius V. and Gregory XIII., and to proclaim a general crusade against Elizabeth.

<sup>1</sup> Archæologia, vol. i. p. 355. See also, as more generally accessible, Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. ii. p. 313; 2d edition.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Goodman's Court of King James, vol. i. p. 367.

<sup>3</sup> Préfixe Hist. Henri le Grand.

# ELIZABETH,

## SECOND QUEEN-REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

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### CHAPTER X.

Renewed influence of the earl of Leicester with Elizabeth—An impostor pretends to be their son—Hostile proceedings of Spain—Philip II.'s insulting Latin tetrastich—Elizabeth's witty reply—The Armada—Elizabeth knights a lady—The queen's prayer—Her heroic deportment—First English newspaper—Elizabeth's visit to the camp at Tilbury—Enthusiasm of her subjects—Defeat and dispersion of the Spanish fleet—Medals struck on the occasion—Death of Leicester—His legacy to the queen—She distrains his goods—Her popularity—Way of life—Her love of history—Margaret Lambrun's attempt on her life—Elizabeth's religious persecutions—Arbitrary treatment of the earl of Arundel—Her love for Essex, and jealousy of lady Mary Howard—The escapade of Essex—Increasing fondness of the queen—Her anger at his marriage—Elizabeth's letter to Henry IV.—Her political conduct with regard to France—Takes offence with Henry—She favors the Cecil party—Sir Robert Cecil's flattery—Her progress—Splendid entertainment at Elvetham—Her unkind treatment of Hatton—His last illness and death—Anger against Essex—He is recalled home—His expostulation—He sends Carey to her—Essex returns—Their reconciliation—Elizabeth visits Oxford and Ricote—Her friendship for lady Norris.

It is worthy of observation, that while Burleigh, Walsingham, Davison, and even Hatton, experienced the effects of the queen's displeasure, which was long and obstinately manifested towards the members of her cabinet, even to the interruption of public business, Leicester escaped all blame, although as deeply implicated in the unauthorized despatch of the warrant for the execution of the Scottish queen as any of his colleagues. It seemed as if he had regained all his former influence over the mind of his royal mistress since his return from the Netherlands, yet he had evinced incapacity, disobedience, and even cowardice, during the inauspicious period of his command there. English treasure and English blood had been lavished in vain, the allies mur-

mured, and the high-spirited and chivalric portion of the gentlemen of England complained that the honor of the country was compromised in the hands of a man who was unworthy of the high charge that had been confided to him. As if to console him for the popular ill-will, Elizabeth made him lord steward of her household, and chief justice in Eyre south of the Trent, and finally sent him back with a reinforcement of 5000 men and a large supply of money.<sup>1</sup>

Matters had gone from bad to worse in his absence, even to the desertion of a large body of English troops to the king of Spain. Leicester endeavored to make up for his incapacity, both as a general and a governor, by ostentatious fasting and daily attending sermons. The evil tenor of his life, from his youth upwards, and his treacherous practices against those illustrious patriots, Barneveldt and Maurice prince of Orange, rendered these exhibitions disgusting to persons of integrity and true piety. He lost the confidence of all parties. One disaster followed another, and the fall of Sluys completed the measure of public indignation. Articles of impeachment were prepared against him at home, and the queen was compelled to recall him, that he might meet the inquiry. That the royal lioness of Tudor was roused, by the disgrace the military character of England had suffered under his auspices, to the utterance of some stern threats of punishment, may be easily surmised, for Leicester hastened to throw himself at her feet on his return, and with tears in his eyes passionately implored her "not to bury him alive, whom she had raised from the dust,"<sup>2</sup> with other expressions meet only to be addressed by the most abject of slaves to an oriental despot. Elizabeth was so completely mollified by his humiliation that she forgave and reassured him with promises of her powerful protection. The next morning, when summoned before the council to answer the charges that were preferred against him, he appeared boldly, and, instead of kneeling at the foot of the table, took his usual seat at the board; and when the secretary began to read the list of charges

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Lingard.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

against him, he rose and interrupted him by inveighing against the perfidy of his accusers, and, appealing to the queen, came off triumphantly.<sup>1</sup> Lord Buckhurst, by whom his misconduct had been denounced, received a severe reprimand, and was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his own house during the royal pleasure. The haughty peer, though nearly related to the queen, submitted to this arbitrary and unjust sentence with the humility of a beaten hound, and even debarred himself from the solace of his wife and children's company during the period of his disgrace, which lasted during the residue of Leicester's life.<sup>2</sup>

The many instances of partial favor manifested by the queen towards Leicester, through good report and evil report, during a period of upwards of thirty years, gave color to the invidious tales that were constantly circulated in foreign courts, and occasionally in her own, of the nature of the tie which was supposed to unite them. The report of an English spy at Madrid to lord Burleigh states that a young man, calling himself Arthur Dudley, then resident at the court of Spain, had asserted "that he was the offspring of queen Elizabeth by the earl of Leicester; pretending that he was born at Hampton Court, and was delivered by the elder Ashley into the hands of one Sotheron, a servant of Elizabeth's old governess, Mrs. Ashley, and that he had taken upon himself the character of her majesty's son." The writer of this letter notices "that the youth," as he calls him, "is about seven-and-twenty years of age, and is very solemnly warded and kept, at the cost to the king of six crowns a day;" adding, "if I had mine alphabet," meaning his cipher, "I would say more touching his lewd speeches."<sup>3</sup>

The records of Simancas<sup>4</sup> certify that Arthur Dudley, having been arrested at Passages by the Spanish authorities and sent as a prisoner to Madrid, was required to give a written account of himself, which he did, in English, and sir Francis Englefield translated it into Spanish for king

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Sidney Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. Lingard.

<sup>3</sup> Ellis's Letters, second series, vol. iii. pp. 135, 136.

<sup>4</sup> Lingard's Hist. of England, vol. viii., fourth edition: Appendix x. p. 458.



Philip. In this document, the said adventurer asserts "that he, Arthur Dudley, is the reputed son of Robert Sotheron, once a servant of Mrs. Ashley, residing at Evesham, in Worcestershire. By order of Mrs. Ashley, Sotheron went to Hampton Court, where he was met by N. Harrington, and told by her 'that a lady at court had been delivered of a child; that the queen was desirous to conceal her dishonor, and that Mrs. Ashley wished him to provide a nurse for it, and to take it under his care.' Being led into the gallery near the royal closet, he received the infant from her, with directions to call it Arthur, and intrusted it to the care of a miller's wife at Moulsey, on the opposite bank of the Thames, and afterwards conveyed it to his own house. Some years later, Sotheron conducted the boy to a school in London; whence he was sent to travel on the continent, and in 1583 he returned to his reputed father at Evesham." He concluded that there was some mystery respecting his birth from the different manner in which he and his supposed brothers and sisters had been educated, but could not draw the secret from Sotheron till a few days before the old man's death, when he learned from him that he was the son of queen Elizabeth and the earl of Leicester. He then consulted sir John Ashley and sir Drue Drury, who advised him to keep his secret, and return to the continent. This he had done, yet not before he had obtained an interview with Leicester;<sup>1</sup> but what passed between them is not stated, nor indeed any particulars of what became of this young man. Dr. Lingard observes, "That Philip did not consider him an impostor, appears from this,—that we find him, even as late as a year after his apprehension, treated as a person of distinction, very solemnly warded and served, with an expense to the king of six crowns (almost two pounds) a day." If Philip really believed this person to be the illegitimate son of his royal sister-in-law, he was certainly treating him with a greater degree of civility than could reasonably have been expected of any nominal uncle under such circumstances. Was it his brotherly affection for

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Lingard from the Records of Simancas. See *Hist. England in Elizabeth*, vol. viii. p. 460.

Elizabeth, or a tender respect for the memory of his deceased consort, Mary of England, that induced Philip to lavish money and marks of distinction on so disreputable a family connection of the female Tudor sovereigns? The more probable supposition is, that Philip availed himself of the cunningly-devised tale of an audacious impostor to injure the reputation of his fair foe by pretending to believe his statement, which seems, indeed, as if contrived to give a color to the horrible libels that were soon after printed and circulated against queen Elizabeth, during the preparations for the invasion of her realm by the Armada. Rapin, who wrote upwards of a century later, notices, "that it was pretended that there were then in England descendants from a daughter of queen Elizabeth by the earl of Leicester," but makes no allusion to a son.

The breach between Philip II. and Elizabeth was every day becoming wider, and though they endeavored to beguile each other with deceitful negotiations for a peace, the Spaniard was increasing his naval appointments for the mighty expedition, with which he fondly imagined he should overwhelm his female antagonist; and Elizabeth, meantime, was, like an active chess-queen, checking his game in every unguarded point by means of her adventurous maritime commanders, who, from their bold and unexpected exploits, might be compared in their movements to the knights in that game. Drake, at this threatening crisis, sailed fearlessly into Cadiz harbor, and burned, sank, or destroyed upwards of eighty of Philip's vessels, which he facetiously termed "singeing the don's whiskers." He then bore on triumphantly to the coast of Portugal, and in the mouth of the Tagus defied the admiral of Spain to come out with all his fleet, and do battle with him on the sea; and finally sailed home laden with the spoils of the St. Philip (the largest of all the Spanish treasure-ships), returning with her precious cargo from the new world. Although Drake had been commissioned by the queen for these daring enterprises, she would not openly avow it, because it was inconsistent with the pacific treaty that was still in the course of negotiation between her and Spain, but tacitly allowed the

stigma of piracy to sully the well-earned laurels of her brave seamen.

When Philip's gigantic preparations were sufficiently advanced to intimidate, as he imagined, the most courageous female sovereign that ever swayed a sceptre, he offered Elizabeth, by his ambassador, the following insulting conditions of peace in a Latin tetrastich, which was to be considered his ultimatum :—

“Te veto ne pergas bello defendere Belgas,  
Quæ Dracus ereperit, nunc restituantur oportet;  
Quas pater avertit, jubeo te redendere cellas,  
Religio papæ fac restituatur ad unquam.”

Which may be thus rendered in English :—

“Belgic rebels aid no more,  
Treasures seized by Drake restore;  
And whate'er thy sire o'erthrew,  
In the papal church, renew.”

“*Ad Græcas, bone rex, fient mandata kalendas,*” was the contemptuous rejoinder of Elizabeth, of which the popular version is as follows :—

“Mighty king, lo ! this thy will,  
At latter Lammas we'll fulfil !”

The literal sense is, “Your order, good king, shall be obeyed in the days when the Greeks reckoned by kalends;” meaning never, for kalends were not known among the Greeks, and she shrewdly appoints a time past for the performance of that which is yet to be done. Horace Walpole extols this classic jest as one of the most brilliant of the maiden monarch's impromptu repartees, but it certainly requires a little explanation to render it intelligible to persons less accustomed to the sharp encounter of keen wits than Philip of Spain and queen Elizabeth.

An encounter of a sterner nature was now about to take place between the “royal vestal throned by the west” and the haughty suitor whom she had thirty years before rejected as a consort. Though Philip had wooed and wedded two younger and fairer princesses since his unsuccessful courtship of herself, Elizabeth never ceased to speak of him

as a disappointed lover of her own, and coquettishly attributed his political hostility to no other cause. It was not, however, in the spirit of a Theseus that the Spanish monarch prepared to do battle with the royal amazon, but with the vengeful intention of stripping her of her dominions, establishing himself on the throne of England, and sending her, like another Zenobia, in chains to Rome, to grace a public triumph there. Such was, at any rate, the report of one of Burleigh's spies, who states that J. Dutche, formerly of the queen's guards, but now mace-bearer to cardinal Allen, told him, "That he heard the cardinal say, that the king of Spain gave great charge to duke Medina, and to all his captains, that they should in nowise harm the person of the queen; and that the duke should, as speedily as he might, take order for the conveyance of her person to Rome, to the purpose that his holiness the pope should dispose thereof in such sort as it should please him."<sup>1</sup> This was indeed a premature arrangement on the part of the confederate powers of Spain and Rome, a modern and practical illustration of the fable of disposing of the bear-skin before the bear was taken. Elizabeth met the threatening crisis like a true daughter of the conquering line of Plantagenet, and graced a triumph of her own when those who had purposed her humiliation were themselves scattered and abased. The events of this spirit-stirring epoch must, however, be briefly recounted.

In the hope of depriving Elizabeth of the services of at least a third of her subjects, pope Sixtus V. had reiterated the anathema of his predecessors, Pius and Gregory, and proclaimed, withal, a crusade to papal Europe against the heretical queen of England. Elizabeth was advised to avert the possibility of a Catholic revolt by a general massacre of the leading men of that persuasion throughout her realm. She rejected the iniquitous counsel with abhorrence, and proved her wisdom, even in a political sense, by her decision; for the Catholic aristocracy and gentry performed their duty as loyal liegemen on that occasion, and were liberal in their voluntary contribution of men and money for the defence

<sup>1</sup> Burleigh MS. in Strype.

of queen and country from a foreign invader.<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Allen, by birth an Englishman, gave general disgust to all good men, even of his own faith, at this time, by the publication of a furious libel against Elizabeth, couched in the coarsest language, reviling her by the names of "usurper, the firebrand of all mischief, the scourge of God, and rebuke of woman-kind." It was reported that Elizabeth had sent a private agent to Rome to negotiate the preliminaries of a reconciliation with the pontiff; but so far was the royal lioness of Tudor from stooping from the lofty attitude she had assumed, that she retorted the papal excommunication by causing the bishop of London to anathematize the pope in St. Paul's cathedral.

Philip II. now openly asserted his rival claim to the throne of England as the legitimate heir of the line of Lancaster, through his descent from Philippa Plantagenet, queen of Portugal, and Katherine Plantagenet, queen of Castile, the daughters of John of Gaunt. This antiquated pretension, however laughable it might have been under other circumstances, was sufficient to create uneasiness in a reigning sovereign, who was threatened with the descent of so formidable an invading force from the pretender. It proved, in the end, a favorable circumstance to Elizabeth, as it not only deterred the king of Scots from allying himself with Philip, but bound him to her cause by the strong ties of self-interest, as he was the undoubted heir of the line whence her title was derived.

While every day brought fresh rumors of the increase of the overwhelming armament with which the Spanish monarch fondly thought to hurl the last of the Tudors from her seat of empire, and degrade England into a province of Spain, Elizabeth rallied all the energies of her fearless spirit to maintain the unequal contest valiantly. The tone of her mind at this period might be perceived, even from the following trifling incident. Going one day to visit Burleigh at his house in the Strand, where he was confined to his bed with the gout, she desired to be conducted to his apartment. When the tapestry was raised which covered

<sup>1</sup> Camden, 566.



the little door that led to his chamber, it was feared that her majesty's lofty head-tire would be disarranged in passing under, and she was therefore humbly requested by Burleigh's man to stoop. "For your master's sake," she replied, "I will stoop: but not for the king of Spain."

The mightiest fleet that had ever swept the ocean was at that time preparing to sail from the coast of Spain, consisting of 130 men of war, having on board 19,290 soldiers, 8350 mariners, 2080 galley-slaves, besides a numerous company of priests to maintain discipline and stir up religious fervor in the host. There was not a noble family in Spain that did not send forth in that expedition son, brother, or nephew, as a volunteer in quest of fame and fortune.<sup>1</sup> A loftier spirit animated the queen and people of the threatened land. All party feelings, all sectarian divisions and jealousies, were laid aside, for every bosom appeared overflowing with that generous and ennobling principle of exalted patriotism which Burke has truly called "the cheap defence of nations." The city of London, when required by her majesty's ministers to furnish a suitable contingent of ships and men to meet the exigence of the times, demanded, "How many ships and men they were expected to provide?" "Five thousand men and fifteen ships," was the reply. The lord mayor requested two days for deliberation, and then, in the name of his fellow-citizens, placed 10,000 men-at-arms, and thirty well-appointed vessels, at the command of the sovereign,<sup>2</sup>—conduct which appears more deserving of the admiration of posterity than the proceedings of the churlish patriots who, half a century later, deluged three realms in blood by refusing to assist their needy sovereign to maintain the honor of England by contributing a comparatively trivial contingent towards keeping up his navy during a war, into which he had been forced by a parliament that refused to grant the supplies for carrying it on. The illustrious lord mayor and his brethren thought not of saving their purses, under the plea that the demand of the crown had not been sanctioned by the vote of parliament; they gave like princes, and pre-

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Stowe's Annals.

served their country from a foreign yoke. The example of the generous Londoners was followed by all the wealthy towns in England, and private individuals also contributed to the utmost of their means.

Elizabeth took upon herself the command of her forces in person. She was the nominal generalissimo of two armies. The first, commanded by the earl of Leicester, to whom she gave the title of lieutenant-general, consisting of 23,000 men, was stationed at Tilbury; the other, meant for the defence of the metropolis, and termed "the army royal, or queen's body guard," was under the orders of lord Hunsdon. She chose for her lord high-admiral baron Effingham, whose father and grandfather, lord William Howard and Thomas duke of Norfolk, had filled the same station with great distinction. Sir Francis Drake was her vice-admiral. Stowe describes, in lively terms, the gallant bearing of the newly-raised bands of militia, as they marched towards the rendezvous at Tilbury. "At every rumor of the approach of the foe, and the prospect of doing battle with them, they rejoiced," he says, "like lusty giants about to run a race." Every one was in a state of warlike excitement, and Elizabeth herself was transported by the enthusiasm of the moment into the extraordinary act of bestowing the accolade of knighthood on a lady, who had expressed herself in very valiant and loyal terms on the occasion. This female knight was Mary, the wife of sir Hugh Cholmondeley, of Vale Royal, and was distinguished by the name of "the bold lady of Cheshire."<sup>1</sup>

While female hearts were thus kindling with a glow of patriotism, which disposed the energetic daughters of England to emulate the deeds of Joan of Arc if the men had waxed faint in the cause of their threatened country, the Spanish fleet sailed from the mouth of the Tagus in the full confidence of victory, having received from the haughty monarch who sent it forth for conquest the name of "the invincible Armada." One battle on sea and one on land the Spaniards deemed they should have to fight, and no more, to achieve the conquest of England. Little did they

<sup>1</sup> See Nichols's *Progresses of James I.*, vol. iii. p. 436.

know of the unconquerable spirit of the sovereign and people of the land which they imagined was to be thus lightly won ; and when presumptuously relying on the four-fold superiority of their physical force, they forgot that the battle is not always to the strong. The elements, from the first, fought against the 'invincible' Armada, and guarded England.

The 29th of May, 1588, beheld the mighty array of tall vessels leave the bay of Lisbon. Off Cape Finisterre a storm from the west scattered the fleet along the coast of Galicia, and, after much damage had been done, compelled the duke of Medina Sidonia, the inexperienced grandee by whom this stupendous naval force was commanded, to run into the harbor of Corunna for the repair of his shattered vessels. This disaster was reported in England as the entire destruction of the Armada, and Elizabeth, yielding to the natural parsimony of her disposition, sent orders to her admiral, lord Howard of Effingham, to dismantle immediately four of her largest vessels of war. That able and sagacious naval chief promised to defray the expense out of his private fortune, and detained the ships.<sup>1</sup> His foresight, firmness, and generous patriotism saved his country. On the 19th of July, after many days of anxious watching through fog and adverse winds, Howard was informed by the bold pirate Fleming that the Armada was hovering off the Lizard point, and lost no time in getting out of harbor into the main sea. "The next day," says Camden, "the English descried the Spanish ships, with lofty turrets like castles in front, like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly though with full sails, the winds being, as it were, tired with carrying them, and the ocean groaning with their weight." On the 21st the lord admiral of England, sending a pinnace before called the *Defiance*, denounced war by discharging her ordnance, and presently his own ship, called the *Ark Royal*, thundered thick and furiously upon the admiral (as he thought) of the Spaniards, but it was Alphonso de Leva's ship. Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and

<sup>1</sup> Lingard.

Frobisher played stoutly, with their ordnance, upon the hindmost squadron. But while the first day's battle of this fierce contest was thus gallantly commenced by England's brave defenders on the main within sight of the shore, England's stout-hearted queen performed her part no less courageously on land. The glorious achievements of the naval heroes, who for eighteen days grappled with 'the invincible' upon the waves, and finally quelled the overweening pride of Spain, have been recorded by Camden and all the general historians of the age; the personal proceedings of queen Elizabeth at this time must occupy the attention of her biographer.

During the awful interval, the breathless pause of suspense which intervened between the sailing of the Spanish fleet after its first dispersion and its appearance in the Channel, Elizabeth, who had evidently not forgotten the pious example of her royal step-mother queen Katharine Parr, composed the following prayer for the use of the threatened church and realm of England:—

"We do instantly beseech Thee, of thy gracious goodness, to be merciful to the church militant here upon earth, and at this time compassed about with most strong and subtle adversaries. Oh, let thine enemies know that Thou hast received England, which they most of all for thy gospel's sake do malign, into thine own protection. Set a wall about it, O Lord, and evermore mightily defend it. Let it be a comfort to the afflicted, a help to the oppressed, and a defence to thy church and people persecuted abroad. And forasmuch as this cause is new in hand, direct and go before our armies both by sea and land. Bless them and prosper them, and grant unto them thy honorable success and victory. Thou art our help and shield: oh! give good and prosperous success to all those that fight this battle against the enemies of thy gospel."<sup>1</sup>

This prayer was read in all churches, on every Friday and Wednesday, for deliverance and good success. Fasting and alms-giving were also recommended by the royal command from the pulpits.

One of the signs of the time of the Armada was the publication of the first genuine newspaper, entitled "The English Mercurie," imprinted by Christopher Barker, the queen's printer, by authority, for the prevention of false reports:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Public form of Prayer in Strype.

<sup>2</sup> This celebrated Mercury, which, on what grounds I know not, has incurred

it is dated July 23, 1588, from Whitehall. It contained despatches from sir Francis Walsingham, stating "that the Spanish Armada was seen on the 20th ult. in the chops of the Channel, making for its entrance with a favorable gale; that the English fleet, consisting of eighty sail, was divided into four squadrons, commanded by the high-admiral Howard in the Ark Royal, and the other divisions by admirals sir Francis Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. The Armada amounted to at least 150 sail of tall ships, but so undaunted was the spirit of the English sailors, that when the numbers of the enemy were descried from the top-mast of the Ark Royal, the crew shouted for joy." A series of these official journals were published while the Spanish fleet was in the Channel. These were, however, only extraordinary gazettes, not regularly published, but they were directed by the queen and Burleigh with great policy; for instance, a letter from Madrid is given, which speaks of putting Elizabeth to death, and describes the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet. Under the date of July 26, 1588, there is this intelligence:—"Yesterday the Scots' ambassador, being introduced to sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the king, his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interest and those of the Protestant religion."

Some allusion to a prior attempt, on the part of Elizabeth and her ministers, to render the press an official oracle of the crown, by sending forth printed circulars announcing such occurrences as it might be deemed expedient to make known to the great body of the people, is contained in a letter from Cecil to Nicholas Whyte, dated September 8, 1569, in which the premier says, "I send you a printed letter of truth."<sup>1</sup> This, as Mr. Wright, whose acute observation first drew attention to the circumstance, observes, is full twenty years before the publication of the Armada

the suspicion of being a forgery of modern times, is preserved in a collection in the British Museum. It is printed in Roman characters, not in the black letter.

<sup>1</sup> Wright's Queen Elizabeth and her Times.



Mercury. Little did queen Elizabeth and Burleigh imagine, when they devised and published the first crude attempt at a government newspaper, how soon the agency of the periodical press would be employed in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and rendered, through the medium of independent journals, a more powerful instrument for checking the oppression of rulers than the swords of an opposing army.

The ardent desire of the queen to proceed to the coast, for the purpose of being the foremost to repel the invaders in the event of the hosts of Spain effecting a landing, was, in the first instance, overruled by her council, and she took up her abode at her palace of Havering-Bower, a central station between the van and rear of her army, and at a convenient distance from the metropolis. The eligibility of this situation was pointed out to her, at this crisis, by her favorite, Leicester, in an epistle which unites, in a remarkable manner, the character of a love-letter with a privy-council minute of instructions, and completely directs the royal movements, under the veil of flattering anxiety for her safety. There is, however, sound sense and graceful writing in this interesting specimen of ministerial composition:—

“MY MOST DEAR AND GRACIOUS LADY:—

“It is most true, that these enemies that approach your kingdom and person are your undeserved foes, and being so, hating you for a righteous cause, there is the less fear to be had of their malice or their forces; for there is a most just God that beholdeth the innocency of your heart, and the cause you are assailed for is His, and that of His church, and He never failed any that do faithfully put their trust in His goodness. He hath, to comfort you withal, given you great and mighty means to defend yourself, which means, I doubt not, your majesty will timely and princely use them; and your good God, which ruleth over all, will assist you and bless you with victory.

“It doth much rejoice me to find by your letters your noble disposition, as well in present gathering your forces, as in employing your own person in this dangerous action. And because it pleaseth your majesty to ask my advice touching your army, and to acquaint me with your secret determination touching your person, I will plainly, and according to my poor knowledge, deliver my opinion to you. For your army, it is more than time it were gathered about you, or so near you that you may have the use of it upon a few hours’ warning; the reason is, that your mighty enemies are at hand, and if God suffer them to pass by your fleet, you are sure they will attempt their purpose in landing with all expedition. And albeit your navy be very strong,

yet, as we have always heard, the other is far greater, and their forces of men much beyond yours, else it were in vain for them to bring only a navy provided to keep the sea, but furnished so as they both keep the seas with strength sufficient, and to land such a power as may give battle to any prince; and no doubt, if the prince of Parma come forth, their forces by sea shall not only be greatly augmented, but his power to land shall the easier take effect, wheresoever he will attempt. Therefore, it is most requisite for your majesty to be provided for all events, with as great a force as you can devise; for there is no dallying at such a time, nor with such an enemy, since you shall hazard your own honor, besides your person and country, and must offend your gracious God, that gave these forces and power, an' you use them not when ye should.

"Now, for the placing of your army, no doubt I think about London the meetest, for mine own part, and suppose others will be of the same mind; and your majesty do forthwith give the charge thereof to some special nobleman about you, and likewise to place all your chief officers, that every man shall know what he shall do; and gather as many good horses,<sup>1</sup> above all things, as you can, and the oldest, best, and readiest captains to lead, for therein will consist the greatest hope of success under God; and as soon as your army is assembled, that they be, by and by, exercised, every man to know his weapon."<sup>2</sup>

Multifarious were Elizabeth's duties at this crisis, and heavy was her responsibility in the task of officering this undisciplined *landwehr*, for *militia* they could scarcely be called; and if the feudal system had not in some degree still prevailed, how unmanageable would these untrained masses of men and horses have proved, which had to be got into efficient training *after* the dark crescent of the Armada had been espied bearing down the Channel, with a favoring wind! England, fortunately, was defended by a navy. Leicester's career in the Netherlands afforded an indifferent specimen of his military prowess; how the fortunes of England might have sped under the auspices of such a chief, if the Spanish armament had effected a landing, it is difficult to say. As a leader of tournaments, reviews, and martial pageants he was certainly unrivalled, and the queen, at this crisis, reposed unbounded confidence in him, and acted

<sup>1</sup> The unorganized state of the English army, especially the cavalry, may be ascertained from this curious passage. It was the queen's part to appoint the officers as well as the generals.

<sup>2</sup> Hardwicke State-Papers, Miscellaneous, vol. i. p. 575. In the original orthography, Leicester prefixes an *h* to some words commencing with a vowel, as *hit* for 'it': no doubt he pronounced them thus, according to the intonation of the mid-counties, from whence his fathers came.

in perfect conformity to his advice, which was, as the event proved, most judicious.

"All things," continues he, "must be prepared for your army as if they should have to march upon a day's warning, specially carriages, and a commissary of victuals, and your master of ordnance. Of these things, but for your majesty's commandment, others can say more than I; and, partly, there is orders set down."

"Now, for your person, being the most dainty and sacred thing we have in this world to care for, much more for advice to be given in the direction of it, a man must tremble when he thinks of it, specially, finding your majesty to have that princely courage to transport yourself to your utmost confines of your realm to meet your enemies, and to defend your subjects. I cannot, most dear queen, consent to that, for upon your well doing consists all and some for your whole kingdom, and therefore preserve that above all. Yet will I not that (in some sort) so princely and so rare a magnanimity should not appear to your people and the world as it is. And thus far, if it may please your majesty, you may do: Withdraw yourself to your house at Havering, and your army, being about London, as at Stratford, East Ham, Hackney, and the villages thereabout, shall be not only a defence, but a ready supply to these counties, Essex and Kent, if need be. In the mean time, your majesty, to comfort this army and people of both these counties may, if it please you, spend two or three days to see both the camp and forts. It [Tilbury] is not above fourteen miles, at most, from Havering-Bower, and a very convenient place for your majesty to lie in the way [between Tilbury and London]. To rest you at the camp, I trust you will be pleased with your *pore* lieutenant's cabin;<sup>1</sup> and within a mile [of it] there is a gentleman's house, where your majesty also may lie. Thus shall you comfort not only these thousands, but many more that shall hear of it; and so far, but no farther, can I consent to adventure your person. By the grace of God, there can be no danger in this, though the enemy should pass by your fleet; and your majesty may (in that case) without dishonor, return to your own forces, their being at hand, and you may have two thousand horse well lodged at Romford and other villages near Havering-Bower, while your footmen [infantry] may lodge near London.

"Lastly, for myself, most gracious lady, you know what will most comfort a faithful servant; for there is nothing in this world I take that joy in that I do in your good favor; and it is no small favor to send to your *pore* servant, thus to visit him. I can yield no recompense but the like sacrifice I owe to God, which is, a thankful heart; and humbly, next my soul to Him, to offer body, life, and all, to do you acceptable service. And so will I pray to God, not only for present victory over all your enemies, but longest life, to see the end of all those who wish you evil, and make me so happy as to do you some service.—From Gravesend, ready to go to your *pore* but most willing soldiers, this Saturday, the 27th day of July.

"Your majesty's most faithful and ever obedient servant,

"R. LEICESTER.

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning himself, and his residence at Tilbury. He was lieutenant-general under the queen, who was generalissimo.

"P.S.—I have taken the best order possible with the [sub] lieutenants of Kent to be present at Dover themselves, and to keep there 3 or 4000 men to supply my lord admiral, if he come thither, and with anything else that he needs, that is to be had. I wish there may be some quantity of powder, to lie in Dover for all needs."

Gravesend was then fortified, and a bridge of barges drawn across the Thames, both to oppose the passage of the invading fleet, should any portion of the expedition have succeeded in entering the Nore, and to afford a means of communication for supplies of men and munition from Kent and Essex. Everything wore a martial and inspiring aspect, and all hearts were beating high with loyal and chivalric enthusiasm.

A picturesque description is given, by the contemporary poet James Aske, of the deportment of the noble young volunteers who had betaken themselves to the camp at Tilbury, in the earnest hope of performing good and loyal service for their country and queen:—

"Now might you see the field, late pasture-green,  
Wherein the beasts did take their food and rest,  
Become a place for brave and worthy men;  
Here noblemen, who stately houses have,  
Do leave them void to live within their tents;  
Here worthy squires, who lay on beds of down,  
Do cabin now upon a couch of straw.  
Instead of houses strong, with timber built,  
They cabins make of poles and thin green boughs;  
And where, of late, their tables costly were,  
They now do dine but on an earthie bank:  
Ne do they grieve at this, so hard a change,  
But think themselves thereby thrice happy made."<sup>1</sup>

The day on which Elizabeth went, in royal and martial pomp, to visit her loyal camp at Tilbury, has generally been considered the most interesting of her whole life. Never, certainly, did she perform her part, as the female leader of an heroic nation, with such imposing effect as on that occasion. A few lines from the contemporary poem, *Elizabetha Triumphans*, affording a few additional particulars connected with the royal heroine's proceedings at that memorable epoch of her life, may be acceptable to the admirers of that great sovereign:—

<sup>1</sup> *Elizabetha Triumphans*, by James Aske.

"On this same day—a fair and glorious day—  
 Came this our queen—a queen most like herself,  
 Unto her camp (now made a royal camp)  
 With all her troop (her court-like, stately troop),  
 Not like to those who couch on stately down,  
 But like to Mars, the god of fearful war;  
 And, heaving oft to skies her warlike hands,  
 Did make herself, Bellona-like, renowned.  
 The lord-lieutenant notice had thereof,  
 Who did forthwith prepare to entertain  
 The sacred goddess of the English soil."

From the same metrical chronicle we find that Elizabeth and her train came by water to Tilbury, and that Leicester, with the other officers whom she had appointed as the commanders of her forces, were waiting to receive her when the royal barge neared the fort:—

"The earl of Leicester, with those officers  
 Which chosen were to govern in the field,  
 At water-side within the Block-house stay'd,  
 In readiness there to receive our queen,  
 Who, landed, now doth pass along her way;  
 She thence some way, still marching king-like on,  
 The cannons at the Block-house were discharged,  
 The drums do sound, the fifes do yield their notes,  
 And ensigns are displayed throughout the camp.  
 Our peerless queen doth by her soldiers pass,  
 And shows herself unto her subjects there;  
 She thanks them oft for their (of duty) pains,  
 And they, again, on knees do pray for her;  
 They couch their pikes, and bow their ensigns down,  
 When as their sacred royal queen passed by."

Midway between the fort and the camp her majesty was met by sir Roger Williams, the second in command, at the head of two thousand horse, which he divided into two brigades, one to go before her, and the other behind to guard her person, and, together with two thousand foot-soldiers, escorted her to master Rich's house, about three miles from the camp, where she was to sleep that night. Aske continues:—

"The soldiers, which placed were far off  
 From that same way through which she passed along,  
 Did hallo oft 'The Lord preserve our queen!'  
 He happy was that could but see her coach,



The sides whereof, beset with emeralds  
And diamonds, with sparkling rubies red  
In checkerwise, by strange invention  
With curious knots embroider'd with gold ;  
Thrice happy they who saw her stately self,  
Who, Juno-like, drawne with her proudest birds,  
Passed along through quarters of the camp."

The grand display was reserved for the following morning, when the female majesty of England came upon the ground mounted on a stately charger, with a marshal's truncheon in her hand ; and forbidding any of her retinue to follow her, presented herself to her assembled troops, who were drawn up to receive their stout-hearted liege lady on the hill, near Tilbury church. She was attended only by the earl of Leicester and the earl of Ormonde, who bore the sword of state before her ; a page followed, carrying her white-plumed regal helmet. She wore a polished steel corslet on her breast, and below this warlike bodice descended a farthingale of such monstrous amplitude that it is wonderful how her mettled war-horse submitted to carry a lady encumbered with a gabardine of so strange a fashion ;<sup>1</sup> but in this veritable array the royal heroine rode bare-headed between the lines, with a courageous and smiling countenance. When the thunders of applause with which she was greeted by her army had a little subsided, she harangued them in the following popular speech :—  
"My loving people,—We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery ; but, I do assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear : I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects ; and therefore I am come amongst you as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all,—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honor and

<sup>1</sup> It is thus Elizabeth appears in an engraving of the times, in the Grainger portraits, only wearing her helmet.

my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king,<sup>1</sup>—and of a king of England, too,—and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms,—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns, and, we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. For the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp and your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people.” The soldiers, many of whom, be it remembered, were volunteers of gentle blood and breeding, unanimously responded to this address, by exclaiming, “Is it possible that any Englishman can abandon such a glorious cause, or refuse to lay down his life in defence of this heroic princess?”<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth was then fifty-five years old: she had borne the sceptre and the sword of empire with glory for thirty years. Time, which had faded her youthful charms, robbed the once plump cheek of its roundness, and elongated the oval contour of her face, had nevertheless endeared her to her people, by rendering her every day more perfect in the queenly art of captivating their regard by a gracious and popular demeanor. She had a smile and a pleasant speech for every one who approached her with demonstrations of affection and respect. Her high pale forehead was, indeed, furrowed with the lines of care, and her lofty features sharpened; but her piercing eye retained its wonted fires, and her majestic form was unbent by the pressure of years. The Protestants hailed her as a mother in Israel,—another Deborah, for the land had had rest in her time. The

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the pride and courage of a king.

<sup>2</sup> *Mademoiselle Keralio's Life of Queen Elizabeth.*

Catholics felt like patriots, and forgot their personal wrongs when they saw her, like a true daughter of the Plantagenets, vindicating the honor of England, undismayed by the stupendous armament that threatened her coast, and united with every class and denomination of her subjects in applauding and supporting her in her dauntless determination. Perhaps there was not a single man among the multitudes who that day beheld their maiden monarch's breast sheathed in the warriors iron panoply, and heard her declaration "that she would be herself their general," that did not feel disposed to exclaim,—

"Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a queen?"

The wisdom and magnanimity of the union of rival creeds and adverse parties in one national bond of association for the defence of their threatened land doubtless inspired the immortal lines with which Shakspeare concluded his historical play of King John, which, from the many allusions it contains to the state of the times, was evidently written at the epoch of the Armada:—

"This England never did, nor never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them : nought shall make us rue,  
If England to herself do rest but true."

Although the news from her majesty's fleet was of the most cheering nature, the Armada was still formidable in numbers and strength, and serious apprehensions were entertained of the landing of the prince of Parma with the Flemish armament and flotilla while the English navy was engaged in battling with Medina Sidonia in the Channel. We find from a paragraph in a letter from sir Edward Ratcliffe, that while the queen was dining with Leicester in his tent, a post entered with the report that the duke was embarked for England with all his forces, and would be there with all speed. This news was presently published

through the camp.<sup>1</sup> "Her majesty," says Ratcliffe,<sup>2</sup> in another part of his letter, "hath honored our camp with her presence, and comforted many of us with her gracious usage. It pleased her to send for me to my lord general's tent, and to make me kiss her hand, giving me many thanks for my forwardness in this service, telling me 'I showed from what house I was descended,' and assuring me 'that, before it was long, she would make me better able to serve her;' which speech being spoken before many, did well please me, however the performance may be."<sup>3</sup>

While Elizabeth was at Tilbury, don Pedro Valdez, the second in command in the Spanish fleet, whose ship was taken by sir Francis Drake in the action of July 22d, was by his bold captor sent to sir Francis Walsingham, to be presented to her majesty as the first pledge of victory. Whether Drake's earnestly expressed desire was complied with to the letter is doubtful;<sup>4</sup> but it is certain that the unlucky Spaniard's name was very freely used by Elizabeth's ministers for the delusion of the credulous souls who had been persuaded that the sole object of the Spanish invasion was the pleasure of inflicting tortures and death upon the whole population of England. "The queen lying in the camp one night, guarded by her army," writes Dr. Lionel Sharp, one of the military chaplains, "the old treasurer [Burleigh] came thither, and delivered to the earl [Leicester] the examination of dom Pedro, which examination the earl of Leicester delivered to me, to publish to the army in my next sermon,"<sup>5</sup>—a piece of divinity which, doubtless, would have been well worth the hearing. The

<sup>1</sup> Cabala, third ed.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of sir E. Ratcliffe to the earl of Sussex, in Ellis.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Edward Ratcliffe was probably the gentlemen of whom lord Bacon relates the following incident:—"Queen Elizabeth, seeing one of her courtiers," whom Bacon calls sir Edward, "in her garden, put her head out of her window and asked him, in Italian, 'What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?' Sir Edward, who was a suitor for some grants which had been promised but delayed, paused a little as if to consider, and then answered, 'Madame, he thinks of a woman's promises.' The queen drew in her head, saying, 'Well, sir Edward, I must not confute you.' He never obtained the preferment he sued for."

<sup>4</sup> See Drake's despatch, in Wright, vol. ii. p. 382.

<sup>5</sup> Cabala.

paragraph, concocted by Burleigh for this popular use, purported to be the ferocious replies of dom Pedro in his examination before the privy council. Being asked what was their intent in coming out, he stoutly answered, "What but to subdue your nation, and root you all out."—"Good," said the lords; "and what meant you to do with the Catholics?"—"We meant," he replied, "to send them, good men, directly to heaven, as all you that are heretics to hell," etc. The news of the final defeat and dispersion of the Armada was brought to her majesty, while she was yet at Tilbury, on the 8th of August, by those gallant volunteers the young earl of Cumberland and her maternal kinsman Robert Carey, who had joined the fleet as volunteers at Plymouth, and distinguished themselves in the repeated fierce engagements in the Channel between the ships of England and Spain.<sup>1</sup>

A mighty storm—a storm which, to use the emphatic expression of Strada, "shook heaven and earth"—finally decided the contest, and delivered England from the slightest apprehension of a rally and fresh attack from the scattered ships of the Armada. The gallant Howard chased them northward as long as he could, consistently with the safety of his own vessels and the want of ammunition, of which the parsimonious interference of the queen, in matters really out of a woman's province, had caused an insufficient supply to be doled out to her brave seamen. But winds and waves fought mightily for England, and while not so much as a single boat of ours was lost, many of the stateliest ships of Spain were dashed upon the shores of Ireland and Scotland, where their crews perished miserably.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A brief, but very spirited narrative of these successive naval triumphs of English valor and nautical skill over the superior force of Spain is given by Robert Carey, in his autobiography, which fills up one or two omissions in Camden's eloquent account of the operations of the rival fleets.

<sup>2</sup> One of the Armada ships, called the Florida, was wrecked on the coast of Morven in that memorable storm on the 7th of August, 1588, and her shattered hulk has lain there ever since. During my visit to Scotland in 1843, a very amiable lady, Miss Morris, who resides on the spot, presented me with a pretty little brooch in the form of a cross, made of a fragment of the timber of that vessel—Spanish oak, black and polished as ebony, and set in gold, which will ever be worn by me as a memorial, not only of the signal deliverance of England



But to return to Elizabeth's visit to Tilbury. "Our royal mistress hath been here with me," writes Leicester to the earl of Shrewsbury, "to see her camp and people, which so inflamed the hearts of her good subjects, as I think the weakest person among them is able to match the proudest Spaniard that dares land in England. But God hath also fought mightily for her majesty, and I trust they be too much daunted to follow their pretended enterprise."<sup>1</sup> The queen had given the post of captain-general of the cavalry to Essex, an inexperienced youth, not yet two-and-twenty, and on the day of her visit to the camp treated him with peculiar marks of her regard. Elizabeth's farewell to her army is thus gracefully described by Aske:—

"When Phœbus' lights were in the middle part  
 'Twixt east and west, fast hastening to his home,  
 Our sovereigne, our sacred, blissful queen,  
 Was ready to depart from out her camp;  
 Against whose coming, every captain was  
 There prest to show themselves in readiness  
 To do the will of their high general.  
 There might you see most brave and gallant men,  
 Who lately were beclad in Mars his clothes,  
 Inranked then in court-like, costly suits,  
 Through whom did pass our queen, most Dido-like  
 (Whose stately heart doth so abound in love,  
 A thousand thanks it yields unto them all),  
 To water-side to take her royal barge.  
 Amidst the way, which was the outward ward  
 Of that her camp, her sergeant-major stood  
 Among those squadrons which there then did ward;  
 Her eyes were set so earnestly to view,  
 As him unseen she would not pass along,  
 But calls him to her rich-built coach's side,  
 And thanking him, as oft before she had,  
 Did will him do this message from her mouth."

The message is merely a brief repetition of her former address to the troops.

The long continuance of dry weather, which had rendered the encampment of the army on the banks of the Thames so agreeable to the gallant recruits and volunteers who were and her Elizabeth, but of the gratifying manner in which I was welcomed on my first historical pilgrimage to the hospitable land of the mountain and the stream.

<sup>1</sup> Wright.

there assembled, is noticed in the *Elizabetha Triumphans*, and also the storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, which befell the same evening the queen departed from Tilbury. This was, doubtless, the skirts of one of the tempests which proved so fatal to the scattered ships of the Armada. James Aske, after recording the embarkation of the queen on the Thames, thus quaintly describes the thunder following the royal salute at her departure:—

“Where, once imbarged, the roaring cannons were  
Discharged, both those which were on Tilbury hill,  
And also those which at the Block-house were,  
And there, even then, the 'fore white-mantled air,  
From whence the sun shed forth his brightest beams,  
Did clothe itself with dark and dusky hue,  
And with thick clouds barr'd Phœbus' gladsome streams  
From lightning then the earth with glorious show;  
It pours forth showers in great and often drops,—  
Signs of the grief for her departure thence.  
And Terra now, her highness' footstool late,  
Refuseth quite those drops desired before  
To moisten her dried up and parched parts,  
And of herself, e'en then, she yielded forth  
Great store of waters from her late dried heart,  
Now deeply drown'd for this the parted loss  
Of this her sacred and renowned queen.”<sup>1</sup>

Great crowds of noblemen and gentlemen met and welcomed the queen at her landing, and attended her to St. James's palace, and, day after day, entertained her with warlike exercises, tilts, and tourneys. Everything then assumed a martial character. Appropriate medals were struck in commemoration of the victory, with the device of a fleet flying under full sail, with this inscription, VENIT, VIDIT, FUGIT,—‘It came, it saw, and fled.’ Others, in com-

<sup>1</sup> In culling these extracts from the poem which celebrates the glories of England's Elizabeth, twelve hundred lines of bathos have been waded through, for the sake of adding the interesting little facts that are there chronicled to the brief narrative general history has given of Elizabeth's visit to her camp. As a contemporary document, the *Elizabetha Triumphans* is valuable for costume, and minor incidents; but its staple commodity consists in vituperation against the popes, by whom Elizabeth had been anathematized, and the author fairly out-curses them all, besides transforming their bulls into horned beasts. It affords, however, a sample of the popular style of poetry of that epoch.

pliment to the female sovereign, bore the device of the fire-ships scattering the Spanish fleet, with this legend, *dux FŒMINA FACTI*,—‘It was done by a woman.’ This was an allusion to the generally-asserted fact that the idea of sending the fire-ships into the Spanish fleet originated with queen Elizabeth herself.

It has been finely observed by mademoiselle Keralio, in reply to the detracting spirit in which the baron de Sainte-Croix speaks of Elizabeth’s exultation in the victory, as not owing to her but the elements, “It was not to the elements, but to her that the victory was due. Her intrepidity of demeanor, the confidence she showed in the love of her subjects, her activity, her foresight, inspired the whole nation with an ardor which triumphed over all obstacles. The generosity of the English nation contributed its part to the success. Effingham profited by the faults of Medina and the apathy of Parma, and the difficulty experienced by the Spanish seamen in manœuvring their floating castles. The elements did the rest, it is true; but then the fleet of Medina was already vanquished, and flying before that of Howard.”

Very fully did the people of England appreciate the merits of their sovereign on this occasion, and by them she was all but deified in the delirium of their national pride and loyalty. Mention is made by Stowe of a foolish little tailor of the city of London who about that time suffered his imagination to be so much inflamed by dwelling on the perfections of his liege lady, “that he whined himself to death for love of her.” Lord Charles Cavendish, one of the wits of the court, alluded to this ridiculous circumstance in the following impromptu, which is merely quoted as a confirmation of the tale:—

“I would not, willingly,  
Be pointed at in every company,  
As was the little tailor that to death  
Was hot in love with queen Elizabeth.”

The King of Scotland not only remained true to the interests of his future realm at the time of the threatened Spanish invasion, but he celebrated the defeat of the Armada in a sonnet which possesses some poetic merit, and,

as the production of a royal muse, is highly curious, but he carefully abstains from complimenting queen Elizabeth. Elizabeth bestowed a pension on her brave kinsman, the lord admiral Howard, and provided for all the wounded seamen. She told Howard, "that she considered him and his officers as persons born for the preservation of their country." The other commanders and captains she always recognized whenever she saw them, graciously saluting them by their names. Her young kinsman, Essex, she made knight of the Garter. Her great reward was, however, reserved for Leicester, and for him she created the office of lord-lieutenant of England and Ireland,—an office that would have invested him with greater power than any sovereign of this country had ever ventured to bestow on a subject, so strangely had he regained his influence over her mind since his return from the Netherlands. The patent for this unprecedented dignity was made out and only awaited the royal signature, when the earnest remonstrances of Burleigh and Hatton deterred her majesty from committing so great an error. Leicester was bitterly disappointed, and probably did not forego the promised preferment without an angry altercation with his sovereign, for it is stated that she became so incensed with him that she declined all reconciliation, and brought him into a despondency which ended in his death.<sup>1</sup> He quitted the court in disgust, and being seized with a burning fever, probably one of the autumnal endemics caught in the Essex salt-marshes while disbanding the army at Tilbury, he died on the 4th of September, at Cornbury park, in Oxfordshire, on his way to Kenilworth.<sup>2</sup> Others have asserted that his death was caused by a cup of poison which he had prepared for his countess, of whom he had become frantically jealous; but my lady Lettice, having by some means acquainted herself with his intention, took the opportunity of exchanging his medicine, during a violent fit of indigestion, for the deadly draught he had drugged for her. She next married his equerry, sir Christopher Blount, the object of his jealousy.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bohun.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

<sup>3</sup> Anthony & Wood's *Athenæ*, by Bliss, ii. p. 94. Leicester had been publicly

Leicester had been remarkable for his fine person, but he had grown corpulent and red-faced during the latter years of his life. He was fifty-five years of age at the time of his death. His will is a very curious document, especially that portion of it which regards queen Elizabeth:—

“And first of all, before and above all persons, it is my duty to remember my most dear and most gracious sovereign, whose creature, under God, I have been, and who hath been a most bountiful and princely mistress unto me, as well as advancing me to many honors, as in maintaining me many ways by her goodness and liberality; and as my best recompense to her most excellent majesty can be, from so mean a man, chiefly in prayer to God, so, whilst there was any breath in my body, I never failed it, even as for mine own soul. And as it was my greatest joy in my lifetime to serve her to her contentation, so it is not unwelcome to me, being the will of God, to die, and end this life in her service. And yet, albeit I am not able to make any piece of recompense for her great goodness, yet will I presume to present unto her a token of an humble and faithful heart, as the least that ever I can send her; and with this prayer, withal, that it may please the Almighty God not only to make her the oldest prince that ever reigned over England, but to make her the godliest, the *virtouest*, and the worthiest in his sight that he ever gave over any nation, that she may indeed be a blessed mother and nurse to this people and church of England, which the Almighty God grant, for Christ's sake. The token I do bequeath unto her majesty is, the jewel with three fair emeralds, with a fair large table diamond in the midst without a foil, and set about with many diamonds without foil, and a rope of fair, white pearl, to the number of six hundred, to hang the said jewel at, which pearl and jewel was once purposed for her majesty against her coming to Wansted; but it must now thus be disposed, which I do pray you, my dear wife, to see performed and delivered to some of those whom I shall hereafter nominate and appoint to be my overseers for her majesty.”<sup>1</sup>

The dying favorite might have spared himself the trouble of bequeathing this costly legacy to his royal mistress, together with the elaborate preamble of honeyed words that introduced the bequest; for, though she received the unexpected tidings of his death with a passionate burst of

accused of poisoning this lady's first husband, Walter earl of Essex, and many others. Pennant, after relating Leicester's persecution of sir Richard Bulkeley, says, “The earl made up his quarrel by inviting sir Richard to dinner with him. But he did eat or drink of nothing but what he saw the earl of Leicester taste, remembering *sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who was said to be poisoned by a fig eaten at his table.*”

<sup>1</sup> The probate of this will bears date 6th September, 1588. It is printed at length in the Sidney Papers. He there styles his son, by his forsaken wife the lady Douglas Sheffield, “my base son, Robert Dudley.” This, his only surviving son, assumed a loftier title than Leicester, calling himself “the duke of Warwick.”



tears, her avarice got the better of her love, and she ordered, in the same hour, her *distringas* to be placed on his personal effects, and had them sold by public auction to liquidate certain sums in which he was indebted to her exchequer,—a proceeding which says little for her sensibility or delicacy.

A brief description of a few of the gifts which Leicester was accustomed to present to his royal mistress at New-year's tide, may possibly be interesting to our fair readers. His name is generally placed at the head of the list of the courtiers, male and female, who thus sought to propitiate her favor. In the fourteenth year of her reign, he gave—

“An armlet or shackle of gold, all over fairly garnished with rubies and diamonds, having within, in the clasp, a watch, and outside a fair lozenge diamond without a foil, from which depended a round jewel fully garnished with diamonds, and a pendant pearl weighing upwards of sixteen ounces. This was enclosed in a case of purple velvet embroidered with Venice gold, and lined with green velvet.”<sup>1</sup>

The next year he gave her a rich carcanet or collar of gold, enriched with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. His New-year's gift, in the year 1574, savors more of a love-token, being—

“A fan of white feathers, set in a handle of gold, garnished on one side with two very fair emeralds, and fully garnished with diamonds and rubies; the other side garnished with rubies and diamonds, and on each side a white bear [his cognizance], and two pearls hanging, a lion ramping, with a white muzzled bear at his foot.”

The ragged staves, his badge, are audaciously introduced with true-love knots of pearls and diamonds, in a very rich and fantastic head-dress, which he presented to his royal mistress in the twenty-second year of her reign, together with thirty-six small buttons of gold, with ragged staves and true-love knots. It is to be hoped, for the honor of female royalty, that Elizabeth never degraded herself by using these jewels, since the ragged staves were worn by his vassals, retainers, and serving-men as the livery-badge of the aspiring house of Dudley, in imitation of the princely line of Beauchamp. In the list of Elizabeth's jewels published by sir Henry Ellis, we also observe “a little bottle of amber

<sup>1</sup> Sloane MS., No. 814; British Museum.

with a gold foot, and on the top thereof a bear with a ragged staff." In the twenty-third year of Elizabeth's reign Leicester gives—

"A chain of gold, made like a pair of beads, containing eight long pieces garnished with small diamonds, and fourscore and one smaller pieces, fully garnished with like diamonds, and hanging thereat a round clock, fully garnished with diamonds, and an appendage of diamonds hanging thereat."

A more splendid device for a lady's watch and chain could scarcely be imagined; but the watch, or round clock as it is there styled, must have been of considerable size. This was the third or fourth jewel with a watch presented by Leicester to the queen. One of these was in a green enamel case, to imitate an apple.

A series of public thanksgivings took place in the city of London to celebrate the late national deliverance, but it was not till the 24th of November that her majesty went in state to St. Paul's for that purpose. She was attended on that occasion by her privy council, bishops, judges and nobles, the French ambassador, and many other honorable persons, all on horseback. She was herself seated *solus* in a triumphal car like a throne, with a canopy over it supported by four pillars,—the canopy being in the form of an imperial crown. In front of the throne were two low pillars, whereon stood a lion and a dragon, supporters of the arms of England.<sup>1</sup> This chariot throne was drawn by two milk-white steeds, attended by the pensioners and state footmen. Next to the royal person, leading her majesty's horse of estate, richly caparisoned, rode her gay and gallant new master of the horse, Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, who appeared to have succeeded his deceased step-father, the earl of Leicester, not only in that office, but in the post of chief favorite. After him came a goodly train of ladies of honor, and on each side of them the guard on foot in their rich coats, with halberds in their hands. When the queen reached Temple bar, Edward Schets Corvinus, an officer of her privy-chamber, presented her majesty a jewel, containing a crapon or loadstone set in gold, which she, graciously accepting, said, "It was the first gift that she had received

<sup>1</sup> Nichols's Progresses, vol. iii., from a contemporary tract.

that day,"—an observation which, considering Elizabeth's constitutional thirst for presents, had in it, probably, a covert tone of reproach. She got nothing more that day, however, except a book entitled *The Light of Britain*, a complimentary effusion to her honor and glory, presented to her by Henry Lite, of Litescarie, gentleman, the author thereof.

At Temple bar the lord mayor and his brethren the aldermen, in scarlet, received and welcomed their sovereign to her city and chamber; and after going through the usual ceremonials, attended her to St. Paul's. The streets through which her majesty passed were hung with blue cloth, and on one side of the way, from the Temple to St. Paul's, were marshalled the city companies with their banners; on the other, stood the lawyers and gentlemen of the inns of court. "Mark the courtiers!" said Francis Bacon, who was present with his brethren of the black robe; "those who bow first to the citizens are in debt; those who bow first to us are at law." But how those unlucky wights bowed who were both at law and in debt, the English sage did not describe.<sup>1</sup> It was, however, a day on which private troubles were for the most part forgotten, in the general gush of national joy and national pride which glowed in every English heart.

On entering the church, Elizabeth knelt down and offered up a silent prayer to God; which prayer being finished, she was, under a rich canopy, brought through the long west aisle to her traverse in the choir, the clergy singing the Litany. This ended, she was conducted to a closet made for the purpose out of the north wall of the church, towards the pulpit cross, where she heard a sermon from Dr. Pierce, bishop of Salisbury. The text of this sermon is said to have been from the appropriate words, "Thou didst blow with thy winds, and they were scattered." The banners and other trophies from the conquered Armada were hung up in the church. After the service was concluded, her majesty returned through the church to the bishop of London's palace, where she dined, and returned in the same order as before, but with great light of torches.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bacon's Works.

The last of the *Mercuries* relating to the Spanish Armada bears the date of this memorable day, and under the head of 'London' it details the royal visit to the city, and the public thanksgiving for the glorious success of the English fleet. One of Burleigh's New-year's gifts to queen Elizabeth, on the first of the next January, bore reference to the victory, being a plate of gold, graven on one side with astronomical designs, and on the other with a ship called the 'Triumph.' This gift was in a case of murrey velvet embroidered with a ship, and had strings and tassels of Venice gold, silver, and silk. Cups and porringers, of white porcelain ornamented with gold, are among the gifts to Elizabeth this year; but the greater portion of the nobility, and all the bishops, made their offerings in money, out of consideration, doubtless, of the impoverished state of the exchequer.

Bishop Goodman gives the following description of Elizabeth's deportment a few weeks after the dispersion of the Armada:—"I did then live in the Strand, near St. Clement's church,<sup>1</sup> when suddenly there was a report (it was then December, about five, and very dark) that the queen was gone to council; and I was told, 'If you will see the queen, you must come quickly.' Then we all ran, when the court gates were set open, and no man hindered us from coming in. There we stayed an hour and a half, and the yard was full, there being a great number of torches, when the queen came out in great state: then we cried, 'God save your majesty!' And the queen turned to us, and said, 'God bless you all! my good people.' Then we cried again, 'God save your majesty!' And the queen said again to us, 'Ye may well have a greater prince, but ye shall never have a more loving prince.' And so the queen and the crowd there, looking upon one another awhile, her majesty departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are best seen by torch-light, that all the way long we did nothing but talk of what an admirable queen she was, and how we would all adventure our lives in her ser-

<sup>1</sup> This scene probably took place at Somerset house.—Bishop Goodman's *Court of James*, vol. i. p. 163.

vice. Now this was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily they might have gotten into the crowd and multitude to do her mischief." Bishop Goodman goes on to argue, from facts, that the numerous persons sacrificed for intended conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth were victims to the state tricks of the ministers, and that neither the queen nor the government really deemed that she was ever in any danger.

On the anniversary of her coronation she came from Richmond by water to Chelsea, and dined with Charles Howard, lord admiral. She then set out in her coach, at dark night, from Chelsea to Whitehall, the road being lined with people to behold her entry. The lord mayor and aldermen came in their state dresses to meet her by torch-light. Elizabeth occasionally made Chelsea palace her resting-place, on the way from Richmond to London.<sup>1</sup>

She frequently spent the winter in London, and, according to the witness of a contemporary, who has written much in her praise, led no idle life. Before day, every morning, she transacted business with her secretaries of state and masters of requests. She caused the orders in council, proclamations, and all other papers relating to public affairs to be read, and gave such orders as she thought fit on each, which were set down in short notes either by herself or her secretaries. If she met with anything perplexing, she sent for her most sagacious councillors and debated the matter with them, carefully weighing the arguments on each side till she was able to come to a correct decision. When wearied with her morning work, she would take a walk in her garden if the sun shone; but if the weather were wet or windy, she paced her long galleries in company with

<sup>1</sup> At the end of the Duke's walk, Chelsea, was an aged elm, called 'the queen's tree,' so named from the accident of a violent shower of rain coming on while queen Elizabeth was walking with lord Burleigh, when she took shelter under this large elm. After the rain was over, she said, "Let this be called the queen's tree." It was mentioned by this name in the parish books of Chelsea, in 1586 and had an arbor built round it by a person named Bostock, at the charge of the parish. A gigantic mulberry-tree is still shown in Mr. Druce's garden at Chelsea as queen Elizabeth's tree, from the tradition that it was planted by her hand.—Lord Cheyne's extract from Chelsea parish books, quoted in Faulkner's Chelsea.



some of the most learned gentlemen of her court, with whom she was wont to discuss intellectual topics. There was scarcely a day in which she did not devote some portion of her time to reading history, or some other important study. She would commonly have some learned man with her, or at hand, to assist her, whose labor and talent she would well reward.<sup>1</sup> She ate very little, and in her declining life became still more abstemious. She seldom drank anything but common beer, fearing the use of wine, lest it should cloud her faculties. She strictly observed all the fast-days, and then allowed no meat to be served up. When she dined in public she ordered her table to be served with the greatest magnificence, and the side-tables to be adorned with costly plate, taking great pride in displaying her treasures, especially when she entertained the foreign ambassadors. Her nobles then waited upon her very reverentially. The cup-bearer never presented the cup without much ceremony, always kneeling when he gave or took it; but this was by no means remarkable, as she was always served on the knee. Songs and music were heard during the banquet.<sup>2</sup> If she dined in private, she generally in summer reposed herself for a short time on an Indian couch, curiously and richly covered; but in the winter she omitted her noon sleep. At supper she would relax herself with her friends and attendants, and endeavor to draw them into merry and pleasant discourse. After supper she would sometimes listen to a song, or a lesson or two played on the lute. She would then admit Tarleton, a famous comedian, and other persons of the kind, to divert her with stories of the town, and any droll occurrences that befell; but would express her displeasure if any uncourteous personality were used towards any one present, or the bounds of modesty transgressed. Tarleton, however, either from the natural presumption of his character, or suborned by Burleigh, took the liberty of aiming his sarcastic shafts at two of the men most distinguished by the favor of royalty. First, he, as before related, glanced at Raleigh's influence

<sup>1</sup> Bohun's Character of Queen Elizabeth. The learned sir Henry Savill used to read Greek to her, and politics also. Aubrey tells us that he was so great a favorite with her, it inflated him too much.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

with the queen; and then, unawed by her majesty's frown, he went on to reflect on the over-great power and riches of the earl of Leicester, which was received with such unbounded applause by all present, that Elizabeth, though she affected to hear it with unconcern, was inwardly so deeply offended that she forbade Tarleton and the rest of her jesters from coming near her table any more.<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth had had a previous warning of the folly of sovereigns in allowing persons of more wit than manners the opportunity of exercising their sharp weapons against royalty. One of her jesters, named Pace, having transgressed once or twice in that way, she had forbidden him her presence. One of his patrons, however, undertook to make his peace with her majesty, and promised, in his name, that he would conduct himself with more discretion if he were permitted to resume his office for the amusement of the court, on which the queen allowed him to be brought in. As soon as she saw him, she exclaimed, "Come on, Pace; now we shall hear of our faults!"—"What is the use of speaking of what all the town is talking about?" growled the incorrigible cynic.<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth not unfrequently indulged in jests herself. Every one is familiar with the impromptu couplet she made on the names of four knights of the county of Nottinghamshire:—

"Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,  
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout."

In all probability, the following rebus on the name of sir Walter Raleigh was also one of her majesty's extempore couplets. It savors of her style:—

"The bane of the stomach, and the word of disgrace,  
Is the name of the gentleman with the bold face."

She detested, as ominous, all dwarfs and monsters, and seldom could be induced to bestow an appointment, either civil or ecclesiastical, on a mean-looking, ugly man. "She always," said lord Bacon, "made sedulous inquiries regarding the moral qualifications of any candidate for preferment,

<sup>1</sup> Bohun's Character of Queen Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> Bacon.

and then considered his mien and appearance. Upon one of these occasions she observed to me, 'Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority, if the man be despised?' " "My lord Bacon's soul lodgeth well," she observed one day, after contemplating the ample brow of her lord keeper. She always forbade her gouty premier to rise or stand in her presence, when she saw he was suffering from his malady, with this facetious remark:—"My lord, we make use of you, not for your bad legs, but your good head."<sup>1</sup>

Aubrey relates the following whimsical story, in illustration of queen Elizabeth's predilection for having the officers of her household tall, handsome men. There came a country gentleman up to town who had several sons, but one an extraordinary, proper, handsome fellow, whom he did hope to have preferred to be a yeoman of the guard. The father, a goodly man himself, came to sir Walter Raleigh, and made known his request. "Had you spoken for yourself," quoth sir Walter Raleigh, "I should readily have granted your desire, but I put in no boys." Then said the father, "Boy, come in;" and the son enters, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, but such a goodly proper youth as sir Walter had not seen the like, for he was the tallest of all the guard. Sir Walter not only swore him in, but ordered him to carry up the first dish at dinner, "when the queen," says our quaint author, "beheld him with admiration, as if a beautiful young giant had stalked in with the service."<sup>2</sup> At the sales of crown property, the queen used to say "her commissioners behaved to her as strawberry venders to their customers, who laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of the pottle, and all the rest were little ones; so they gave her two or three good prices at the first, and the rest fetched nothing."<sup>3</sup>

This great queen was very fond of singing-birds, apes, and little dogs; but her better taste and feeling manifested itself in her love for children. It has been seen that, when a prisoner in the Tower, she was wont to divert her cares

<sup>1</sup> Lloyd, *State Worthies*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lives and Letters of Eminent Men*, vol. ii. p. 516-517.

<sup>3</sup> Bacon's *Apothegms*.

and anxious forebodings by talking with the warder's little ones, whose affections she certainly wholly captivated, at that time, by her endearing behavior; and when age brought with it the painful conviction of the deceitfulness of court flatterers, her sick heart was soothed by the artless prattle of guileless infancy, and she exhibited almost maternal tenderness when she was brought into personal contact with the children of her nobles. "You would scarcely believe me," writes one of the Shrewsbury retainers to his lord, when describing the demeanor of her majesty at a recent fête, "if I were to write how much her majesty did make of the little lady, your daughter, with often kissing (which her majesty seldom used to any), and the amending her dressing with pins, and still carrying her in her own barge, and so homeward from the running. Her majesty said (and true it is) she was very like the lady, her grandmother."<sup>1</sup> In moments when her mind required relaxation of a graver character, Elizabeth displayed her sound judgment in the pleasure she took in the conversation of learned travellers, with whom she would talk publicly, and ask them many questions concerning the government, customs, and discipline used abroad. Sometimes she recreated herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing: occasionally she played at cards and tables, and if she won, she would be sure to demand the money. When she retired to her bedchamber, she was attended by the married ladies of her household, among whom are particularly mentioned the marchioness of Winchester, the countess of Warwick, and lady Scrope. The *entrée* of this apartment was chiefly, we are told, confined to Leicester, Hatton, Essex, the lord admiral, and sir Walter Raleigh. When she found herself sleepy, she would dismiss those who were there with much kindness and gravity, and so betake herself to rest, some lady of quality, who enjoyed her confidence, always lying in the same chamber; and besides her guards, who were constantly on duty, there was always a gentleman of good quality and some others up in the next chamber, who were to wake her in case anything extraordinary happened.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lodge, vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Bohun.

"She was subject," says her warm panegyrist Bohun, "to be vehemently transported with anger; and when she was so, she would show it by her voice, her countenance, and her hand. She would chide her familiar servants so loud that they who stood afar off might sometimes hear her voice. And it was reported that for small offences she would strike her maids of honor with her hand." This report is confirmed by the witness of her godson, Harrington, and many other contemporaries, who enjoyed the opportunity of being behind the scenes in the virgin court. It is to be observed, however, that the stormy explosions of temper to which queen Elizabeth occasionally gave way were confined to the recesses of her palace. They were indulged without restraint in the bedchamber, they shook the council-room, and they were sometimes witnessed in the presence-chamber, but they never were seen nor heard beyond those walls. Her ladies complained that they had felt the weight of the royal arm; foreign ambassadors, as well as her own courtiers, have reported her fierce rejoinders, her startling oaths; but to her people she was all sunshine and good humor. Her strength, her wealth, her greatness, were centred in their affection; and she was too wise to incur, by any impatient gesture or haughty expression, the risk of alienating the love with which they regarded her. In her progresses, she was always most easy of approach; private persons and magistrates, men, women, and children came joyfully, and without any fear, to wait upon her, and to see her. Her ears were then open to the complaints of the afflicted, and of those who had been in any way injured. She would not suffer the meanest of her people to be shut out from the places where she resided, but the greatest and the least appeared equal in her sight. She took with her own hand, and read with the greatest goodness, the petitions of the meanest rustics, and disdained not to speak kindly to them, and to assure them that she would take a particular care of their affairs.<sup>1</sup> She never appeared tired, nor out of temper, nor annoyed, at the most unseasonable or uncourtly approach; nor was she offended with the

<sup>1</sup> Bohun.



most impudent and importunate petitioner. There was no disturbance to be seen in her countenance, no reproaches nor reproofs escaped her, nor was there anything in the whole course of her reign, not even the glorious success of her navy against the boasted armament of Spain, that more won the hearts of her people than her condescension and facility of access, and the gracious manner in which she demeaned herself towards all who came to offer the unbought homage of their love and loyalty.

Among other popular customs, queen Elizabeth was wont to honor Greenwich Fair with her presence. On one of these occasions she came, says tradition, riding on a pillion behind her favorite master of the horse, Leicester, and the people not only greeted her, as was their custom when she appeared among them, with rapturous acclamations, but, in their eagerness to get near her, to catch a look, a word, or perhaps to snatch a jewelled button or aglet from her dress, thronged her majesty almost to suffocation. Her noble equerry then, as a matter of necessity, used his riding-whip very smartly, to drive the boldest of them back; whereupon her majesty graciously interposed ever and anon, crying, "Prithee, my lord, take heed that you hurt not my loving people. Pray, my lord, do not hurt any of my loving people." But when, in obedience to these tender remonstrances, he desisted, and she found herself incommoded by the pressure of the crowd and her progress impeded, she said to the earl, in a low voice, "Cut them again, my lord! Cut them again."

It is a pleasure to be able to call attention, with deserved praise, to one instance of true magnanimity on the part of queen Elizabeth, although it appears to rest on the authority of a popular historical tradition. Among the attendants of Mary queen of Scots was a Scotchwoman, named Margaret Lambrun, whose husband had also been in the service of that unfortunate queen, to whom he was so greatly attached that his death was attributed to his excessive grief for the tragic fate of his royal mistress. Margaret, on this bereavement, took the desperate resolution of revenging the death of both on queen Elizabeth. For this purpose she

put on male apparel, and, assuming the name of Anthony Sparke, proceeded to the English court, carrying a brace of loaded pistols concealed about her at all times, intending to shoot queen Elizabeth with one, and to evade punishment by destroying herself with the other. One day, when her majesty was walking in the garden, Margaret endeavored to force her way through the crowd, to approach close enough to the royal person to perpetrate her design, but, in her agitation, she dropped one of the pistols. This being observed by the yeomen of the guards, she was instantly seized; but when they were about to hurry her away to prison, Elizabeth, not suspecting the sex of the intended assassin, said "she would examine the prisoner herself." When Margaret was brought before her, she asked her name and country, and what had incited her to such a crime. Margaret undauntedly acknowledged who she was, and what she had intended. The queen heard her with unruffled calmness, and granted her a full and unconditional pardon. The president of the council protested that so daring an offender ought to be punished; whereupon Margaret, with the characteristic caution of her country, implored her majesty to extend her goodness one degree further, by granting her a safe-conduct, with permission to retire to France. This request was graciously complied with by the queen,<sup>1</sup> who, in this instance, chose to obey the impulse of her own feelings rather than the stern promptings of her minister.

It is ever to be lamented that Elizabeth stained the glorious year of the Armada with a series of cruel persecutions on the score of religion. January 14, 1588, a wretched deist, named Francis Wright, alias Kit of Wymondham, was burned alive in the castle ditch at Norwich. He was the fourth who had suffered in the same place, within the last five years, for promulgating erroneous opinions.<sup>2</sup> The same year six Catholic priests were hanged, drawn, and quartered; four laymen, who had embraced Protestantism, for returning to their old belief; four others, and a gentlewoman of the name of Ward, for concealing

<sup>1</sup> Adams's Biographical Dictionary.

<sup>2</sup> Blomfield's Norwich.

Catholic priests, besides fifteen of their companions, who were arraigned for no other offence than their theological opinions.<sup>1</sup> Very heavy and repeated fines were levied on those whom it was not considered expedient to put to death. The fines of recusants formed a considerable item in the crown revenues at that period, and they were, of course, hunted out with keen rapacity by an odious swarm of informers, who earned a base living by augmenting the miseries of their unfortunate fellow-creatures.

Another intolerable grievance of Elizabeth's government was the custom of borrowing privy-seal loans, as they were called, but a more oppressive mode of taxation can scarcely be imagined. Whenever her majesty's ministers heard of any person who had amassed a sum of ready money, they sent, to the next magistrate of the district, papers sealed with her privy-seal, signifying her gracious intention of becoming his debtor to a certain amount.<sup>2</sup> The privy-seal loan papers sometimes offered ten and twelve per cent. interest, but no other security than the personal one of the sovereign for the payment of either principal or interest, and, in case of death, left the liquidation of the debt to the honor of the successor to the crown. We have seen how heavily the unpaid privy-seal debts laid on the conscience of queen Mary in the hour of death. This expedient was first resorted to by cardinal Wolsey, to supply the exigencies of his profligate sovereign Henry VIII. Such was the

<sup>1</sup> Stowe. Lingard.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge, vol. ii. 356, presents a most curious instance of the transfer of a privy-seal, which was sent to an unfortunate man at Leek, in Staffordshire, who was impoverished by lawsuits. From this unpromising subject master Richard Bagot proposes, out of justice or revenge, to transfer the royal imposition to an old usurer, who bore the appropriate cognomen of Reynard Devil (which name, civilly spelt, is Reginald Deville). "Truly, my lord," writes Bagot, "a man that wanteth ability to buy a nag to follow his own causes in law to London, pity it were to load him with the loan of any money to her majesty; but as for Reynard Devil, a usurer by occupation, without *wiff* or charge, and worth 1000*l*. he will never do good in his country; it were a charitable deed in your lordship to impose the privy-seal on him. He dwelleth with his brother, John Devil, at Leek aforesaid." Now this country gentleman, like Cyrus with the great coat and little coat, certainly dwelt more on equity than law, and the whole affair proves the absolute despotism of Elizabeth and her privy council.

inauspicious dawn of a system of facile involvement. There was the less necessity for partial and unconstitutional extortions from private individuals in the golden days of good queen Bess, since her parliaments were exceedingly liberal in according supplies. That which met February, 1589, granted her two subsidies of two shillings and eightpence in the pound, besides four-tenths and a fifteenth. The convocation of the clergy granted her six shillings in the pound on all church property. It is true that this parliament objected to grant the supplies till some abuses in the exchequer, and also in the conduct of the royal purveyors, should be reformed, observing, "that otherwise they were aware that they should be dissolved as soon as they had passed the bill for the subsidies." The queen took umbrage at the measures under consideration. Burleigh told the house "that her majesty disliked the bills." On which a committee of the commons, with the speaker, waited upon her with palliative apologies and professions of loyal affection, under which Elizabeth plainly detected an intention of carrying the matter through, and, with unconstitutional haughtiness, told them, "that the regulations of her household and revenues belonged only to herself; that she had as much skill and power to rule and govern them as her subjects had to rule and govern theirs without the aid of their neighbors; but that, out of her loving kindness to her people, who were dearer to her than herself, she had taken steps for the correction of these abuses." If Mary Stuart had not been removed, it is plain that Elizabeth would not have ventured either to interfere with the business before the house, or to speak of the free realm of England as if it had been her personal estate, and her jurisdiction over it subject to no restraining influence from the representatives of the people. Elizabeth was at this period so secure of the strength of her position that she felt she could not only *do* as she pleased, but say *what* she pleased,—the more dangerous indulgence of the royal will of the two.

On the 29th of March this parliament was dissolved, preparatory to the arraignment of the earl of Arundel in Westminster hall, before a select number of peers and privy

councillors appointed by Elizabeth for his trial, if such it may be termed, after five years' imprisonment in the Tower. The heads of his impeachment were, "that he had maintained a correspondence with cardinal Allen; that he had attempted to withdraw privily from the realm; that he was privy to pope Sixtus's bull against the queen; and that he had caused a mass to be said in his prison for the success of the Spanish Armada, and had even composed a special prayer himself on that occasion." The noble prisoner, pale and emaciated with sickness and long confinement, was brought into court by sir Owen Hopton, the lieutenant of the Tower, sir Drue Drury, and others, the axe being carried before him. He made two obeisances when he presented himself at the bar. Then the clerk of the court told him he was indicted of several offences, and said, "Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, late of Arundel in the county of Sussex, hold up thy hand." He held up his hand very high, saying, "Here is as true a man's heart and hand as ever came into this hall." So frivolous was the evidence against this unfortunate nobleman that an emblematical piece found in his cabinet, having, on one side, a hand shaking a serpent into the fire, with this motto, "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" and on the other a rampant lion without claws, and with this inscription, "Yet a lion,"<sup>1</sup> was produced in court as one proof of his evil intentions. The earl replied "that this was a toy given to him by his man," and greatly must he have marvelled how, by any subtlety, such a device could have been construed into treason against the queen.

The witnesses against Arundel were, Bennet, the priest who had said the mass at his request, and Gerard and Shelley, who were present at it. These accused him of having offered up his prayers for the success of the expedition. Against the testimony of Bennet, the earl produced one of his own letters, in which he acknowledged that his confession was false, and had been exhorted by threats of torture and death. Yet every one of the lords commissioners by whom he was tried, when the verdict was de-

<sup>1</sup> Camden.



manded, placed his hand upon his breast and said, "Guilty, upon my honor." The earl of Derby, who was special high-steward of the court, pronounced the barbarous and ignominious sentence decreed by the laws of England against traitors. "*Fiat voluntas Dei*," responded the noble prisoner, in a low voice, and bowed, not to the packed junta who had, for the most part, assisted in sending his father to the block, but to the throne. He was led out of court, with the edge of the axe towards him. He petitioned the queen, after his sentence was pronounced, to be permitted to see his wife and son, a child of five years old, whom he had never seen. No answer was returned to his piteous supplication by Elizabeth, whose hatred to lady Arundel was deadly and implacable, even amounting to a repugnance to breathing the same air with her, since, whenever she was going to take up her abode at St. James's palace, she invariably sent her commands to lady Arundel to leave London.<sup>1</sup>

Her majesty had been in the habit of accepting New-years' gifts from the unfortunate earl. One that appears among the list of these offerings was "a jewel of gold, garnished with small diamonds and rubies standing upon a slope, with small pearls pendant."<sup>2</sup> A more costly present was offered and received in the season of his sore adversity, when he had been stripped and impoverished by a fine of 10,000*l.*, but was apparently anxious to testify his loyalty and good-will to his angry queen. It was a carcanet or collar of gold, containing seven pieces of gold, six true-love knots of small sparks of diamonds, and many pearls of various bigness. Elizabeth did not take his life. She had never ceased to upbraid Burleigh with having, by his ceaseless importunity, induced her to shed his father's blood,—that blood which was kindred with her own; and she could scarcely have forgotten that this unfortunate peer was the grandson and representative of an earl of Arundel to whose generous protection she was, in all probability, indebted for the preservation of her life, when herself a per-

<sup>1</sup> Contemporary MS. Life of the Countess of Arundel, in the Norfolk archives.

<sup>2</sup> List of New-year's gifts, in Sloane MSS.

secuted captive in the Tower. Her relentings on this point could scarcely be termed mercy, for she kept the axe suspended over the expecting victim for the residue of his wretched existence, so that every day he was in a state of suspense, expecting to receive a summons to the scaffold at an hour's notice. He was never permitted to behold again his devoted wife, or the unknown son for whom his fond heart had yearned in his lonely prison-house with the strong instinct of paternal love.<sup>1</sup> In this long-lingering bitterness of death Elizabeth was so pitiless as to keep her unhappy kinsman for upwards of six years, till sickness, brought on by pining sorrow, combined with want of air and exercise, terminated his life.<sup>2</sup>

The national spirit of England had been so fiercely roused by the threatened invasion of the Armada that nothing less than some attempt at retaliation would satisfy the people. Don Antonio, titular king of Portugal, was still a suppliant at the court of Elizabeth for assistance from her to establish him on the throne of his ancestors, and the last prayer of parliament to the queen before its dissolution was, that she would send an expedition to make reprisals on the king of

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Lingard. Howard Memorials. MS. Life of Philip Howard, earl of Arundel.

<sup>2</sup> How greatly his imprisonment had been embittered by the gratuitous harshness of the functionary who had him in ward may be gathered from his pathetic entreaties to the lieutenant of the Tower, who came to see him a few days before his death, not to use other prisoners as hardly as he had treated him. "You must think, master lieutenant," said the dying earl, "that when a prisoner comes hither to this Tower, he bringeth sorrow with him. Oh! then, do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest, but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hath cast down. The man that is void of mercy God hath in great detestation. Your commission is only to keep with safety, not to kill with severity." He was buried, at the queen's expense, in the same grave with his unfortunate father, the beheaded duke of Norfolk, in the Tower church; and the funeral service that was devised for him consisted not of the beautiful and consoling form prescribed in our liturgy for the burial rite, but of a series of unchristian-like insults to the dead. Among the sentences with which the chaplain, on his own authority, commenced this novel funeral service, were these words:—"Yet as it is said in the Scriptures, 'Go and bury yonder cursed woman, for she is a king's daughter,' so we commit his body to the earth, yet giving God hearty thanks that he hath delivered us of so great a fear."—MS. Life of Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, at Norfolk house, Dallaway's, Sussex.

Spain for his hostilities. Elizabeth liked the policy, but not the cost of such a measure. She said, "She was too poor to bear the burden herself: but her brave subjects were welcome to fit out an armament for the liberation of Portugal from the Spanish yoke, provided they would do it at their own expense, and she would lend them ships of war."<sup>1</sup> Drake, Norris, and other valiantly-disposed gentlemen took her majesty at her word, and formed an association for this purpose. Elizabeth subscribed six thousand pounds towards the adventure, and on the 18th of April, 1589, a gallant armament sailed from Plymouth for Lisbon, having on board the claimant of the crown of Portugal, and many noble young English volunteers, who were eager to assist in humbling the pride of Spain.

To these ardent aspirants for glory was unexpectedly added the queen's reigning favorite, Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, who had made his escape from court, and, unknown to his royal mistress, put to sea in a ship of war called the *Swiftsure*, and joined the fleet while it was detained by contrary winds.<sup>2</sup> Two years before, the young earl had, in like manner, stolen from the silken fetters of his courtly servitude, with the intention of signalizing himself by relieving the town of Sluys, which was at that time besieged by the Spanish forces; but the queen sent his young kinsman, Robert Carey, after him, to forbid his voyage. Carey overtook him at Sandwich, and, with much difficulty, prevailed upon him to return. It is doubtful whether the proffer of the crown-matrimonial of England would have induced Essex to have given up his present enterprise, so thoroughly transported was he with the desire of playing the knight-errant on this occasion. As soon as Elizabeth discovered the flight of her wilful favorite, she despatched the earl of Huntingdon, with all speed to follow and bring the truant back, but he was already out of the reach of pursuit. He was the foremost man to leave the boats and struggle through the opposing breakers to the attack of the castle of Penicha, and, wading up to the shoulders, first reached the land. The castle presently

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Lingard. Mackintosh.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge. Camden. Lingard.

surrendered to the English adventurers, and sir Henry Norris advanced so far as to take the suburbs of Lisbon; but for want of the promised co-operation of the king of Morocco, and indeed of the Portuguese themselves, who probably liked not the prospect of such an alliance, and, above all, on account of the deficiency of the munitions of war in their own fleet, they were unable to follow up the brilliant successes with which they commenced the campaign. Essex, with all the ardor of a young chivalric novice, burning to perform deeds of high emprise, advanced to the gates of Lisbon, and, beating a thundering summons there, challenged the governor to come forth and encounter him hand to hand, in single combat. No notice was, of course, taken of this romantic defiance by the Spaniard.<sup>1</sup>

Sickness broke out in the English army, and a fearful mortality ensued. Six thousand out of eighteen thousand were left on that ill-omened coast, victims to the pestilence, and the fleet returned to Plymouth without effecting anything compensatory for the loss of valuable lives it had involved. Elizabeth has been severely blamed for allowing the expedition to be undertaken at all, unless provided with the means of maintaining the honor of England. She had not yet learned wisdom on that point, although the experience of all her foreign expeditions had proved that she should have counted the costs of her warfare at first, and if she thought them too high, pursued a more pacific policy. But half-measures always prove in the end dear economy, and Elizabeth was exactly the person "to spoil the ship for a half-penny-worth of tar." She had amused herself, during the absence of Essex, with progresses, and all sorts of recreations calculated to impress her court and people with ideas of her juvenility instead of the cares and infirmities of advancing years. "The queen is well, I assure you," writes sir John Stanhope, one of the gentlemen of her privy-chamber; "six or seven galliards in a morning, besides music and singing, is her ordinary exercise."<sup>2</sup> She commanded lord Howard to return

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge, vol. ii. p. 386.

thanks for a well-trained palfrey he sent her, saying, 'She took it kindly and most graciously, that he should think of a thing that she did so greatly want, and that she never in her life had one she had taken a greater liking for.' Her majesty hath not yet ridden on him, but meaneth, the next time she rideth, to prove him. And, my lord, the day of the remove to the palace of Nonsuch (which was on the 19th), her majesty commanded me to ride on him, and I assure your lordship I could not give more commendations than he doth deserve." Thus was the gallant lord admiral Howard of Effingham useful in proving the paces of a royal lady's palfrey, as well as destroying an hostile armada. Our naval heroes in these days, though equally renowned on the quarter-deck, have not so much equestrian skill.

Essex having absented himself for several months from his duties as master of the horse, which office involved constant personal attendance on the queen, dreaded that some signal mark of her displeasure would be directed against him on his return. Nothing indeed less than fine and imprisonment could be anticipated, after the severe punishment that had been inflicted on the ill-fated earl of Arundel for the contempt of essaying to leave England without the royal permission. Essex was, however, a privileged man, and the queen was so overjoyed at his return that, instead of chastising, she loaded her beloved truant with favors and caresses, and consoled him by some valuable grants for his disappointment on learning that sir Christopher Hatton had been preferred to the vacant chancellorship of Cambridge in his absence.<sup>1</sup> Essex was naturally of a generous, careless temper, but his personal extravagance had already involved him in debts to so large an amount that he found himself in a manner necessitated to profit by the weakness of his royal mistress, by obtaining from her, as his predecessor Leicester had done, a plurality of lucrative places and monopolies. It was one of the great inconsistencies of Elizabeth's character, that while she was parsimonious, even to childishness, in matters of such vital importance to the

<sup>1</sup> Aikin.



honor of England as the victualling and supplying fleets, that were to be employed either on foreign service or the defence of her realm, with a needful quantity of ammunition, she lavished her bounty with unsparing profusion on the selfish succession of favorites who surrounded the throne, and, like the allegorical daughters of the horse-leech, were never tired of crying, "Give, give!" That Elizabeth's affection for Essex betrayed her not only into jealousy of one of her fairest maids of honor, but great irascibility of temper against the supposed object of his personal preference, may be seen by the details given by one of her courtiers of her conduct towards the young lady, who, being her majesty's near relation, and the court beauty withal, had thought proper to display a singular want of duty and attention to her royal mistress. "Her highness," writes Mr. Fenton to sir John Harrington, "spake vehemently, and with great wrath, of her servant the lady Mary Howard, forasmuch as she had refused to bear her mantle at the hour her highness is wonted to air in the garden, and on small rebuke did vent such unseemly answer as did breed great choler in her mistress. Again, on another occasion she was not ready to carry the cup of grace during the dinner in the privy-chamber, nor was she attending at the hour of her majesty's going to prayer; all which doth now so disquiet her highness that she swore 'she would no more show her any countenance, but out with all such ungracious flouting wenches,' because, forsooth, she hath much favor and marks of love from the young earl, which is not so pleasing to the queen, who doth still exhort all her women to remain in the virgin state as much as may be. I adventured to say so far as discretion did go in defence of our friend, and did urge much in behalf of youth and enticing love, which did often abate of right measures in fair ladies; all which did nothing soothe her highness's anger, who said, 'I have made her my servant, and she will now make herself my mistress; but, in good faith, William, she shall not, and so tell her.' In short," pursues the kind-hearted but simple writer, "pity doth move me to save this lady, and would beg such suit to the queen, from you and your friends, as may win her

favor to spare her on future amendment. If you could speak to Mr. Bellot, or my lord treasurer, on this matter, it might be to good purpose, when a better time doth offer to move the queen than I had, for words were then of no avail, though as discreetly brought as I was able. It might not be amiss to talk to this poor young lady to be more dutiful, and not absent at prayers and meals; to bear her highness's mantle and other furniture, even more than all the rest of the servants; to make ample amends by future diligence, and always to go first in the morning to her highness's chamber, forasmuch as such kindness will much prevail to turn away all former displeasure. She must not entertain my lord the earl in any conversation, but shun his company; and, moreover, be less careful in attiring her own person, for this seemeth as more done to win the earl than her mistress's good-will." <sup>1</sup>

The reader will remember that lady Mary Howard was the envied possessor of the rich velvet kirtle with the costly border or flounce, which Elizabeth had taken a whimsical method of admonishing her not to wear any more. It was probably some lurking resentment caused by this prohibition that occasioned the pretty little maid of honor to demean herself so undutifully to her royal mistress in regard to her cloak and grace-cup. The flirtations with Essex, who was the hero as well as the Adonis of the court, a noble bachelor, and the mark for every lady's eye, were evidently the great matter of offence to her majesty. "If we consider," continues Fenton, "the favors showed her family, there is ground for ill-humor in the queen, who doth not now bear with such composed spirit as she was wont, but, since the Irish affairs, seemeth more froward than commonly she used to bear herself towards her women; nor doth she hold them in discourse with such familiar matter, but often chides them for small neglects in such wise as to make these fair maids cry and bewail in piteous sort, as I am told by my sister Elizabeth." <sup>2</sup>

Burleigh, who had fancied that the death of his ancient rival Leicester would have left him the undisputed lord of

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 232.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

the ascendant in the council-chamber, was bitterly annoyed at finding himself circumvented and defeated in the royal closet by the influence his late ward had acquired over the mind of the queen, who was thirty-three years his senior. The courtiers, both old and young, regarded the favor enjoyed by Essex with jealous eyes, and many were the devices used to divert her attention from him. On the anniversary of her majesty's accession to the throne, after a series of jousts and chivalric exercises had been performed, old sir Henry Lee, who had long supported the office of the queen's champion at all tilts and tourneys, made a public resignation of his office to the gallant young earl of Cumberland. They both advanced to the foot of the gallery where the queen was seated, attended by her ladies and officers of state, to view the games, while the following elegant song was sung by a concealed performer :—

“ My golden locks time hath to silver turned,  
O time, too swift, and swiftness never ceasing !  
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth both spurned,  
But spurned in vain,—youth waneth by increasing :  
Beauty, and strength, and youth, flowers fading been ;  
Duty, faith, love, are roots and evergreen.

“ My helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms ;  
A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,  
And feed on prayers that are old age's alms ;  
And so from court to cottage I depart ;  
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

“ And when I sadly sit in homely cell,  
I'll teach my saints this carol for a song :  
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well !  
Cursed be the souls that think to do her wrong !  
Goddess ! vouchsafe this aged man his right  
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.”

Meantime, there rose, as if by magic, before the royal balcony, a pavilion of white taffeta, supported on pillars resembling porphyry, in imitation of a temple of the vestal Virgins. Within it was a rich altar, loaded with offerings for her majesty, and before the gate stood a crowned pillar wreathed with eglantine, supporting a votive tablet, in-

scribed *To Eliza*. The gifts and tablets being with great reverence presented to the queen, and the aged knight disarmed by his pages, he offered up his armor at the foot of the pillar; then kneeling, presented the earl of Cumberland to her majesty, praying her to be pleased to accept him for her knight in his place. The queen having graciously signified her assent, sir Henry Lee invested his brave young substitute with his arms, and mounted him on his horse. This done, he clothed himself in a long velvet gown, and covered his head, in lieu of a helmet, with a buttoned cap of the country fashion.<sup>1</sup> The queen presented her glove to the gallant representative of the proud house of Clifford, who had nobly distinguished himself in the triumphant fight with the Spanish armada. He ever after wore the royal gage in his burgonet, and queen Elizabeth always spoke of him as "her knight." Cumberland, nevertheless, soon perceived that neither he, nor any other gallant of the court, had any chance of entering the lists successfully against the favored Essex, who was then in the zenith of his power and influence with the queen. To what fatal heights, both for herself and him, Elizabeth might have elevated the object of her last and most engrossing passion, may be imagined if he had been of a disposition to take advantage of her infatuation. But Essex, in the first generous pride of manhood, had not yet lost that delicacy of feeling which forms the poetry of early life ere the bright impulses of love and chivalry are choked by worldcraft and its degrading ends and aims. He would, at that time, have thought foul scorn of himself, had he been capable of sacrificing the pure and holy sympathies of conjugal affection on the sordid altar of ambition or avarice.

While all the courtiers were burning with envy at the undisguised marks of fondness which the queen publicly lavished on her youthful favorite, he secretly loved and was

<sup>1</sup> Not long after old sir Henry Lee had resigned his office of especial champion of the beauty of his sovereign, he fell in love with her new maid of honor, the fair Mrs. Anne Vavasour, who, though in the morning flower of her charms, and esteemed the loveliest girl in the whole court, drove a whole bevy of youthful lovers to despair by accepting this ancient relic of the age of chivalry.

beloved by the fair widow of sir Philip Sidney. This lady was the only daughter of that celebrated statesman sir Francis Walsingham, who was just dead, worn out with his long and arduous official labors, and having spent his fortune in the service of the queen. Sir Philip Sidney had been the model on which Essex had endeavored to form his own character; and much that was noble, generous, and of fair promise in him, may be, perhaps, attributed to his imitation of that stainless knight, while his faults were, after all, less than might have been expected from the pupil of Leicester. When Essex discovered that he, and he alone, had the power of consoling lady Sidney for the loss of the hero for whom she had mourned upwards of four years, he did not hesitate to dry her tears by plighting himself to her in marriage, though at the risk of forfeiting the favor of his enamoured queen. These nuptials were solemnized with great secrecy; for though Essex was disinterested enough to wed the woman of his heart, he had not the moral courage to avow to his royal mistress what he had done.

The 19th of November, being St. Elizabeth's day, was always kept by the courtiers of queen Elizabeth as a national festival in honor of her name, and in opposition to the ungallant decision of pope Pius V., who had struck the name of St. Elizabeth out of the Romish calendar, to indicate, as some have insinuated, his ill-will to Elizabeth of England. In the year 1590 grand jousts and tilting took place on that day, in the presence of the queen, the French ambassador, and an unusually splendid company. Essex shone forth as the pre-eminent cavalier on that occasion. The fact of his having presumed to take to himself a wife had not then reached the royal ear, though it could scarcely at that time be termed a secret, since lady Walsingham, with prudential care for her daughter's fair fame, had caused her to be treated in her house as the countess of Essex for the last month. The paroxysms of rage with which Elizabeth was transported when the tidings at last reached her may be imagined from the hints which John Stanhope, one of the gentlemen of the privy-chamber, conveys to lord Talbot of her demeanor soon after:—"If," says he, "she



could overcome her passion against my lord of Essex for his marriage, no doubt she would be much the quieter; yet doth she use it more temperately than was thought for, and, God be thanked, does not strike *all* she threatens. The earl doth use it with good temper, concealing his marriage as much as so open a matter may be; not that he denies it to any, but, for her majesty's better satisfaction, is pleased that my lady shall live very retired in her mother's house."<sup>1</sup>

The important movements of the political game which, in consequence of the assassination of Henry III. of France, was playing for the crown of that realm between her old antagonist Philip of Spain and Henry of Navarre, the hero of the Protestant cause, roused Elizabeth from the feminine weakness of amusing her courtiers with her irascibility on account of the marriage of her youthful favorite. She felt the proud importance of her position in the contest, and that she could with one hand raise the drooping fortunes of the gallant Bourbon from the dust, and with the other inflict a death-blow on the overweening pride of Spain. Henry of Navarre wooed her for succor in the tone of a lover; she was, in fact, his only hope, and she came forward to his assistance like a true friend in the hour of his utmost need. The sum of two-and-twenty thousand pounds in gold, which she sent to him, arrived at the moment when his Swiss and German auxiliaries were about to disband for want of pay, and Henry, with a burst of surprise and joy at the sight of the money, declared "that he had never before beheld so large a sum in gold in his life."<sup>2</sup>

The maiden monarch further honored her royal *protégé* by embroidering a scarf for him with her own hands. She led his envoys into her privy-chamber to display his portrait, which she pronounced to be beautiful. They assured her she would like the original better, adding some insinuations which were far from offending her; and they recommended their royal master to cultivate her good-will by writing a flattering note to her at least once a fortnight. Elizabeth levied 3000 men to send to his assistance. Essex threw himself at her feet, and implored her to honor him

<sup>1</sup> Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 422.

<sup>2</sup> Egerton Papers.

with the command of those troops, and on her refusal, he, with the importunity of a spoiled child, remained kneeling before her for hours.<sup>1</sup>

When Henry solicited more troops, he requested his good sister that she would give the command to her gallant young master of the horse. Elizabeth reluctantly complied, and wrote a very remarkable letter to Henry on the subject,—a letter which, although it has escaped the research of all her historians except mademoiselle Keralio, is worthy of attention, both as the only one in which she dwells on the peculiar characteristics of Essex, and also from the endearing, yet dignified manner in which she bespeaks the loving care of her ally for her soldiers. It is certainly one of the most interesting and sensible letters ever penned by this great sovereign :—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

“ 27th July, 1591.

“ According to the promise which I have always kept in your behalf, my dearest brother, I send 4000 men to your aid, with a lieutenant who appears to me very competent. His quality, and the place he holds about me, are such that it is not customary to permit him to be absent from me; but all these reasons I have forgotten on the present occasion, preferring to our own necessity and convenience the gratification of your wish; for which cause, I doubt not, you will respond, with an honorable and careful respect for your greatness, by giving him a favorable reception. In regard to his many merits, you may be assured, if (which most I fear) the rashness of his youth does not make him too precipitate, you will never have cause to doubt his boldness in your service, for he has given too frequent proofs that he regards no peril, be it what it may; and you are entreated to bear in mind that he is too impetuous to be given the reins.

“ But, my God, how can I dream of making any reasonable requests to you, seeing you are so careless of your own life. I must appear a very foolish creature; only, I repeat to you, that he will require the bridle rather than the spur. Nevertheless, I hope he will be found to possess skill enough to lead his troops on to do you worthy service; and I dare promise that our subjects are so well disposed, and have hearts so valiant, that they will serve you to ruin all your foes, if their good fortune corresponds with their desires. And now, for the wages of all these forces, I must make you two requests, the first, on which depends their lives, your heart being such that nothing ought to be omitted that regards them, that you will cherish them, not as those who serve as mercenaries, but freely from good affection; also, that you will not carry them into too great danger. You are so wise a prince, that I am assured you will not forget that our two nations have not often accorded so well but they would remember their

<sup>1</sup> Egerton Papers.

ancient quarrels, not considering themselves of the same country, but separated by a mighty deep; and that you will so bear it in hand, that no inconveniences shall arise when they arrive. I have, on my part, inculcated good lessons on my people, which, I am assured, they will observe.

"And now, not to fatigue you with too long a letter, I will conclude with this advice: that, in approaching our coasts, you would not forget to *débouche* the way to Parma<sup>1</sup> in all directions where he might enter, for I am assured that he has received orders to press towards the Low Countries rather than to France.

"Your very assured good sister and cousin,

"E. R."<sup>2</sup>

In this last hint, Elizabeth's policy in sending her troops to the aid of Henry is explained. She had conditioned that her people were not to be employed in the contest between the Huguenot king of France and his malcontent Catholic subjects, but only against the Spanish invaders who had entered Bretagne, and were rather alarming neighbors to England. Henry violated his pact on this point, by directing the English troops against his rebel subjects, in order to obtain by force of arms his recognition as sovereign of France, making all other considerations subservient to that leading object. Elizabeth remonstrated in vain, and at last her patience failed her; and in reply to some contumacious expressions from Henry IV., she addressed the following indignant language to him:—

"I am astonished that any one, who is so much beholden to us for aid in his need, should pay his most assured friend in such base coin. Can you imagine that the softness of my sex deprives me of the courage to resent a public affront? The royal blood I boast could not brook, from the mightiest prince in Christendom, such treatment as you have within the last three months offered to me. Be not displeased if I tell you roundly, that if thus you treat your friends, who freely, and from pure affection, are serving you at a most important time, they will fail you hereafter at your greatest need. I would instantly have withdrawn my troops, had it not appeared to me that your ruin would have been the result, if the others, led by my example, and apprehending similar treatment, should desert you. This consideration induces me to allow them to remain a little longer; blushing, meantime, that I am made to the world the spectacle of a despised princess. I beseech the Creator to inspire you with a better way of preserving your friends.

"Your sister, who merits better treatment than she has had,

"E. R."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The duke of Parma, Philip II.'s generalissimo in the Netherlands.

<sup>2</sup> Keralio. The original is in the perplexed French in which all Elizabeth's letters to Henry are written.

<sup>3</sup> Letter from Elizabeth to Henry IV., dated November 9, 1591, in Keralio.

Henry knew how to soften by seductive flattery the wrath of the royal lioness, by whom his cause had been supported when he had no other friend, and he always kept on the most agreeable terms with the brave and generous Essex. If the talents of Essex had been equal to his chivalry, he would have won the most brilliant reputation in Europe; but his achievements were confined to personal acts of valor, which procured him, in the French camp, the name of the English Achilles.<sup>1</sup>

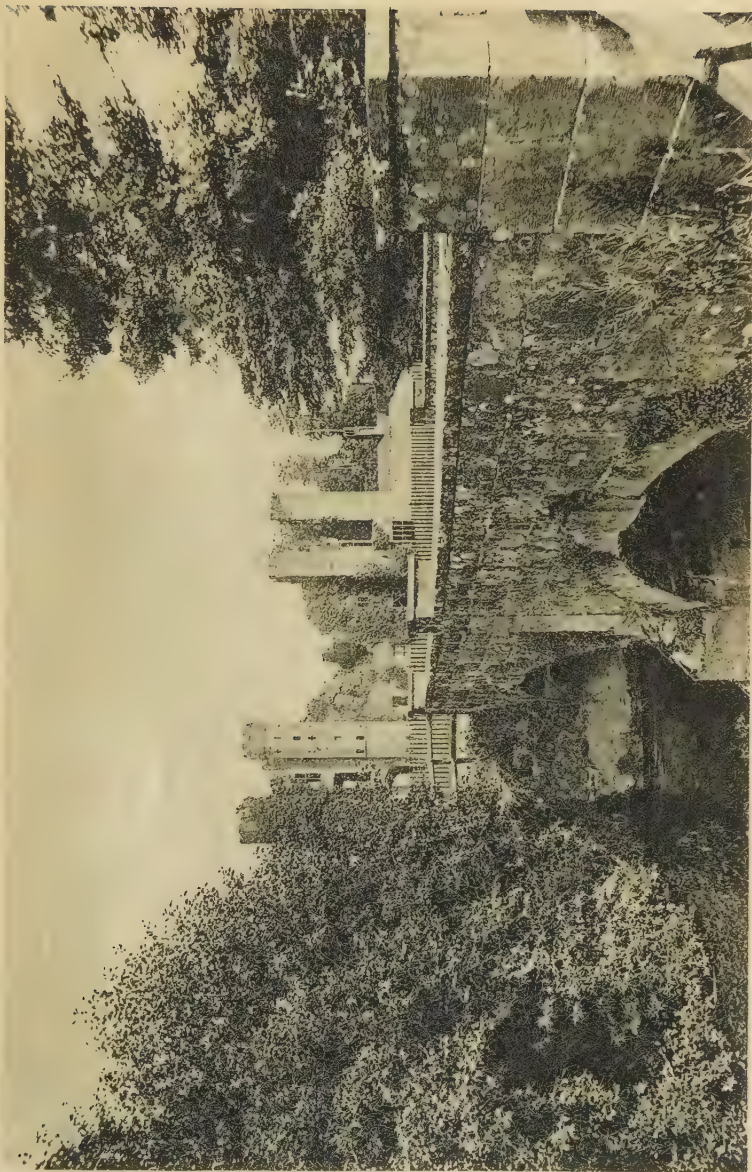
"The old fox," as Essex always called his former guardian Burleigh, had done the utmost to widen the breach between him and the queen; and he now made all the advantage he could of his absence, by incessantly entreating her majesty to give the place of secretary of state to his son, Robert Cecil. Essex was the warm friend and patron of Davison, whose cause he was continually pleading to the queen, and had, by his powerful influence, kept his office vacant, in spite of the veteran premier's pertinacious solicitations to her majesty to bestow it on his own son. The queen took a malicious pleasure in keeping Burleigh in suspense; and when she went in progress to Theobalds, in May, 1591, where she was entertained with great magnificence, and received many costly presents, she contented herself, at her departure, with bestowing the accolade of knighthood on the crooked little aspirant for the coveted office in her cabinet. "I suppose," writes sir Thomas Wylkes to sir Robert Sidney, "you have heard of her majesty's great entertainment at Theobalds, her knighting sir Robert Cecil, and of the expectation of his advancement to the secretaryship; but so it is, as we said in court, that the knighthood must serve for both."

On the 19th of July, Elizabeth honored Burleigh with a visit at his house in the Strand, and they went together to take a private view of the house of the absent Essex, in Covent garden, a proceeding that had somewhat the appearance of an impertinent piece of espionage. It was probably during this visit that sir Robert Cecil obtained his long-delayed preferment to the place of secretary of state, for, on the 2d of August, he was sworn of the privy council,

<sup>1</sup> Thuanus.



View of the ruins of the Castle of St. John, from the garden.







at Nonsuch. Soon after, the little man had the honor of entertaining her majesty at his own house, where he endeavored to propitiate her favor by getting up one of the most original pieces of flattery that was ever devised for her gratification. A person, in the dress of a Post, enters with letters, exclaiming,—

“Is Mr. secretary Cecil here? Did you see Mr. secretary? Gentlemen, can you bring me to Mr. secretary Cecil?”

*A Gentleman Usher.* Mr. secretary Cecil is not here. What business have you with him?

*Post.* Marry, sir! I have letters that import her majesty’s service.

*Usher.* If the letters concern the queen, why should you not deliver them to the queen? You see she is present, and you cannot have a better opportunity, if the intelligence be so important, and concern herself, as you say?”

After some high-flown compliments to the various perfections of her majesty, the Post says:—

“Well, I am half persuaded to deliver the letters to her own hand; but, sir, they come from the emperor of China, in a language that she understands not.

*Usher.* Why, then you are very simple, Post. Though it be so, yet these princes, as the Great Turk and the rest, do always send a translation in Italian, French, Spanish, or Latin, and then it’s all one to her.

*Post.* Doth she understand all these languages, and hath never crossed the sea?

*Usher.* Art thou a Post, and hast ridden so many miles, and met with so many men, and hast not heard what all the world knows, that she speaks and understands all the languages in the world which are worthy to be spoken or understood?

*Post.* It may be that she understands them in a sort, well enough for a lady, but not so well as secretaries should do.

*Usher.* Tush! what talkest thou of secretaries? As for one of them, whom thou most askest for, if he have anything that is worth talking of, the world knows well enough where he had it, for he kneels every day where he learns a new lesson. Go on, therefore; deliver thy letters. I warrant thee she will read them, if they be in any Christian language.

*Post.* But is it possible that a lady, born and bred in her own island, having but seen the confines of her own kingdom, should be able, without interpreters, to give audience and answer still to all foreign ambassadors?

*Usher.* Yea, Post, we have seen that so often tried, that it is here no wonder. But, to make an end, look upon her. How thinkest thou; dost thou see her? Say truly, sawest thou ever more majesty or more perfection met together in one body? Believe me, Post, for wisdom and policy she is as inwardly suitable as externally admirable.

*Post.* Oh, sir! why now I stand back, the rather you have so daunted my spirits with that word; for, first you say she hath majesty, and that, you know, never likes audacity. Next you say she is full of policy; now what do I know if policy may not think fit to hang up a Post, if he be too saucy?

*Usher.* Oh, simple Post! thou art the wilfullest creature that liveth. Dost

thou not know that, besides all her perfections, all the earth hath not such a prince for affability? for all is one; come gentleman, come servingman, come ploughman, come beggar, the hour is yet to come that ever she refused a petition. Will she, then, refuse a letter that comes from so great an emperor, and for her service? No, no; do as I bid thee. I should know some things, that have been a quartermaster these fifteen years. Draw near her, kneel down before her, kiss thy letters and deliver them, and use no prattling while she is reading them; and if ever thou have worse words than, 'God have mercy, fellow!' and 'Give him a reward!' never trust me while thou livest."<sup>1</sup>

This dialogue is not only valuable as a great literary curiosity, but as affording a correct description of the etiquette observed by the ministers and officers of queen Elizabeth's household in delivering letters, presenting papers for her signature, and listening to her instructions, which we find sir Robert Cecil did on the knee. The hearty, popular manner with which Elizabeth was wont to receive any act of service or small present from the humbler ranks of her subjects, and which always reminded those who remembered her father of bluff king Hal in his cloth-of-gold days, is, of course, described to the life in this curious performance. The most surprising part of the matter was that her majesty could sit quietly to listen to so many fulsome compliments. Sir Robert Cecil had deeply studied all the weak points of his royal mistress's character, and endeavored, by flattering her to the top of her bent, to render himself so acceptable to her that his personal defects might be overlooked. It is just possible that that mighty observer of the human heart in all its erratic movements, Shakspeare, had the deformed secretary Cecil in his thoughts when, in defiance of historic truth, he made his royal hunchback Richard III. prevail with the lady Anne through the magic of his seductive flattery. It was with that potent weapon that sir Robert

<sup>1</sup> Nichols's *Progresses*, from Harleian MSS. 286, f. 248, Brit. Mus. Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of receiving complimentary letters from the sultan Amurath III., from the czar of Muscovy, and the emperors of Morocco and China. In the *Archæologia* there is a fac-simile of a highly curious letter of hers, addressed "To the Right, High, Mighty, and Invincible Emperor of Cathaye." It was intended as the credential of sir George Waymouth, on his voyage of discovery in 1662. It has a richly illuminated border, on a red ground, and is signed at the bottom by the queen, in her largest-sized hand. The royal arms have lions for supporters at the sides of the shield. The vellum letter was accompanied by separate translations, on paper, in Italian, Latin, and Portuguese.

Cecil presumed to enter the lists with the handsome, gallant, and manly earls of Cumberland and Essex, with Mountjoy, with Carey, and with Raleigh, for the favor of the dainty queen, who certainly regarded ugliness as a greater sin than witchcraft. She was, however, amused at the idea of her new secretary affecting the airs of a lover in the privy-chamber.

A few days after queen Elizabeth had gratified sir Robert Cecil with the office of secretary, she went in progress with her court into Sussex and Hampshire. Her first visit was to Cowdray, the seat of the viscount Montague, the son of sir Anthony Browne, master of the horse to Henry VIII. Her majesty, having dined at Farnham, proceeded with her train, on the 15th of August, to Cowdray, where she arrived about eight o'clock on the Saturday night. She was greeted, as soon as she came in sight, with a loud burst of music, which continued till she stepped on the bridge, where a person in armor was stationed between two figures carved in wood to represent porters, holding a club in one hand and a golden key in the other, which he presented to her majesty at the end of the most bombastic speech in her praise that had yet been addressed to her. Wherewithal her highness took the key, and said "she would swear for him there was none more faithful." She then alighted, and embraced the lady Montague, and her daughter the lady Dormer. The noble hostess was so overpowered by her feelings on this occasion, that she wept upon her majesty's bosom, exclaiming, "Oh, happy time! oh, joyful day!"<sup>1</sup> That night the queen took her rest in a stately velvet bed: the chamber in which she slept was hung with tapestry taken from Raphael's cartoons; the sea-fight in which her great-uncle, the valiant sir Edward Howard, met his death in Brest harbor, was painted in fresco on the ceiling. Three oxen and one hundred and forty geese furnished forth the Sunday morning's breakfast for the maiden monarch and her company.<sup>2</sup> On the Monday morning, by eight o'clock, her highness took horse with all her train and rode into the park, where a delicate bower was prepared, wherein her own musicians were placed and accompanied the vocal

<sup>1</sup> Nichols's Progresses.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

performance of a nymph, who, with a sweet song, delivered a cross-bow into the queen's hands to shoot at the deer, some thirty in number, that were enclosed in a paddock to be slaughtered by the fair hands of royal and noble ladies : no wonder their pastimes were of a savage nature, after devouring oxen and roasted geese by wholesale for breakfast. Elizabeth killed three or four of the deer with her own hand. Not content with this slaughter, she saw in the evening, from a turret, sixteen bucks, all having fair law, pulled down by greyhounds on a lawn.

Her majesty was on the morrow entertained at the priory by his lordship, who, in a sort of friendly rivalry to his lady, feasted the royal guest at his hunting-seat, where she was greeted in the pleasance, first by a pilgrim, and secondly by a wild man clad in ivy, who addressed quaint speeches to her, followed by what she, no doubt, considered something better,—an excellent cry of hounds and a buck-hunt. On the Wednesday her majesty and all her ladies dined in the forest-walk at a table four-and-twenty yards long, and were regaled with choice music. Among other devices with which she was entertained, an angler, after making a suitable harangue to the royal guest, netted all the fish in a fair pond, and laid them at her feet. The next day she dined in the private walks of the garden, with her ladies and nobles, at a table forty-eight feet long. “In the evening the country people presented themselves to her majesty, in a pleasant dance with pipe and tabor and the lord and lady Montague among them, to the great pleasure of the beholders, and the gentle applause of her majesty.”

The earl of Hertford<sup>1</sup> having received a shrewd hint that

<sup>1</sup> Whom, in the early part of her reign, she had so cruelly fined and imprisoned, for having presumed to steal a marriage with her kinswoman, lady Katharine Gray. Hertford was released after the death of his broken-hearted consort in 1567, and immediately married one of the more favored maternal cousins of the queen, lady Frances Howard, sister to the lord admiral,—a lady who had not escaped the breath of slander, on account of her passion for Leicester ; but she dying soon after her union with Hertford, he married, thirdly, another lady Frances Howard, the heiress of the first viscount Bindon, a young, fair widow, who had stolen a match with the handsome Henry Prannel, the vintner. She also was cousin to the queen, and, notwithstanding her first plebeian marriage, the proudest woman in England.



her majesty meant to come and take him by surprise on this progress, set three hundred artificers to work to enlarge his house at Elvetham, and make the most magnificent arrangements for her reception, and then humbly solicited her to honor him by becoming his guest. The queen promised to be with him on the 20th of September, in time for the evening banquet. About three o'clock on that day, the earl, attended by three hundred followers, most of them wearing gold chains about their necks, and in their hats black and yellow feathers, set off to meet her majesty, midway between her own house of Odiham and Elvetham park. The queen took this attention in good part, and received him graciously. Half-way between the park-gate and the house, a poet, clad in green and crowned with laurel, met and welcomed the royal guest with a long Latin poem, which he rehearsed on his knees. His page offered him a cushion to kneel upon, on purpose for him to reject it with a Latin distich, which is thus translated:—

“ Now let us use no cushion but fair hearts,  
For now we kneel to more than common saints.”

Then six fair virgins crowned with flowers, three of them representing the Graces and three the Hours, with baskets of flowers on their arms, made lowly reverence to the queen, and walked before her to the house, strewing the way with flowers, and singing a sweet song of six parts, beginning with this stanza:—

“ With fragrant flowers we strew the way,  
And make this our chief holiday;  
For though this clime were blest of yore,  
Yet was it never proud before.  
Oh, beauteous queen of second Troy,  
Accept of our unfeigned joy !”

The song ended with the queen's arrival at the hall-door, where she alighted from her horse, and her kinswoman, the countess of Hertford, late widow to the handsome London vintner, Prannel, accompanied with divers honorable ladies, humbly on her knees welcomed her highness to that place, who, embracing her, took her up and kissed her, with many

gracious words to her as well as to the earl, to the great rejoicing of the beholders.

In the park, on a green hill-side, a summer pavilion was prepared in exquisite taste, with a large state-room for the nobles, and a withdrawing-room at the end for the queen. The outside of the structure was covered with boughs, and clusters of ripe hazel-nuts; the interior hung with arras; the roof was lined with devices in ivy-leaves, and the floor strewn with sweet herbs and green rushes. Between this pavilion and the mansion, in a deep valley, a goodly pond was dug in the figure of a half-moon, and filled with water, having three islands upon it; the first was to resemble a ship, a hundred feet in length and forty in breadth, having three trees orderly set for masts; the second was a fort, twenty feet square, overgrown with willows; the third was called the snail mount, rising to four circles, of green privet hedge. In all these were fireworks, music, and artillery, and the moment her majesty arrived, a volley of a hundred chamber pieces saluted her from the ship, the fortress, and the snail mount. After the morning festival, a fair and rich gift from the countess of Hertford was presented to the queen, "which greatly pleased and contented her highness," we are told by the quaint chronicler of "the honorable entertainment of her majesty at Elvetham."<sup>1</sup> The princely pleasures of Kenilworth were almost rivalled on this occasion. All the fabled mythological monsters of the deep were personated on the surface of the pond, which they peopled in boats of every size and shape, and battled in grotesque fashion. The islands, by turns, represented besieged castles, or fiery monsters vomiting flames. The fairy queen and her train, in allusion to the name of Elvetham, made their appearance under her majesty's windows in the garden, with dances and songs in honor of the royal guest.

The queen gave noble largess, and expressed her great content at all she saw and heard. At her departure, the Hours and Graces attended to bid her farewell, wringing

<sup>1</sup> A contemporary tract, embellished with pictures of the pond and its three islands, in Nichols's *Progresses*.

their hands in token of their grief. The poet, clad in a black cloak and with yew boughs in his chaplet, to express that he was in mourning now, addressed her in a lamentable effusion of lame verse, and old Nereus came wading from the other end of the pond to her majesty's coach, and on his knees thanked her for her late largess; and as she passed through the park-gate, a concert of musicians, hidden in a bower, played and sang:—

“Oh, come again, fair Nature's treasure!  
Whose looks yield joy's exceeding measure,” etc.

As this song was sung, her majesty, notwithstanding the great rain, stopped her coach and pulled off her mask, giving great thanks, and assured lord Hertford “that the beginning, process, and end of this his entertainment was so honorable, that hereafter he should find the reward thereof in her special favor.”<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth very soon forgot her promise, and all the return she made to her noble host for the immense expense and trouble he had put himself to on her account, was to provide him with lodgings in the Tower on a very causeless fit of jealousy of his children by his marriage with her hapless cousin, lady Katharine Gray, whose son, lord Beauchamp, was to her an object of peculiar ill-will, as she suspected him of wishing to be appointed her successor.

The same autumn died the lord chancellor, sir Christopher Hatton, of dancing celebrity, whose galliards are remembered when his legal decisions have been long consigned to oblivion, thanks to the sarcastic records of his contemporary sir Robert Naunton, and the following playful lines of Gray, which are quoted for the sake of the allusion to Elizabeth's suspected passion for the handsome lawyer:—

“Full oft, within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,<sup>2</sup>  
The seals and maces danced before him.

<sup>1</sup> Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> “The ancient English dance called a *brawl*,” says Mr. Douce, “was an importation from France, with which balls were usually opened, the performers first uniting hands in a circle, and then, according to an authority printed in

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,  
 His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,  
 Moved the stout heart of England's queen,  
 Though pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

Hatton lived long enough to experience the fickleness of royal regard, although he was the only one of Elizabeth's especial favorites who was dutiful enough to remain a bachelor to please his liege lady. His death has been generally attributed to the harsh manner in which queen Elizabeth enforced the payment of a crown debt in the season of his declining health. The insinuation that it was regarded in the light of a default distressed his mind so deeply that he took to his bed. When the queen was informed of the effects of her unkindness, she was touched with compunction for what she had done, and came to visit him, endeavoring, by the most gracious behavior and soothing words, to console him. She even carried her condescension so far as to administer a posset to him with her own hands; but there are some wounds which no flattering balms can heal. The royal attentions came too late to revive the dying chancellor: his heart was broken.

Elizabeth, meantime, who had not yet forgiven Essex for his marriage, hearing that he was a candidate for the chancellorship of Oxford, which became vacant at the death of Hatton, ordered the university to choose the rival candidate, lord Buckhurst. Essex was deeply mortified, and being then engaged at the siege of Rouen, wrote to one of his friends at home, "If I die in the assault, pity me not, for I shall die with more pleasure than I live with; if I escape, comfort me not, for the queen's wrong and unkindness is

French, 1579, the leading couple placing themselves in the centre of the ring, the gentleman saluted all the ladies in turn, and his partner the gentlemen. Bassompierre declares that the duke de Montpensier, only a very few days before he expired in 1608, was removed from his bed purposely to witness one of these dances, which was performed in his own palace by some of the young nobility. We may suppose the term *brawls* was derived from the romps and uproars that the saluting department occasioned. Sir Christopher Hatton, lord-keeper, at the palace of Greenwich used to open the brawls with queen Elizabeth, and his graceful performance, as her partner, appears to have moved the wrath of her half-brother, sir John Perrot.

too great.”<sup>1</sup> When the king of France sent Du Plessis de Mornay to request more troops of Elizabeth, and something was said by the ambassador implying that the earl of Essex was favorable to his master's wish, she flamed into open anger, used the most bitter expressions against her offending favorite, and finished by saying, “That the earl of Essex would have it thought that he ruled her realm, but that nothing was more untrue; that she would make him the most pitiful fellow in her realm, and instead of sending the king of France more troops, she would recall all those she had lent him.”<sup>2</sup> The astonished envoy found he had committed a desperate blunder, and endeavored by a complimentary speech to appease the storm he had unwittingly raised; but Elizabeth rose up abruptly, declared herself very much indisposed, and told him she was compelled on that account to cut short the audience. Du Plessis then offered to present her with a memorial which he had previously prepared; but she haughtily bade him give it to her lord treasurer, and swept out of the room.<sup>3</sup> There was a personal and private pique which actuated Elizabeth in her scornful treatment of Du Plessis. She had been informed by her spies in Paris that M. de Buzenval, a previous ambassador at her court, had ridiculed and mimicked her way of speaking French at a dinner-party at the house of Du Plessis, who had been highly diverted at the droll blunders it was pretended she had perpetrated. As it was beneath her dignity to retort by satirizing Buzenval's bad English, she took the opportunity of the appointment of Du Plessis as ambassador-extraordinary on this occasion to punish him for the amusement he and his guests had had at her expense, not only by the disdainful manner of her first reception, but by contradicting everything he said, taking offence at all he did and all he left undone, and finally complaining of “the contempt put upon her by the king of France in sending a fool on a mission of the greatest importance.” In short, Du Plessis, failing in every object of the embassy, Henry was under the necessity of sending Turenne to supersede him. Elizabeth made it her study to give public proofs of

<sup>1</sup> Murdin.<sup>2</sup> *Mém. Du Plessis Mornay.* Rapin.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*



her respect for the new envoy, whom she treated with the most flattering distinctions, in order to mark the difference of estimation in which she held him from his luckless predecessor. When, however, Turenne announced the appointment of Buzenval as his successor, she flew into a paroxysm of rage, and protested "that Buzenval should never enter her presence again." Buzenval and Du Plessis, on comparing notes, and calling to mind some of queen Elizabeth's expressions, suddenly became aware of the cause of offence they had given her, and marvelled at the activity of her spies, and the accurate information she was able to collect, even in regard to the conversation at private tables in foreign lands where her name was introduced.<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth's anger against Essex, though imperiously and offensively expressed, was neither more nor less than the feverish irritability of the deep-seated passion, which neither pride, reason, nor the absence of the object of it could subdue. She menaced and reviled him, while she loved him and eagerly desired his presence. When she heard how much he exposed his person in battle, her affection took the alarm; but as soon as the news reached her that his brother Walter was slain, she wrote to remand Essex home. Much annoyed at this order, Essex sent sir Thomas Darcy to assure her majesty that if he withdrew at such a season, he should be covered with dishonor. He had already been reproached by the besieged with cowardice, for having failed to avenge his brother's death; whereupon he sent Villars, the governor of Rouen, a challenge "to meet him on horse or foot, and by personal encounter to decide which was the better man, fought in the better cause, or served the fairest mistress." Villars declined the combat in very uncourteous terms, and added, with a sneer, "that as to the beauty of their mistresses, it was scarcely worth his while to put himself to much trouble about that,"<sup>2</sup>—a remark that was evidently intended to indicate his contempt for the *long-established* claims of her majesty of England to be treated as a beauty; indeed, as Elizabeth was fast approaching her sixtieth year,

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs for the History of Holland.

<sup>2</sup> Mezerai.

the less that was said by her friends of her charms, the better it would have been.

Soon after, the town of Gornye surrendered to the united arms of France and England, and Essex sent sir Robert Carey home with letters to the queen announcing the news, and entreating further leave of absence, that this great success might be followed up. Before the arrival of Carey, the queen, who could not brook the slightest opposition to her commands, had sent Darcy back with a peremptory order to the earl to return without delay, as he would answer it at his utmost peril, with commission from her to sir Thomas Layton to take the command of his troops. Carey gives a lively account of his mission. "I arrived," says he, "at Oatlands early in the morning, before the queen was stirring, and conferred with her council on the subject of his errand. They assured me that the queen was so determined, that it would be perilous to myself if I attempted to urge any persuasions for the earl's stay in France. About ten of the clock the queen sent for me: I delivered her my lord's letter. She presently burst out in a rage against my lord, and vowed 'she would make him an example to all the world, if he presently left not his charge, and returned upon sir Thomas Darcy's coming to him.' I said nothing to her till she had read his letter. She seemed meanly [tolerably] well contented with the success at Gornye; and then I said to her, 'Madame, I know my lord's care is such to obey all your commands, that he will not make one hour's stay after sir Francis hath delivered to him his fatal doom; but, madame, give me leave to let your majesty know beforehand what you shall truly find at his return, after he hath had the happiness to see you, and to kiss your hand.'"<sup>1</sup> Carey added "that the earl would so keenly feel the disgrace of being recalled from the post of danger, that he would give up public life, forsake the court, and retire to some cell in the country for the rest of his days, which assuredly would not be long, between his grief for his brother's death and her majesty's displeasure, which, both together, would break his heart; and then would her majesty have sufficient satisfac-

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.

tion for the offence he had committed against her.<sup>1</sup> The queen seemed to be somewhat offended with my discourse," continues Carey, "and bade me go to dinner. I had scarcely made an end of my dinner, but I was sent for to come to her again. She delivered a letter, written with her own hand to my lord, and bade me tell him, that, "if there were anything in it that did please him, he should give me thanks for it."

"It is evident," observes the noble editor of Carey's Memoirs, "that her own heart, not the pleading of Robert Carey, however moving, drew from Elizabeth this letter. She satisfied herself with the pleasure of writing to Essex, when she could not, consistently with his glory, obtain the pleasure of seeing him." Carey, who was perfect in the delicate art of adapting himself to the humor of his royal mistress, humbly kissed her hand, and said, "He hoped there was that in the letter which would make the most dejected man living a new creature, rejoicing in nothing so much as that he served so gracious a mistress." So peremptory, however, had been the mandate sent to Essex by Darcy, that before the departure of Carey with this gracious missive from the queen, he had resigned his command to sir Thomas Layton, and, putting himself in a little skiff at Dieppe, made all the haste he could to England. Carey, who had used almost incredible expedition to bring the good tidings of the change in the sovereign's mind to his friend, did not arrive till two hours after he had sailed. The earl, expecting to be received with an outburst of royal fury on his return, found himself pleasantly mistaken, for her majesty, charmed with his unlooked-for obedience to her previous summons, used him with such grace and favor that he stayed a week with her, passing the time in jollity and feasting; and when the time for parting came, she with tears in her eyes manifested her affection to him, and, for repair of his honor, gave him leave to return to his charge again.<sup>2</sup> When Essex met Carey at Dieppe, he straightly embraced him, telling him "that when he had need of one to plead his cause, he would never use any other orator than him." Carey then delivered the precious, but

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

as yet unopened letter, and Essex said, "Worthy cousin, I know by herself how you prevailed with her, and what a true friend I had of you, which I never shall forget." This reconciliation between Essex and the queen took place in April, 1592. She kept the annual festival of the Garter on St. George's day, at Greenwich, while he was with her, and was conducted into the chapel by him and the lord admiral, Howard of Effingham, in the robes of the order, her train being borne by the lord chamberlain and two of her ladies.<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth visited Oxford again this summer, in the month of September, to do honor to the new chancellor, Buckhurst.<sup>2</sup> From Oxford she proceeded to Ricote, the seat of lord and lady Norris, who both held a high place in her favor. Ties of no common nature had cemented a bond of friendship between the maiden monarch and this noble pair. Norris was the son of the unfortunate sir Henry Norris, once the favorite gentleman in waiting to king Henry VIII., and afterwards the victim of his vengeful fury when, being involved in the accusation that was preferred against queen Anne Boleyn, he had refused to purchase his own life by bearing false witness against that unhappy lady. Lady Norris was the daughter of the generous lord Williams of Tame, who had, in the time of Elizabeth's great adversity when under the cloud of her sister's displeasure, treated her with such protecting kindness and munificent hospitality during her sorrowful journey to Woodstock, that it was impossible it could ever be effaced from her remembrance. Elizabeth's acquaintance with lady Norris, having commenced under circumstances so romantic, had induced a greater degree of personal familiarity than is usual between sovereigns and their subjects, and her majesty was wont to call her, caressingly, "her dear crow," in allusion to the blackness of her hair, or the darkness of her complexion a hue "which," as Fuller observes, "no whit misbecame the faces of her martial offspring." The queen's pet name for his lady was played upon by the time-honored veteran lord Norris, or at least by his representative, who,

<sup>1</sup> History of the Orders of Knighthood, by sir H. Nicolas.

<sup>2</sup> Nichols.

in the character of an old soldier, addressed a speech to her majesty, in which, after telling her that he was past the age of martial deeds, he says, "My horse, my armor, my shield, my sword, the riches of a young soldier, and an old soldier's relics, I should here offer to your highness, but my four boys have stolen them from me, vowing themselves to arms." Of these, the valiant sir John Norris was then commanding the English forces in France; sir Edward had distinguished himself in the Netherlands; the others were serving in Ireland. "The rumor of their deaths," pursued the old man, "hath so often affrighted the crow, my wife, that her heart hath been as black as her feathers. I know not whether it be affection or fondness, but the crow thinketh her own birds the fairest, because to her they are the dearest. What joys we both conceive, neither can express; suffice it they be, as your virtues, infinite; and although nothing be more unfit to lodge your majesty than a crow's nest, yet shall it be most happy to us that it is by your highness made a phoenix nest." At the end of this quaint speech, the offering of a fair gown was presented to her majesty.

The mournful tidings of the death of one of the four brave boys to whom allusion was proudly made in the old man's speech was, a few years after this visit to Ricote, communicated by the queen to lady Norris in the following beautiful letter, in which her majesty affectionately addresses the afflicted friend of her youth by the quaint *sobriquet* which was, of course, regarded as an epithet of familiar endearment:—

"MINE OWN DEAR CROW:—

"Although we have deferred long to represent unto you our grieved thoughts, because we liked full ill to yield you the first reflections of our misfortunes, whom we have always sought to cherish and comfort, yet knowing now that necessity must bring it to your ears, and nature consequently must raise many passionate workings in your heart, we have resolved no longer to smother either our care for your sorrow, or the sympathy of our grief for his death; wherein, if society in sorrowing work any diminution, we do assure you, by this true messenger of our mind, that nature can have stirred no more dolorous affection in you as a mother for a dear son, than the grateful memory of his services past hath wrought in us, his sovereign, apprehension of the miss of so worthy a servant.

"But now that nature's common work is done, and he that was born to die



hath paid his tribute, let that Christian discretion stay the flow of your immoderate grieving, which hath instructed you, both by example and knowledge, that nothing of this kind hath happened but by God's providence, and that these lines from your loving and gracious sovereign serve to assure you that there shall ever remain the lively character of you and yours that are left, in valuing rightly all their faithful and honest endeavors.

"More at this time I will not write of this *unsilent* subject, but have despatched this gentleman to visit both your lord, and to condole with you in the true sense of our love, and to pray you that the world may see, that what time cureth in weak minds, that discretion and moderation help you in this accident, where there is so opportune occasion to demonstrate true patience and moderation."<sup>1</sup>

It is astonishing how many of the personal traits of royalty are brought to light by the researches of the antiquarian and genealogist. A charming anecdote of queen Elizabeth is connected with the following romantic piece of family history of the house of Compton. In the thirty-sixth year of Elizabeth's reign, the heiress of the wealthy lord mayor, sir John Spencer, thought proper to decamp from Canonbury house in a baker's basket, on the shoulders of her lover sir Henry Compton, a handsome young gallant of the court, who, finding his suit sternly interdicted by the rich old citizen, had obtained access to the house in the disguise of the baker's man, and so won his bride. Sir John Spencer refused to see his daughter again, and remained angry and disconsolate for many months. At last the queen, whose intercession had been solicited by the wedded lovers, had recourse to this pretty stratagem to bring about a reconciliation. She invited sir John Spencer to become her gossip, or fellow-sponsor, at the christening of a fair boy, to whom she intended to stand godmother, as he was the first-born son of a young couple who had married for love and lived happily. The old merchant replied, "That as he had no heir he should adopt the child, because he had disinherited his daughter." At the font the queen gave the new-born boy the name of Spencer, and after the ceremony revealed to sir John the fact that his godson was his own grandson. Under her majesty's gracious auspices entire reconciliation immediately followed.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fuller's Worthies of Oxfordshire, p. 336.

<sup>2</sup> Histories of Noble British Families, by Henry Drummond, Esq.

# ELIZABETH,

## SECOND QUEEN-REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

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### CHAPTER XI.

Favoritism of Essex—Queen violates the privileges of parliament—Her theological studies—Translates Boethius—Supposed plot against her life by Lopez—Her letter to Henry IV.—Her persecution of the Puritans—Henry IV. and her portrait—Court gossip and intrigues—Royal pageantry and fêtes to the queen—Her Norfolk cousins—Disgrace of Robert Carey—His attempts to propitiate the queen—Her stormy interview with him—Their reconciliation—Her rage at Raleigh's marriage—Her parsimony, and abridgment of naval and military supplies—Quarrels with Essex—Her jealousy of the fair Bridges—Essex's expedition to Spain—His loving letter to the queen—Growing influence of the lord admiral—He is created earl of Nottingham—Discontent of Essex—Queen makes him earl-marshal—Her spirited retort to the Polish ambassador—Dispute in council with Essex—She boxes his ears—His petulant behavior and menace—Sickness and death of Burleigh—Elizabeth's grief—Her palaces, dress, and appearance in old age—Elizabeth and her bishops—Her fickleness—Facetious remark of a Windsor carter—Her manner of evading an unwelcome suit—Royal anecdotes.

A NEW era in the personal history of queen Elizabeth commences with the return of the earl of Essex from his French campaigns, in 1592-93. She welcomed him with undisguised delight, and lavished favors and distinctions upon him with profuse liberality. He returned an altered man; the delicacy and refinement of youthful honor had given place to sentiments more in unison with the wisdom of the children of this world. His residence in the sprightly camp of the gay and amorous king of France had unfitted him for the duties of domestic life, and accomplished him in all the arts of courtly flattery and dissipation. Lady Essex, the wife of his choice, was neglected and kept in the background, while he affected to become the lover of a princess three-and-thirty years older than himself, as the surest

method of rivalling his political adversaries, the Cecils and Raleigh. He was soon recognized as the head of a rival party,—a party that cherished more enlightened views, and sentiments in greater accordance with the progress of education in a civilized country, than the iron rule of Burleigh, or the inquisitorial policy of the late secretary, Walsingham. England had, indeed, been delivered from foreign foes, and civil strife had been kept down by the terror of the halter and quartering knife, but the oppressive statutes to compel uniformity of worship were borne with irritation and impatience by Catholics and puritans alike, and the latter party were beginning to evince a determination to seek redress.

The queen had now governed four years without the aid of a parliament, but in the beginning of the year 1593 the exhausted state of her finances compelled her to summon a new one. On its assembling, February 19th, her majesty, abandoning the character of a popular sovereign, assumed a tone of absolute despotism, and told her lords and commons, by her new chancellor Puckering, “that they were not called together to make new laws, or lose good hours in idle speeches, but to vote a supply to enable her majesty to defend her realm against the hostile attempts of the king of Spain.”<sup>1</sup> This was a bold beginning, but she followed it up when, on the election of the new speaker, the commons made their usual request “of freedom from arrest, liberty of speech, and access to her person:” she replied, “that their first prayer was granted, with this qualification,—that wit and speech were calculated to do harm, and their liberty of speech extended no further than ‘ay’ or ‘no;’ and that if any idle heads hazarded their estates by meddling with church and state, the speaker should not receive their bills.” The petition of freedom from arrest was granted with this proviso, “that it was not to cover any man’s ill-doings. As for the privilege of access to her presence, that was wholly to depend on the importance of the occasion, and her majesty’s leisure.”<sup>2</sup> It is conjectured, from the menacing tone of the royal replies, that Elizabeth had reason to suspect

<sup>1</sup> Journals of Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

the nature of the subjects likely to be discussed by this parliament. Its first measure was, to frame a petition requesting her majesty to settle the succession. The queen followed up her despotic intimation without delay by committing Wentworth, with whom the motion originated, to the Tower; also sir Thomas Bromley, who seconded him, and the two members who drew up the petition, to the Fleet.<sup>1</sup>

Soon after, James Morris, a bold and zealous puritan law-officer, attempted to introduce two bills,—for the redress of the abuses in the ecclesiastical courts, and for ameliorating the penal statutes. Several members seconded his motion, but the queen put a sudden end to the discussion by sending, in great wrath, for the speaker, sir Edward Coke: she told him “to inform the commons that parliaments were the creatures of her will,—to summon or dissolve them, to nullify or give effect to their decisions, according to her pleasure; that she was indignant at their presumption, and, once for all, forbade the exhibition of any bills touching the reformation of matters of church or state; and commanded him on his allegiance, if such were introduced, to refuse to read them.”<sup>2</sup> She then sent a sergeant-at-arms into the house of commons, who arrested Morris in his place, in her majesty’s name, and carried him off to Tutbury castle.<sup>3</sup> He had, however, a powerful friend in the earl of Essex, to whose intercessions he probably owed his liberty; but when that nobleman, who highly appreciated both his legal talents and his integrity, ventured to recommend him to the queen for the vacant place of attorney-general, her majesty acknowledged his talents, but said, “his speaking against her in the manner he had done should be a bar against any preferment at her hands.”<sup>4</sup> The commons, having been thus schooled and intimidated, kissed the rod, and passed a most unconstitutional bill, framed and sent down to them by the sovereign herself, “for keeping her majesty’s subjects in better obedience.” They also granted her two subsidies and three-fifteenths. This was not enough

<sup>1</sup> Mackintosh.

<sup>2</sup> D’Ewes.

<sup>3</sup> He wrote a manly letter of remonstrance to Burleigh.—Lodge’s *Illus.*, vol. ii.

<sup>4</sup> Essex’s letters, in Birch.

to satisfy the royal expectations. Three subsidies and six-fifteenths were demanded by sir Robert Cecil, and, notwithstanding some few objections, were obtained. The queen was so incensed at the opposition of sir Edward Hoby to the grant, that she imprisoned him till the end of the session. Elizabeth dismissed this parliament in person on the 10th of April, 1593, in a speech which the boldest man of the Plantagenet line of monarchs would scarcely have ventured to utter, and, from the lips of a female sovereign, it must have had a startling effect on an English senate, even in the days of the last of the Tudors. After reflecting, in bitter terms, on the attempt at opposition to her will, and reiterating the haughty language she had used during the session, she spoke of the menaced invasion of the king of Spain with lofty contempt, and concluded by saying, "I am informed that when he attempted this last measure, some upon the sea-coast forsook their towns, and fled up higher into the country, leaving all naked and exposed to his entrance. But I swear unto you by God, if I knew those persons, or may know them hereafter, I will make them know what it is to be fearful in so urgent a cause."

Francis Bacon, whose splendid talents were then beginning to manifest themselves, had, with his brother Anthony, incurred the displeasure of the queen and the political animosity of the two Cecils, by speaking on the popular side in this parliament. Essex indicated his sentiments on the subject by interceding for them with her majesty, and recommending them for office; and when she petulantly refused to avail herself of their learning and talents in any department of her government, because of the opposition they had presumed to offer to the unconstitutional measures of her ministers, he boldly received them into his own family as secretaries to himself. If any other nobleman had ventured to do such a thing, a Star-chamber prosecution and fine would have followed, but Essex was a privileged person. What might he not have done at that moment, when he was at once the darling of the people and the beloved of the queen? A noble field lay open to



him,—a field in which he might have won a brighter meed of fame than the blood-stained laurels of a military conqueror, if he had chosen to act the part of a true patriot by standing forth as the courageous advocate of the laws and liberties of his country. It was in his power to become a moderator between all parties. Elizabeth, childless, and descending into the vale of years, yet full of energy and love for her people, had been rendered the instrument of the selfish policy of a junta, whose great aim was to establish an arbitrary government, before which even the peers and senate of England should crouch in slavish submission. Her good sense and great regnal talents had inclined her, in the first instance, to a more popular system of government, and the influence of one conscientious and enlightened counsellor might, perhaps, have induced her to finish her reign gloriously, by leaving the legacy of a free constitution to England. Essex had neither the moral courage nor the integrity of mind to risk the loss of the easy and lucrative post of a royal favorite by becoming the open leader of an opposition to the Cecil administration. He thoroughly hated both father and son, and omitted no opportunity of undermining their credit with the sovereign and traversing their measures; but when he might have attacked them boldly and successfully on the ground of public grievances, he was silent, lest he should incur the displeasure of the queen. As a holder of patents and monopolies<sup>1</sup> Essex had much to lose, and a double-minded man is, of course, unstable in all his ways.

<sup>1</sup> Monopolies were one of the great abuses of Elizabeth's government, and imposed the severest check on the commercial spirit of an age of enterprise and industry. The moment any branch of trade or commerce promised to become a source of profit, some greedy courtier interposed, and solicited of the queen a patent to become the sole proprietor of it himself. But if it were a mere craft, beneath the dignity of the aristocracy to engage in, then wealthy capitalists applied to Burleigh for the license, with offers of golden angels for the purchase of his good-will. Even the power of exporting old shoes was restricted by the queen's patent to one individual, who had possessed himself of that rare privilege by means of either money or favor.—See the lists of patents in Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, vol. iii., and the letter of George Longe to Lord Burleigh, desiring a patent for glass-making, Ellis's *Royal Letters*, second series, vol. iii. p. 157.

When Elizabeth learned that Henry IV. of France was about to abjure the Protestant faith, and profess himself a convert to the church of Rome, she was greatly offended and displeased, and in great haste despatched sir Thomas Wylkes to remonstrate with him in her name; but before the arrival of her envoy the deed was done, and Henry directed his ambassador, Morlant, to soften the matter to Elizabeth as much as he could by alleging the urgent motives of state necessity for the change he had been induced to make. Elizabeth would not listen with common patience to the excuses that were offered, but in a transport of indignation penned the following reproachful letter to the royal renegade:—

“TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

“Nov. 12, 1593.

“Ah, what grief! ah, what regret! ah, what pangs have seized my heart, at the news which Morlant has communicated! My God! is it possible that any worldly consideration could render you regardless of the divine displeasure? Can we reasonably expect any good result can follow such an iniquity? How could you imagine that He, whose hand has supported and upheld your cause so long, would fail you at your need? It is a perilous thing to do ill that good may come of it! Nevertheless, I yet hope your better feelings may return, and, in the mean time, I promise to give you the first place in my prayers, that Esau's hands may not defile the blessing of Jacob. The friendship and fidelity you promise to me I own I have dearly earned; but of that I should never have repented, if you had not abandoned your Father. I cannot now regard myself as your sister, for I always prefer that which is natural to that which is adopted, as God best knows, whom I beseech to guard and keep you in the right way, with better feelings.

“Your sister,—if it be after the old fashion; with the new I will have nothing to do.

“E. R.”<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth must either have had a very short memory herself, or imagined that her politic brother had forgotten her former dissimulation in conforming to the church of Rome, not only during the last years of her sister's reign, when she was, of course, actuated by fear, but during the first six weeks of her own. She was, however, so greatly troubled at the apostacy of her *protégé*, that, to divert her grief, she entered into a course of theological studies, col-

<sup>1</sup> British Museum, Cotton. MS., Titus, c. 7, 161. The original is in French. Camden has given a very loose paraphrase, rather than a translation of this curious document.

lating the writings of the ancient fathers with the Scriptures. She had several conferences with the archbishop of Canterbury on the subject, and finally composed her mind by reading Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy, of the five first books of which she made a very elegant English translation.<sup>1</sup>

An attempt being made on the life of Henry soon after, by John Chalet, a fanatic student, who accused the college of Jesuits of having incited him to that crime, Elizabeth wrote a very curious letter of congratulation to his majesty on his happy escape, taking care to introduce an oracular hint as to the future dangers to which his person might be exposed from the malice of his Catholic subjects, whom she insinuates were not very likely to give him credit for the sincerity of his change of creed. She seems to imply that poison would be the next weapon employed against his life. The reader must always make allowance for the involved and mystified style of Elizabeth's diplomatic letters, which Henry of Navarre confessed he never could understand. This curious epistle has never before been published: it is written in French, and is without date.<sup>2</sup>

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

"The courteous and honorable reception, my beloved brother, which you have been pleased to vouchsafe to this gentleman, together with the wish you have testified of showing the same good offices to me, render me so infinitely obliged to you, that words fail me in my attempts to demonstrate my veritable thoughts in regard to you. I entreat you to believe that I should think myself too happy if Fortune should ever send an hour in which I could, by speech, express to you all the blessings and felicity that my heart wishes you; and among the rest, that God may accord to you the grace to make a difference between those that never fail you, and spirits ever restless. It appears to me that gratitude is sacrifice pleasant in the sight of the Eternal, who has extended his mercy more than once to guard you in so narrow an escape that never prince had a greater; which, when I heard, I had as much joy as horror of the peril thereof. And I have rendered very humble thanks, on my bended knees, where solely it was due, and thought that He had sent you this wicked herald to render you more chary of your person, and make your officers of your chamber take more care. I have no need to remind you of some shops where fine drugs are forthcoming, and it is not enough to be of their religion. You

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<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter in the imperial collection at St. Petersburg, communicated by permission of his imperial majesty the emperor of Russia.

stayed long enough among the Huguenots at first to make them think of the difference, and you may well fear. You will pardon always the faults of good affection, which renders me so bold in your behalf; and I am very glad to hear that you dare, without the license of licentiates, do so much for your surety and honor to crush this single seed,<sup>1</sup> which has sown more tares in a dozen years than all Christian princes can exterminate in as many ages. God grant that they may be uprooted out of your dominions! Yet no *phrenatique* [fanatic] can lead you to such just reasoning. I make no doubt but that the Divine hand will avert from you all bad designs, as I supplicate very humbly, and recommend myself a thousand times to your good graces.

“Your very affectionate sister,

“ELIZABETH.”

About the same juncture a plot against the life of queen Elizabeth was detected by the vigilance of Essex, who, through the connection of his secretary Anthony Bacon with the underlings of the Spanish cabinet, had received a hint that Ibarra, the new governor of the Netherlands, had suborned her Jew physician, Lopez, to mingle poison in her medicine. This man, who enjoyed a very high degree of her majesty's confidence, was a Spanish subject, had been taken prisoner in 1558, and had ever since been retained in the queen's service on account of his professional skill, but was secretly a spy and pensioner of the king of Spain. Elizabeth would not believe the charge, because Dr. Lopez had presented to her a rich jewel, which Ibarra had sent to him as a bribe. Essex insisted that this was only a proof of his art, and the queen at length allowed him, in conjunction with the Cecils, to make an investigation. They proceeded to the house of Lopez, and after searching his papers and cross-examining him, both Burleigh and his son expressed their conviction that it was a false accusation. On which the queen, sending for Essex in a passion, and calling him “a rash, temerarious youth,” sharply reprimanded him for bringing, on slight grounds, so heinous a suspicion on an innocent man. Essex left the royal presence in sullen displeasure, and shut himself up in his chamber, which he refused to quit till the queen had, by many coaxing messages and apologies, appeased his offended pride. Essex, however, had serious cause for believing his information well grounded, as it was derived from Antonio Perez, the

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the severe punishment of the young madman, Chalet.

refugee secretary of Philip II. ; and on further investigation, he obtained such evidence of the fact as the confessions of two Portuguese confederates of Lopez, Louis and Ferreira, furnished. Ferreira swore "that, by direction of Lopez, he had written a letter to Ibarra and Fuentes, offering to poison the queen for fifty thousand crowns;" and Louis, "that he had been employed by the same authorities to urge Lopez to perform his promise." There were also letters intercepted, which proved a plot to set fire to the English fleet.<sup>1</sup>

When Elizabeth was at length convinced of the reality of the peril from which she had so narrowly escaped, a pious sentiment was called forth, indicative of her reliance on the Supreme Ruler of the issues of life and death. "O Lord! thou art my God," she exclaimed; "my times are in thy hand."<sup>2</sup> Lopez acknowledged having carried on a secret correspondence with the Spanish court, but steadily denied having cherished any evil designs against his royal mistress. He suffered death for the suspicion he had incurred, and on the scaffold declared "that he loved the queen as well as he did Jesus Christ,"<sup>3</sup>—an assertion that was received with a shout of derision by the orthodox spectators of the tragedy, who considered it tantamount to a confession of his treason, as he was a Jew. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been forewarned by her favorite astrologer, Dr. Dee, of the designs of Lopez against her life.<sup>4</sup> Lopez had incurred the ill-will of Elizabeth's ministers by exercising a pernicious influence in her foreign policy, especially by deterring her from giving effectual assistance, at the proper time, to don Antonio, the titular king of Portugal. Burleigh, in his letters to Walsingham, complains bitterly of the influence of Lopez, and intimates that all his measures are traversed by his secret practices with the queen.<sup>5</sup>

Elizabeth lent don Antonio 5000*l.* on the security of a valuable diamond, and to get rid of his daily importunities for its restoration, or that she would be pleased to afford

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Lingard. Aikin.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Men*, vol. ii. p. 314.

<sup>5</sup> Complete Ambassador.



further aid in prosecuting his claims to the Portuguese throne, she was fain to give him back the pledge without obtaining repayment of her money.<sup>1</sup> On the death of don Antonio<sup>2</sup> she addressed the following remarkable letter to Henry IV. of France in behalf of his children, more especially his eldest son :—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE KING OF FRANCE.<sup>3</sup>

“If the spirit of one departed could disturb a living friend, I should fear that the late king Anthony (whose soul may God pardon) would pursue me in all places if I did not perform his last request, which charged me, by all our friendship, that I should remind you after his death of the good and honorable offers which you made to him while living, that you might be pleased to fulfil them in the persons of his orphans and son,<sup>4</sup> which I must own to be an office worthy of such a prince, who will not forget, I feel assured, the wishes of him who can no longer himself return thanks, and that you will not omit the opportunity of being crowned with that true glory, which shall sound the trumpet to your honor.

“I am not so presumptuous as to prescribe to you what it befits you to do, but submit the case to your sound judgment, as you must know, better than any one else, what will be most suitable to the state of your realm. Only having acquitted myself of my charge, I implore you to treat this desolate prince so well that he may know who it is that has written for him, and have him in your good favor, praying the Lord God to preserve you for many years, which is the desire of

“Your very affectionate sister,

“ELIZABETH.”

The fervent orison for the soul of don Antonio, in the commencement of this letter, affords a curious instance of the lingering observances of the church of Rome in queen Elizabeth's practice. The puritans were much offended with her attachment to crucifixes and tapers, and her observance of saints' days. They did not confine their censures to private remarks, but published very furious pamphlets animadverting on these points. Edward Deering, one of their divines, preaching before her majesty one day, boldly attacked her from the pulpit, and in the course of his sermon told her, “that when persecuted by queen Mary,

<sup>1</sup> Complete Ambassador.

<sup>2</sup> In the year 1595.

<sup>3</sup> From the imperial inedited autograph collection at St. Petersburg.

<sup>4</sup> This young prince, don Christofero de Crato, served gallantly as a volunteer in the naval expedition under Howard and Essex, and so well distinguished himself in the storming of Cadiz that the lord admiral knighted him on the spot.

her motto was, *tanquam ovis*, 'like a sheep;' but now it might be *tanquam indomita juvenca*, 'like an untamed heifer.'"<sup>1</sup> The queen, with unwonted magnanimity, took no other notice of his insolence than forbidding him to preach at court again.

Elizabeth's aversion to the growing sect of the more rigid portion of her Protestant subjects, who eschewed surplice and liturgy, strengthened with the strength of that uncompromising body. She perceived that they disseminated republican doctrines in their three-hour-long sermons, and she knew that all the opposition she had ever experienced in the house of commons proceeded from that party. "Thus," as Mrs. Jameson truly observes, "she was most impatient of preachers and preaching: two or three," she said, "were enough for a whole county."<sup>2</sup> She appears, in her arbitrary attempts to enforce uniformity of worship and to crush the puritans, to have been influenced by the same spirit which has led one of the statesmen-authors of the present times to declare, "that the strength of the dissenters is the weakness of the crown." Such sentiments are the parents of intolerance, but the divine principles of Christian love and fellowship to all who confess the name of Christ were scarcely to be expected from the short-sighted policy of Elizabeth's ecclesiastical government, which alienated the hearts of many a loyal subject, and did violence to the consciences of good and pious men, who could not take the royal edicts as their rule of faith. As Elizabeth had dealt with Catholic recusants, so dealt she now with puritans; opposed as they were in practice as well as opinions, the penal statute of the twenty-eighth of her reign was found capable of slaying both. Barrow, Greenwood, and Penry, three leaders of the puritans,—the last named of whom, under the quaint title of Martin Marprelate, had published some very bitter attacks on bishops,—were executed, with many of their followers of less note, and the jails were crowded with those who either could not or would not pay the fines in which they were mulcted for

<sup>1</sup> Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lives of Female Sovereigns*.

refusing to attend church. The Norman bishop acted much more sensibly, who, when the 'red king' wanted him to compel a relapsed Jew to attend mass, dryly replied, "Nay, my lord king, an' he will not serve God, he must e'en serve his own master the devil, for there is no forcing souls to heaven against their will."

Whoever Elizabeth displeased, she took care to keep a very powerful class of her subjects, the lawyers, in good humor. The gentlemen of Gray's inn, with whom the maiden monarch was a great favorite, got up a burlesque mask, called the Prince of Purpoole, for her amusement, with great pains and cost, which was played before her on Shrove-Tuesday, 1594, at which time she, with all her court, honored the performance with her presence. After the entertainment was over, her majesty graciously returned thanks to all the performers, especially Henry Helmes, the young Norfolk benchler, who had enacted the hero of the piece, and courteously wished that the performance had continued longer,<sup>1</sup> for the pleasure she took in the sports. The courtiers, fired with emulation, as soon as the mask was ended began to dance a measure, but were reprov'd for their presumption by her majesty, who exclaimed, "What! shall we have bread and cheese after a banquet?"<sup>2</sup> She commanded the lord chamberlain to invite the gentlemen to her court the next day, when they were presented in due form, and her majesty gave them her hand to kiss, with most gracious words of commendation to them in particular, and in general of Gray's inn "as a house she was much beholden to, for that it did always study for some sports to present unto her." The same night there was fighting at the barriers, when the earl of Essex led the challengers, and the earl of Cumberland the defenders, in which number the prince of Purpoole was enlisted, and acquitted himself so well that the prize was awarded to him. This it pleased her majesty to present to the goodly Norfolk lawyer with her own hand, telling him "That it was not her gift, for if

<sup>1</sup> The entertainment was printed under the title of *Gesta Grayorum*, and occupies forty-five large quarto pages.

<sup>2</sup> *Gesta Grayorum*.

it had, it should have been better; but she gave it him as that prize which was due to his desert in these exercises, and that hereafter he should be remembered with a better reward from herself." The prize was a jewel, set with seventeen diamonds and four rubies: its value was a hundred marks.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Robert Cecil, not to be outdone by the benchers of Gray's inn in compliments to the queen, taxed his unpoetic brain in the composition of an oration, which was addressed to her majesty by a person in the character of a hermit, at a splendid entertainment given by his father to her and her court at Theobalds this year. The character was chosen in allusion to one of the queen's playful letters to Burleigh, in which she styles him the Eremite of Tibbals, and addresses him as "sir Eremite." In the course of his long hyperbolical speech, the hermit addresses this absurd personal flattery to the royal sexagenarian:—

"But that which most amazeth me, to whose long experience nothing can seem strange, is that with these same eyes do I behold you the self-same queen, in the same estate of person, strength, and beauty in which so many years past I beheld you, finding no alteration but in admiration; insomuch that I am persuaded, when I look about me on your train, that time, which catcheth everybody, leaves only you untouched."

After some mystical allusions to the long services and failing strength of the aged Burleigh, the hermit recommends the son to her majesty's favor, with the modest remark, "that although his experience and judgment be no way comparable, yet, as the report goeth, he hath something in him like the child of such a parent." The hermit makes a very Catholic offering to her majesty in these words:—

"In token of my poor affection, I present you, on my knees, these poor trifles, agreeable to my profession, by use whereof, and by constant faith, I live free from temptation. The first is a bell, not big, but of gold; the second is a book of good prayers, garnished with the same metal; the third a candle of virgin wax, meet for a virgin queen. With this book, bell, and candle, being hallowed in my cell with good prayers, I assure myself, by whomsoever they shall be kept, endued with a constant faith, there shall never come so much as an imagination of any spirit to offend them. The like thereof I will still retain in my cell for my daily use, in ringing the bell, in singing my prayers, and giving light in the night for the increase of my devotion, whereby I may be free to my medi-

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<sup>1</sup> *Gesta Grayorum.*

tation and prayers for your majesty's continuance in your prosperity, health, and princely comfort."

Such was the flattering incense which some of Elizabeth's cabinet ministers offered up to her, who held at that time the destinies of France and Holland dependent on her mighty will; but it was more pleasing to her to hear of her beauty than of her political importance, since of the one she was well assured, of the existence of the other she began to doubt.

Queen Elizabeth was engaged at her devotions in Greenwich church, when she heard the distant report of the Archduke Albert's cannon, thundering thick and fast on Calais; and starting up, she interrupted the service by issuing her royal command, that a thousand men should be instantly impressed for the relief of the town.<sup>1</sup> Her enthusiasm did not transport her into the romantic ardor of sending them without taking due advantage of Henry's necessity. Calais, which had been lost to England for nearly forty years, though its restoration, under certain conditions, had been deceitfully promised, might now be regained. She replied to Henry's earnest solicitations for assistance, "That she would endeavor to deliver it from the Spanish siege, on condition that it might be occupied by an English garrison." Henry, remembering that his good sister persisted in bearing the lilies in her royal escutcheon, and, despite of the Salic law, which had excluded so many princesses of the elder line of St. Louis from holding that dignity, claimed the absurd title of queen of France from the victorious Plantagenet monarchs, who regarded Calais as the key to that realm, declined her obliging proposal by his ambassador Sancy, who told her majesty, frankly, "That the king, his master, would rather see Calais in the hands of the Spaniards than those of the English." Henry himself facetiously observed, "If I am to be bitten, I would rather it were done by a lion than a lioness."<sup>2</sup>

Notwithstanding this sharp witticism, some negotiations for succors were continued; and Elizabeth offered, on certain conditions, tending to the same object, to raise 8000

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Mathieu.



men for Henry's relief. "By whom are they to be commanded?" inquired the monarch of sir Anthony Mildmay, the new English ambassador. "By the earl of Essex," replied the envoy. "Her majesty," rejoined Henry, with a sarcastic smile, "can never allow her cousin of Essex to be absent from her cotillon." When Elizabeth was informed of this impertinent observation, she wrote a letter to Henry containing but four lines, which so moved the fiery temper of the royal Gascon that he had scarcely made himself master of their import ere he raised his hand with intent to strike the ambassador by whom the letter was presented to him, but contented himself by ordering him to leave the room.<sup>1</sup> It is to be hoped that this characteristic *billet-doux* of the Tudor lioness will one day be brought to light, as it would be far better worth the reading than her more classical epistles. The next time Henry sued for her assistance in recovering his good town of Calais, she refused to aid him in any other way than by her prayers.<sup>2</sup>

Coquetry, not only of a political but a personal character, was occasionally mingled in the diplomatic transactions between Henry and queen Elizabeth. "Monsieur l'ambassadeur," said the French monarch to sir Henry Unton, on one occasion, "this letter of the queen, my sister, is full of sweetness and affection, whereby it appeareth that she loveth me, which I am apt to believe, and that I do also love her is not to be doubted; but by the late effect, and your commission, I find the contrary, which persuadeth me that the ill proceedeth only from her ministers, for how else can these obliquities stand with the profession of her love? And though the queen, your mistress, be a complete princess of great experience, and happy continuance in her reign, yet do I see it fall out sometimes with her, as with myself, that the passions of our ministers are of more force with us than our wishes and authorities with them; only with this difference, that her estate is better able to support it than mine, which is the more my grief, being forced by my subjects to take that course for their preservation which as Henry, her loving brother, I would never do." Sir Henry

<sup>1</sup> Birch.

<sup>2</sup> Mathieu.

Unton tells the queen that he assured his majesty "That she was in no respect influenced by the passions of her ministers, for that her sway was absolute, and all her ministers conformable to her will, and never, in any instance, opposed to it."

In the same letter, Unton amuses his sovereign with a description of an interview between Henry and the fair Gabrielle, of whom he speaks in very contemptuous terms, as "very silly, very unbecomingly dressed, and grossly painted." He says the king was so impatient to know what he thought of her, that he took him into the most private corner of his bedchamber, between the bed and the wall, and then asked him his opinion. "I answered very sparingly in her praise," says the discreet ambassador, "and told him that, if without offence I might speak it, I had the picture of a far more excellent mistress; yet did her picture come far short of her perfection of beauty." "As you love me," said Henry, "show it me, if you have it about you." Unton made some difficulty at first, and after exciting the curiosity and impatience of the susceptible monarch to the utmost, displayed, at a cautious distance and with a great affectation of mystery, not the semblance of some youthful beauty of the English court, which from this preparation Henry must have expected to behold, but the portrait of that august and venerable spinster queen Elizabeth herself, who was in her grand climacteric. Henry was too quick-witted and well practised in courtly arts to be taken by surprise; and being ready, at all times, to render his homage to ladies of all ages, affected to regard the picture with the most passionate admiration, protesting "that he had never seen the like," and with great reverence kissed it twice or thrice, while the ambassador still detained it in his hand. After a little struggle, Henry took it from him, vowing "that he would not forego it for any treasure, and that to possess the favor of the original of that lovely picture he would forsake all the world." Unton, after detailing this amusing farce to her majesty, winds up all by telling her "that he perceived this dumb picture had wrought more on the king than all

his arguments and eloquence.”<sup>1</sup> He even presumes to insinuate “that Henry was so far enamoured that it was possible he might seek to cement the alliance between England and France in a more intimate manner than had ever been done before; but that, for his own part, he prays for her highness’s contentment and preservation in that happy state wherein she has continued for so many years, to her great honor and glory.”<sup>2</sup> Nearly a quarter of a century before Henry had entered the lists with his royal kinsmen, the princes of France, as a candidate for Elizabeth’s hand; and when he was about to dissolve his marriage with his consort, Margaret of Valois, his faithful minister, Rosny, facetiously observed, “that it was a pity the queen of England was not a few years younger, for his sake.”<sup>3</sup>

The personal interference of queen Elizabeth, in restricting the supplies of ammunition and other requisites for her fleets and armies on foreign service, continued to impede her ministers and officers intrusted with important commands. Sir Robert Sidney, the governor of Flushing, was urgent for a supply of powder for the defence of that town. The queen, at first, positively refused to send any, as the States were under an agreement to furnish it. “But,” said sir Rowland Whyte, who had preferred sir Robert Sidney’s request, when Essex told him that the matter had been disputed before the queen, and she was pleased that five hundred pounds should be delivered for that purpose,—“But, my lord, there is no powder in the town; and what shall we do for powder while the States be resolving?” To this, Essex made answer, “that he would acquaint her majesty with it, and that he earnestly dealt with her to deliver powder, to be answered upon the soldiers’ general pay; but she would not consent to it, but was content that it might be deducted out of their weekly lendings.”<sup>4</sup> In

<sup>1</sup> Burleigh Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Burleigh’s State-Papers; Murdin’s edition. It was Unton who challenged the duke of Guise to single combat, for his injurious speeches regarding queen Elizabeth. The challenge may be seen in Milles’s Catalogue of Honor.

<sup>3</sup> Sully’s Memoirs, vol. ii.

<sup>4</sup> Sidney Papers.

short, there were more demurs and debates on the outlay of five hundred pounds in a case of absolute necessity than would now take place on the sacrifice of five hundred thousand.

Sir Robert Sidney was tired of the difficult and onerous post he filled, vexed and fettered as he was for want of the means of maintaining the honor of his country: he was, withal, home-sick, and earnestly solicited leave of a few weeks' absence, to visit his wife and children. Elizabeth considered that he was a more efficient person than any one she could send in his place, and, with no more regard for his feelings than she had formerly shown for those of Walsingham when she persisted in detaining him in France, she refused to accede to his wish. Great interest was made by lady Sidney with the ladies of the bedchamber and the ministers to second her request. Among the presents she made to propitiate the ministers, Rowland Whyte specifies boar-pies, which, according to his orthography, appear to modern eyes rather queer offerings to send to statesmen; they were, however, esteemed as very choice dainties, and were sent from the Hague by poor sir Robert Sidney for that purpose. After stating "that my lord of Essex and my lord treasurer have their *bore-pies*, it is especially noted that lady Sidney reserved none for herself, but bestowed her two on sir Robert Cecil, in the hope that he would second her suit for her lord's return; nor was she disappointed, the boar-pies proved superexcellent, and so completely propitiated Mr. secretary, that the next time the petition of sir Robert Sidney was urged to her majesty by her ladies, he knelt down and besought her majesty to hear him in behalf of the home-sick governor, and, after representing the many causes which rendered him so desirous of revisiting his native land, entreated her majesty only to license his return for six weeks."<sup>1</sup>—"Those six weeks would be six months," replied the queen; "and I would not have him away when the cardinal comes." My lady

<sup>1</sup> In his next letter to sir Robert Sidney, Rowland Whyte writes, "The *bore-pies* are all delivered, and specially much commended for their seasoning."—Sidney Papers.

Warwick assured her, "That if any call on her majesty's affairs intervened, he would prefer it before all his own business;" and Mr. Stanhope, kneeling, also told her, "That if she would only permit his return, he would leave again at six hours' notice, if she required." But Elizabeth provokingly declined giving any decided answer to these solicitations, which from time to time were repeated to her, year after year, without the desired effect. On the death, however, of lord Huntingdon, the husband of sir Robert Sidney's aunt, who, refusing to make his will, left his wife in great difficulties, her majesty relented. She visited the afflicted widow, who was Leicester's sister, to offer her personal consolation to her, and granted the long-delayed leave for the return of sir Robert Sidney, that he might arrange her affairs. So great was the fear of lady Sidney that the queen might afterwards deny her own act and deed, that she retained the royal letter in her own possession, for fear of accidents befalling it, and only sent a copy of it to her husband.

From a series of gossiping letters, in the form of a diary, written by Rowland Whyte to sir Robert Sidney, we gather many amusing particulars of the intrigues and daily events of the court of the maiden queen. Elizabeth is frequently signified by the figures 1500; the earl of Essex as 1000; lady Essex as 66; sir Robert Cecil, 200; lord Burleigh, 9000; lord Cobham, 30; Raleigh, 24; earl of Southampton, 3000; and the countess of Huntingdon, c c. As a specimen of the manner in which these cognomens are used, we give the following extract from one of the letters:—

"Upon Monday last, 1500 [the queen] showed 1000 [Essex] a printed book of t—t's title to a—a [the crown]. In it there is, as I hear, dangerous praises of his [1000's] valor and worthiness, which doth him harm here.<sup>1</sup> At his coming from court he was observed to look wan and pale, being exceedingly troubled at this great piece of villany done to him. He is sick, and continues very ill.

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<sup>1</sup> The allusion thus mysteriously given above, was to a seditious Catholic publication, setting forth the title of Philip II.'s daughter, Clara Eugenia, to the crown of England. The book was written by Persons the Jesuit, under the feigned name of Doleman, and maliciously dedicated to Essex, for the purpose of destroying his credit with the queen.



1500 visited him yesterday, in the afternoon: he is mightily crossed in all things, for Bacon is gone without the place of solicitor."

In a subsequent letter Rowland Whyte says, "My lord of Essex, as I writ to you in my last, was infinitely troubled with a printed book the queen showed him; but now he is prepared to endure the malice of his enemies, yet doth he keep his chamber. My lord of Hertford is committed to the Tower, and, as I hear, two Stanhopes with him, but not the courtiers." The pretence on which Hertford was arrested was, that a paper had been found in the possession of a deceased civilian, named Aubrey, implying that he caused the opinions which he had formerly obtained on the validity of his marriage with lady Katharine Gray to be privately registered in the court of Arches. His third countess, Frances Howard, came to sue to her royal kinswoman for his liberty, but could not obtain an audience, though she received especial marks of attention from her majesty, who, we are told, "sent her broths of a morning, and at meals, meat from her own trencher," besides gracious messages to assure her that neither her lord's life nor fortune should be touched.<sup>1</sup> "My lord of Essex," writes Rowland Whyte, "hath put off the melancholy he fell into by a printed book delivered to the queen, wherein the harm that was meant him is, by her majesty's grace and favor, turned to his good, and strengthens her love unto him; for I hear that, within these four days, many letters sent to herself from foreign countries were delivered to my lord of Essex, and he to answer them."

Essex took care to propitiate his royal mistress by all sorts of flattering attention, and offering that allegorical sort of homage which suited well the sophisticated taste of the era, that mixed up pedantry with all the recreations of the court. On the 17th of November, the anniversary of her majesty's accession to the throne, he caused a sort of mask to be represented, which is thus described by an eye-witness:—"My lord of Essex's device is much commended in these late triumphs. Some pretty while before he came in himself to the tilt, he sent his page with some speech to the queen,

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

who returned with her majesty's glove; and when he came himself, he was met by an old hermit, a secretary of state, a brave soldier, and an esquire. The first presented him with a book of meditations, the second with political discourses, the third with orations of brave-fought battles, the fourth was but his own follower, to whom the other three imparted much of their purpose before their coming in. Another devised with him, persuading him to this and that course of life, according to their own inclinations. Then comes into the tilt-yard, unthought upon, the ordinary post-boy of London, a ragged villain all bemired, upon a poor lean jade, galloping and blowing for life, and delivered the secretary a packet of letters, which he presently offered to my lord of Essex; and with this dumb show our eyes were fed for that time. In the after-supper before the queen, they first delivered a well-penned speech to move this worthy knight to leave his vain following of love, and to betake him to heavenly meditation,—the secretaries all tending to have him follow matters of state, the soldiers persuading him to war; but the esquire answered them all, in plain English, "That this knight would never forsake his mistress's love, whose virtue made all his thoughts divine, whose wisdom taught him all true policy, whose beauty and worth were at all times able to make him fit to command armies. He showed all the defects and imperfections of the times, and therefore thought his course of life the best in serving his mistress." The queen said, "If she had thought there had been so much said of her, she would not have been there that night," and so went to bed.<sup>1</sup>

A curious inedited letter has lately been discovered, written by queen Elizabeth to her royal godson James VI. of Scotland, at the time he had been compelled, in consequence of the defeat of his army by the rebel earls at Glenlivet, to take the field in person, to quell an insurrection she had taken great pains to foment by the encouragement she had secretly given to that turbulent traitor Francis earl of Bothwell, with whom these troubles

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers, edited by Collins, vol. i.

commenced. The affectations and involvements in the style of this epistle render the sense obscure in some places, but doubtless the recipient party had sufficient clue to all the taunts and bitter innuendoes it contains. She commences with reproaches to poor king Jamie, for his ungrateful forgetfulness of all the benefits she had rendered him. These were evidently little to the taste of the son of her murdered victim, Mary Stuart. She ironically reminds him of the favor in which he had held sundry of his rebels, notwithstanding her opinion of them; and then angrily upbraids him for not arresting some of hers, who had been received into safe refuge in his own court, when he made pretence of going in person in pursuit of them. She breaks into vehement reproaches on the manner in which he has rewarded her for all her care and watchfulness in his affairs. James would have had more cause for thankfulness if she had troubled herself less with his business. She twits him with her presents: it would have been amusing if she had enumerated them, beginning with the gold font for his christening. After several involved sentences in depreciation of James's conduct and laudation of her own, she adverts to the unwonted length of time that had intervened since she had favored him with one of her dulcet epistles; and explains that this indulgence had been withheld as a token of her displeasure at his signal ingratitude in having made complaints of her to foreign princes, which though done in a secret and confidential manner by James, had got round to her, from whom nothing of the kind could be long concealed. Then she comforts herself for his evil reports of her, by declaring that her sincerity and honorable dealings had won for her so high a reputation for honesty that nothing he could say of her could affect her reputation on the continent; and concludes with the obliging assurance that, notwithstanding all the evil returns he had made to her, she was willing, if he expressed his regret at the part he had acted, to assist him against any of his traitors, if he should be in any need of succor. But this double-distilled dose of vinegar and wormwood must speak for itself, being a perfectly origi-

nal specimen of the epistolary genius of this mighty female sovereign :—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND.

"MY DEAR BROTHER :—

(*Holograph.*)

"May it agree with my deserts, that what hath been should either be so forgotten as it be not acknowledged, or so neglected as if aught were *for slewen* [?] that meet were for the season. Was it my guilt, or your error, that your rebels, when I knew they were such, had so strong hold in your favor as many a month past, or you were pleased to count them but yours in stanchest sort? Yea, when they were full near you, they must not be seen, but so handled as best merit could scarce crave more. What needed an army to pursue such as might so soon be had? Why put you your person to such a laborious *voyage*, when many a day afore you might with less pain and more honor have had them? But who was then in deep lethargy, that gave so long a breath to so evil a cause, and bred or caused doubt, no suspected lack (or lett), but too plain an oversight? And must I, for all my warnings, for all my presents, for all my watchful hourly care, be so well rewarded as one that either brake vow or overslept matter for the first? I never knew you at other need than that your will made you, and so that turn might easily be borne with less than that I sent you to neglect your causes. Would God you saw as well your diseased state, as I have narrowly watched to see it preserved. That many months have passed since my letters visited you, lay not the burden on the shoulders that deserved it not; but remember what courage was given to proceed further, when yet the thanks are to be given for that was last bestowed. And well it were if that were all; I irk that my pen should write the rest. Suppose you that so long a range as mine hath got so few friends, or want so narrow intelligence, as that complaints and moans made to foreign estates of strait dealings made by such as ought most to have helped you could be kept secret from my knowledge? But if you should be *axed* what you would have done more than pursue them to your confines, I think you would have answered them at leisure, to make them suppose more than could be said. Now, dear brother, think with yourself what *moyen* this is to get a new or *kipe* [keep] an old. I am more sorry that by my example they may have cause to doubt your true *lasure* [?] to them, who better and firmer have had so evil requital. There is nor king nor potentate to whom, I thank God, I need yield account of my actions; and yet so sincere they shall ever be, as they shall ever pass current with honor amidst all their censures, and will disdain that any have the precedence of both my words and actions, which even themselves have given me so good testimony, that I believe your persuasions came too late to make them believe this contrary.

"Judge, now, with me, whether my silence have had just ground, and whether any of my rank, if I had used them so, would have forgotten so *un-seeming* a part? And yet, for all this, if I may perceive you regret such a traitment, and to assure to bide such one to me as you affirm you shall be, I *swere* [swear?] that if any of your traitors, with their combined faction, shall find me awake, having no drowsy *humer*, when your affairs need a *spidy* [speedy] assistance, and would not have you doubt that I trust more at our enemies' hands; but the worst they can, and the most they may, if you had believed it as well, your lords had not been in place for aid, nor out of your hands to treat as you

list. With my assured affection to your person, and for your good, I end, committing you to God's safest tuition.

"Your affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH, R."

*Addressed*—"To our dearest Brother, the King of Scots."

*Endorsed*—"September 10th, 1595. Queen of England, with her own hand, writt to the king of Scotland." <sup>1</sup>

What reply James made to this agreeable missive we know not, but as he had the good luck to return triumphantly from his "voyage," as Elizabeth cynically terms his campaign against his rebellious lords of the Romish faith, he could the more easily digest the comments of his illustrious neighbor on the insurrection. Just before Christmas the same year, Elizabeth was magnificently entertained by one of her great crown officers. The particulars are thus quaintly detailed by the lively pen of Rowland Whyte:—"Her majesty," says he, "is in good health. On Thursday she dined at Kew, my lord keeper's house, who lately obtained of her majesty his suit for 100*l.* a year, land in fee-farm: her entertainment for that meal was exceedingly costly. At her first 'lighting, she had a fine fan, with a handle garnished with diamonds. When she was in the middle way between the garden gate and the house, there came running towards her one with a nosegay in his hand, and delivered it to her, with a very well-penned speech. It had in it a very rich jewel, with many pendants of *unfirld* diamonds,<sup>2</sup> valued at 400*l.* at least. After dinner, in her privy-chamber, he gave her a fair pair of virginals. In her bedchamber he presented her with a fine gown and *juppin* [petticoat], which things were pleasing to her highness; and to grace his lordship the more," adds the sly narrator, "she of herself took from him a salt, a spoon, and a fork of fair agate." There were merry doings in the maiden court at this season, when the unremitting homage of the handsome master of

<sup>1</sup> Grateful acknowledgments are offered to the honorable John Stuart for the permission, courteously granted, to enrich the present edition of the biography of queen Elizabeth with a transcript of this curious historical document, lately discovered in the charter-room of his brother, the earl of Moray, in Donibrissoil house, and never before printed.

<sup>2</sup> Diamonds without a foil.



the horse kept the queen in constant good humor, and all was gayety and sunshine. "At our court," notes Rowland Whyte, "the queen is well,—ever may it be so; and the fair ladies do daily trip the measures in the council-chamber. I was at court this morning, where nothing is so much thought upon as dancing and playing. Some were there hoping for preferment, as my lord North and sir Henry Leigh: they play at cards with the queen, which is like to be all the honor that will fall to them this year. The queen chid my lord Lincoln that he doth not give his daughter better maintenance. The queen went this day to the chapel, very prince-like, and in very good health."

The disappointment of one of her relatives in obtaining a wealthy match was made matter of complaint to the queen about this time, as we learn from the following notice from Rowland Whyte's secret budget to his patron abroad:—"Sir George Carey takes it unkindly that my lord of Pembroke broke off the match between my lord Herbert and his daughter, and told the queen it was because he would not assure him one thousand pounds a year, which comes to his daughter as the next akin to queen Anne Boleyn." What kin to that queen could Carey have considered queen Elizabeth herself, when he thus spoke of the grand-daughter of Mary Boleyn? But Elizabeth, while she bestowed a very reasonable degree of favor on her maternal kindred, always seems to have kept her own immediate connection with the unfortunate and dishonored name of Anne Boleyn in the shade. One day a person approached queen Elizabeth with a petition, under pretence of kindred. The queen was too wise to repel the audacious suitor with any degree of haughtiness, much less did she attempt to contest the claim, being well aware that a numerous class of second-rate gentry in Norfolk could prove relationship to her, in no very distant degree, through the Boleyns; but she briefly and wittily replied, "Friend, grant it may be so. Dost think I am bound to keep *all* my kindred? Why, that's the way to make *me* a beggar."<sup>1</sup>

The precious fragment of an inedited letter has lately been

<sup>1</sup> L'Estrange.

handed over to me by that courteous antiquary, J. Adey Repton, Esq., having been discovered by him among the family papers of a learned genealogist of the seventeenth century, Francis Doughty, Esq., giving a very racy account of the gracious reception vouchsafed by the maiden monarch to some of her maternal kinsfolk of the name of Browne, who, simple-minded people as they were, undertook a journey to court on purpose to have the honor of claiming cousinship with their queen. Mr. Doughty introduces the subject by stating that Edward Browne, of Caistor and Great Porland, near Norwich, married Elizabeth Payne, who was a gentlewoman excellently and highly descended, being cousin-german only once removed from queen Elizabeth; her father, Thomas Payne, having married the daughter of sir Edward Bulleyne, knight, who was the son of sir William Bulleyne, of Blickling. The Brownes who desired to be recognized as the near connections in blood to their haughty liege lady, were the offspring of this alliance.

The following brief record of how they sped at their presentation to their august kinswoman is thus dryly penned by a descendant of one of the aspirants for this honor:—"I have credibly heard doings of the said late curious alliances in blood of this county, [who] towards the latter end of her reign went to present themselves before her majesty, amongst whom my grandfather Browne was one; and that they were brought into her majesty's presence by the lord Hunsdon, also *all their kinsman*," meaning that he stood in the same degree of relationship both to the queen and these Brownes, he being her lord chamberlain withal, whose duty it was to name and describe them with all due ceremony; "who," continues the document, "acquainting her majesty therewith, she, first standing up and looking upon them, swore by her extraordinary oath, 'that she thought no prince in Christendom had so many beggarly kindred as she had;' which put most or all of them so far out of countenance, it made them wish they had stayed at home. But in the end the queen, who perceived the design few of them understood, told them 'There were none of them but so long as they did well she would acknowledge; nor any of them,

that in case they did ill, whom she would not leave to the law.' And so, with this favor, she dismissed them." It may, perhaps, increase the interest of this characteristic anecdote to remind the reader that the generation of Brownes who met with this mortifying repulse from Elizabeth were the grandchildren of the hard-hearted lady Boleyn who took upon herself the base office of embittering the last days of poor Anne Boleyn by taunting her with past grudges between them, and playing the part of a spy and informer in order to supply evidence of a murderous character against that unhappy lady, which might serve as a pretext to Henry for bringing her to the block. Truly, the daughter of Anne Boleyn had little inducement to look with favor on the descendants of such a woman.

Robert Carey, lord Hunsdon's youngest son, was a great favorite with his royal mistress, till he rashly committed the offence of wedding a fair and virtuous gentlewoman. When Elizabeth heard that he had presumed to take to himself a wife, she manifested so much displeasure that the luckless bridegroom durst not make his appearance at court, even when his business most required it. At length, being weary of his banishment, and the ill turn a vexatious lawsuit in which he was engaged was likely to take in consequence of his absence, he came and took lodgings, very privately, at Windsor, having heard that her majesty meant to have a great triumph there on her coronation-day, and that signal preparations were making for the course of the field and the tourney. He then resolved to take a part in the games, under the name and character of "the forsaken knight," and prepared a present for the queen, which, together with his trappings, cost him four hundred pounds.<sup>1</sup> "I was the forsaken knight," says he, "that had vowed solitariness; but hearing of this great triumph, thought to honor my mistress with my best service, and then to return to my wonted mourning." The device did not, we may suppose, pass unnoticed by the queen, whose quick glance failed not to detect everything out of the common course; for nothing passed, whether abroad or at home, with which she was not ac-

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of sir Robert Carey.

quainted. The theatrical nature of the character and the submissive homage that was offered to her were also well calculated to please her; but as she had no immediate occasion for his services just then, she permitted the forsaken knight still to remain under the cloud of her displeasure.

A few days afterwards the king of Scotland sent word to sir John Carey, the eldest brother of our knight, and marshal of Berwick, that he had something of great importance to communicate to the queen of England, with which he would not trust her ambassador, nor any one but himself, the lord Hunsdon, or one of his sons. Sir John Carey sent the letter to his father, who communicated it to the queen, and asked her pleasure. "She was not willing," says sir Robert Carey, "that my brother should stir out of the town, but knowing, though she would not know, that I was in the court, she said, 'I hear your fine son, that has lately married so worthily, is hereabouts; send *him*, if you will, to know the king's pleasure.' My father answered, 'that I would gladly obey her commands.' 'No,' said she; 'do you bid him go, for I have nothing to do with him.' My father came and told me what had passed. I thought it hard to be sent without seeing her, for my father told me plainly, 'that she would neither speak with me nor see me.'—'Sir,' said I, 'if she be on such hard terms with me, I had need be wary what I do. If I go to the king without her especial license, it were in her power to hang me on my return; and for anything I see, it were ill trusting her.' My father went merrily to the queen, and told her what I said; she answered, 'If the gentleman be so mistrustful, let the secretary make a safe-conduct to go and come, and I will sign it.'"<sup>1</sup> On these conditions young Carey, who proved himself on this occasion a genuine scion of the same determined and diplomatic stock from which his royal mistress was maternally descended, accepted the commission and hastened into Scotland, passing, however, one night at Carlisle with his wife,—her for whose sake he had incurred the displeasure of the queen.

The secret communication the king of Scots was desirous

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.

of making to his good sister of England Carey has not disclosed. At his desire a written, not a verbal, communication was addressed by king James to her majesty. "I had my despatch," says he, "within four days, and made all the haste I could with it to Hampton Court, and arrived there on St. Stephen's day, in the afternoon. Dirty as I was, I came into the presence, where I found the lords and ladies dancing. The queen was not there; my father went to her, to let her know that I had returned. She willed him to take my message or letters, and bring them to her." The young diplomatist was, as before observed, one of her own blood, and not to be treated like an easy slipper, to be used for convenience, and then kicked into a corner with contempt as soon as her purpose was served. He boldly refused to send the letters by his father, telling him "that he would neither trust him, nor any one else, with what he had to deliver." The stout old lord, finding his son so determined, reported his audacity to the queen. "With much ado," continues Carey, "I was called in, and I was left alone with her. Our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and *my wife*, I told her she herself was in fault for my marriage; and that if she had but graced me with the least of her favors, I had never left her nor her court; and seeing she was the chief cause of my misfortunes, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand and obtained my pardon. She was not displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we grew good friends."<sup>1</sup> This stormy explosion and abuse of poor Carey and his wife actually took place before her majesty's curiosity was gratified by learning the mighty matter which her royal brother of Scotland was so eager to communicate, since, forgetting the dignity of the sovereign, she thought proper to give vent to her temper as a woman in the first instance. "Then," pursues Carey, "I delivered my message and my papers, which she took very well, and *at last* gave me thanks for the pains I had taken. So having her princely word that she had pardoned and forgotten all

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of Carey, earl of Monmouth.



faults, I kissed her hand, and came forth to the presence [chamber], and was in the court as I was before. Thus God did for me, to bring me in favor with my sovereign; for if this occasion had been slipped, it may be I should never, never have seen her face more."

Sir Walter Raleigh was at this time under the cloud of the royal displeasure, for having first seduced, and afterwards committed what Elizabeth appeared to consider the greater crime of marrying the fair mistress Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of her maids of honor, and daughter of her faithful early friend, sir Nicholas Throckmorton. The queen, who certainly imagined that it was a part of her prerogative as a maiden monarch to keep every handsome gentleman of her court in single blessedness to render exclusive homage to her perennial charms, was transported with rage at the trespass of these rash lovers. She expelled the luckless bride of Raleigh from the court with the greatest contumely, and committed the bridegroom to the Tower. Raleigh, who knew her majesty's temper, pretended to be overwhelmed with grief and despair, not at his separation from his young, beautiful, and loving wife, but because he was deprived of the sunshine of the royal presence.<sup>1</sup> One day he saw her majesty's barge on the Thames,<sup>2</sup> and pretended to become frantic at the sight. "He suffered," he said, "all the horrors of Tantalus, and would go on that water to see his mistress." His keeper, sir George Carew, interposed to prevent him, as he was attempting to rush down a stone staircase that led from his window, and caught him by the collar. Raleigh, in the struggle, tore off his keeper's new periwig, and threatened to stick his dagger into him. After a desperate contest he was carried back to his chamber. The next time the queen was going on progress, he penned a most artful letter to his political ally, sir Robert Cecil, on purpose to be shown to the queen:—"How," he asks, "can I live alone in prison, while she is afar off? I, who was wont to behold her riding like Alex-

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Birch. Lingard. Aikin.

<sup>2</sup> Hentzner describes the royal barge as having two splendid cabins, richly decorated with gilding, glass, and painting.

ander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus,—the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes playing on the lute like Orpheus. But once amiss hath bereaved me of all." He then adds, "All those times are past; the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they not weigh down one frail misfortune?" The gross flattery of this letter somewhat mollified the anger of the queen, and two months afterwards he obtained his release from durance, but was forbidden to come to court, or to resume the duties of his office as captain of the guard.<sup>1</sup>

Excessive adulation is always insincere, and Raleigh neither loved nor esteemed the sovereign on whose weak point he was accustomed to play. After her death he forgot her lavish bounties to him, and remembered with bitterness various offences and wrongs which he considered he had received at her hands. Sir Lewis Stukely affirmed that Raleigh was accustomed to speak of queen Elizabeth in very disparaging terms, and that, among other things, he had said, "that howsoever she seemed a great and good mistress to him in the eyes of the world, yet she was unjust and tyrannous enough to him to lay many of her oppressions on him, besides seizing on the best part of everything he took at sea for herself; that she took a whole cabinet of great pearls for herself which he had captured in a Spanish ship, without giving him so much as one pearl."<sup>2</sup> Sir Lewis Stukely is not the only person who has said that sir Walter Raleigh spoke very ill of queen Elizabeth; there is a remarkable passage in Osborne to the same effect.

So jealous was Elizabeth lest foreign princes should obtain any of that homage and allegiance from her subjects which she esteemed her exclusive right, that when two valiant

<sup>1</sup> He then undertook a new voyage of discovery, in the hope of bringing home a freight of the golden treasures of the new world; but though he penetrated as far as Guiana, and did a good deal of wanton and unjustifiable mischief to the infant colonies of Spain, his voyage proved unsuccessful. He consoled himself by writing a very wonderful account of his discovering a nation of Amazons, and also of people who had their faces in their breasts.

<sup>2</sup> Third collection from the Somers Tracts, vol. i. p. 216.

young knights, sir Nicholas Clifford and sir Anthony Shirley, whom her good friend and ally Henry IV. of France had honored with the order of St. Michael for their chivalric deeds in his service, appeared in her court decorated with the glittering insignia of the institution, she expressed the greatest displeasure that they should have dared to accept an honor from, and take an oath to, any other sovereign without her permission, and forthwith committed them both to prison. As a great favor, and because of their youth and inexperience, she did not proceed against them; but she compelled them to return the insignia of St. Michael, and to take measures for having their names struck out of the register of the order. When Henry was told of it he only smiled, and said, "I could wish the queen of England would do me the same favor, by making some of my aspiring subjects, whom she may chance to see in her realm, knights of the Round Table,"<sup>1</sup>—an order which her late vainglorious favorite, Leicester, had made an ineffectual effort to revive, in honor of her majesty's visit to Kenilworth. The queen had, some time before, given letters to sir Thomas Arundel, of Wardour, recommending him to the service of the emperor Rudolph II., as a brave knight, and her kinsman; and Arundel had so greatly distinguished himself in the defence of Hungary, where with his own hands he took a Turkish banner, that Rudolph conferred the dignity of a count of the holy Roman empire on the gallant volunteer. When Arundel returned to England, some dispute arising between him and the English peers as to whether he had any right to claim rank or precedency in this country from his foreign title, the matter was referred to her majesty, who replied, "That there was a close tie of affection between sovereigns and their subjects; and, as chaste wives should have no eyes but for their husbands, so faithful liegemen should keep their regards at home, and not look after foreign crowns. That, for her part, she liked not for her sheep to wear a stranger's mark, nor to dance after a foreigner's whistle."<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Arundel was the son and

<sup>1</sup> Camden's Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> James I. created this red-cross knight lord Arundel of Wardour.

heir of old sir Matthew Arundel, on whose fringed cloak it once pleased queen Elizabeth to spit, and the husband of one of the fairest and most amiable of the ladies of Elizabeth's bedchamber. She is called by sir John Harrington and his courtly correspondent "our sweet lady Arundel," and appears occasionally to have been a sufferer from the irritability of the illustrious virago's temper. An English lady of rank, under such circumstances, would, in later times, have resigned her place in the royal household; but such was not the spirit of independence in the maiden court. So universal was the ambition of the female aristocracy of England at that period to share the gorgeous routine of royal pageantry and festive pleasures, that when lady Leighton, one of the bedchamber women, talked of resigning if the queen put a denial on a suit she was preferring, there were, as Rowland Whyte assures his absent patron, at least a dozen ladies eager to supply her place, among whom he specifies lady Thomas Howard, lady Borough, and lady Hoby.

"No one who waited in queen Elizabeth's court, and observed anything, but could tell that it pleased her much to be thought and told that she looked young," observes her shrewd godson Harrington. "The majesty and gravity of a sceptre, borne forty-four years,<sup>1</sup> could not alter the nature of a woman in her. One day, Dr. Anthony Rudde, the bishop of St. David's, being appointed to preach before her at Richmond, in the Lent of the year 1596, and wishing, in his godly zeal, to remind her that it was time she should think of her mortal state and the uncertainty of life, she being then sixty-three years of age, he took this appropriate text from the 90th Psalm:—'Lord, teach us how to number our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom.' Which text," continues Harrington, "he handled so well, so learnedly and suitably, as I dare say he thought (and so should I, if I had not been somewhat better acquainted with her humor) that it would have well pleased her, or, at least, in no ways offended her. But when he had spoken awhile of some sacred and mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity,

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth was only in the thirty-ninth year of her reign when this incident occurred.

three times three for the heavenly hierarchy, seven for the sabbath, and seven times seven for a jubilee, and lastly—I do not deliver it so handsomely as he did—seven times nine for the climacterical year, she, perceiving whereto he tended, began to be troubled. The bishop, discovering that all was not well, for the pulpit stands there *vis-à-vis* to the closet, fell to treat of more plausible numbers, as 666 making Latinus, with which he said he could prove the pope to be Antichrist; also of the fatal number of eighty-eight, which being so long spoken of for a dangerous year, yet it had pleased God that year not only to preserve her, but to give her a famous victory against the united forces of Rome and Spain. And so, he added, there was no doubt but that she should pass this year, and many more, if she would in her meditations and soliloquies with God (which he doubted not were frequent) say thus and thus,—making, indeed, an excellent prayer, as if in her majesty's person acknowledging God's great graces and benefits to her, and praying for a continuance of the same; but, withal, interlarding it with some passages of Scripture touching the infirmities of age, such as the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes,—‘When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the windows,’ etc. . . . ‘And the daughters of singing shall be abased;’ and with more quotations to the same purpose, he concluded his sermon.” The queen, as her manner was, opened the window of her closet; but so far from giving him thanks or good countenance, she told him in plain terms that “he might have kept his arithmetic for himself; but I see,” said she, “that the greatest clerks are not always the wisest men,” and so went away for the time discontented. The lord keeper Puckering advised the unlucky bishop to keep his house for a while, till the queen's displeasure were assuaged; “but,” says our author, “her majesty showed no ill-nature in this, for, within three days' time she expressed displeasure at his restraint, and, in my hearing, rebuked a young lady for speaking scornfully of him and his sermon.” However, to show how the good bishop was deceived in supposing she was so decayed in her limbs as himself, perhaps, and other persons of that age are wont to



be, she said "She thanked God that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering for instruments, nor lastly her sight, was any whit decayed;" and to prove the last before us all, she produced a little jewel that had an inscription in very small letters, and offered it, first to my lord of Worcester, and then to sir James Crofts, to read, and both (as in duty bound) protested *bonâ fide* they could not; yet the queen herself did find out the poesy, and made herself merry with the standers-by, upon it."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth's intolerance and persecution of the puritan sect of non-conformists in her dominions was not only a most oppressive infringement on that liberty of conscience which is the leading principle of the Reformation, but glaringly inconsistent with the sympathy and affection she had always professed for the same party in Scotland, when aiding them with money, arms, and men to rise in rebellion against their lawful rulers. It was probably a review of the political manner in which she had suited her own creed to the temper of the times which led master David Blake, one of the ministers of St. Andrew's, to denounce her from his pulpit as an atheist. The English ambassador made a formal complaint of this outrage to king James, who thereupon cited the offender to appear before the privy council. Appear he did, supported by so formidable a party of the popular preachers, that although it was deposed by some of the hearers that the said master David had, in the same sermon, called his majesty "a *divell's* bairn," and spoken with great incivility of his consort, James was forced to temporize, and put off hearing the cause till a more convenient season. The English ambassador was, however, so urgent on the subject of the insulted faith of his sovereign that James, being pretty well accustomed to receive such sort of pulpit compliments, said, "I think little of the matter of master David Blake's offence myself, only I desire that somewhat be done for the pacifying the English ambassador." On this account he was really compelled to inflict a censure, and to banish the preacher beyond the north water. The promulgation of this sentence threw the whole town of Edinburgh into an uproar

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. 216.

that almost shook the throne of Scotland, and was with difficulty composed. Elizabeth took the opportunity of inflicting two of her agreeable epistles on her royal neighbor on this occasion; one of these specimens of what she styles her "pen-speech" may be seen in Spotiswood; the other, after having lain for more than two centuries and a half among other precious historical documents in the charter-room of the present earl of Moray, is now, through the courtesy of his lordship's brother, the Hon. John Stuart, for the first time introduced to the readers of the biography of queen Elizabeth:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO JAMES VI. KING OF SCOTLAND.

"That the evil motions be so well calmed in your town, my dear brother, *hit* pleaseth me not a little; as also I can but most gratefully accept the care that you take to follow my advising in the *spidy appaising* of such disorder; as likewise in kind sort I do take the sending of this bearer to satisfy my mind that I ever gladdeth to see the *iwell* settling of fractions in your state, and thereby perceive that you take me for such as will ever have watching regard to your best ordering of your affairs, as she that *elz* should neglect you, for whom I have hitherto not wanted any heed to such occurrences as might concern you; and for such right judgments receive with this my many thanks. As for the frantic man that showed in pulpit the traditions of his *hid* [head], I owe you most thankfulness for taking it so evil; but of him I disdained to make mention of, but did refer both his punishment and *al elz* to your best disposing. But now, I pray you, let me not in silence keep that which both may dissolve our frank amity and let loose my dishonor. I must needs tell you that, without more excuses, deferrings, or lingerings, Buk Cluoth [Buccleugh] and Cesford must be tendered to my hands in my borders, according as all right and reason requireth; and do trust that this were deferred to gratify *mi* more by yourself than let alone to the Commissioners' charge, for God forbid that any so sinister counsel should be followed that might *shak* you with your best *frind*, and dishonor you to the whole world that be spectators, both what princes do, and what they suffer. Consider in right *warghtts* the burden of this cause, and suppose *hit* that no trifling in so urgent a point can be taken; for princes will bear anything but open dishonor, which enemies worke, and no friends can tolerate. Regard, therefore my dear brother, the *paix* of this balance, and redress these intolerable wrongs, as kings for dignity and *frinds* in amity ought to do. And with this assurance I will end troubling you with longer lines, with desire that God may prosper your good actions, and have regard to keep your affectionate *frinds*, among which never any shall ago afore

"Your most affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH, R."

*Addressed*—"To our good Brother, the K. of Scotts."

*Endorsed*—"Queen of Ingland hir ltre. to his Maj. of Scotland, delivered by Roger Ascheto, 20 Martij, 1596."

This letter is wholly in queen Elizabeth's hand.

The lairds of Buccleugh and Cessford, whom Elizabeth in this letter requires to be delivered up to her, had rendered king James good service in assisting to quell that fanatic wasp's nest he had stirred up, by his attempt to punish master David Blake for calling her an atheist.<sup>1</sup> The offence they had given her was, their valiant defence of Liddesdale against the aggressions of her wardens; and, above all, for making a retaliatory incursion into England to avenge the depredations committed by the Tynedale marauders, thirty-six of whom they seized and hanged. Nor was this all. Mr. Salkeld, acting as deputy for lord Scrope, the English warden, having captured William Armstrong, better known in border history and ballad lore as "Kinmont Willie," during the time of truce, and lodged him in Carlisle castle, Buccleugh, whose vassal Armstrong was, demanded his release of Scrope, but was answered that, being a malefactor, he could not be released without the queen of England's leave. This being vainly solicited, through both the Scotch ambassador and the English, and lastly by king James himself in a letter to Elizabeth, Buccleugh, with only forty followers, performed the bold exploit of breaking into Carlisle castle at night, and rescuing his countryman, whom he carried off triumphantly, and came safely back to Scottish ground two hours after sunrise. Queen Elizabeth stormed not a little when she received news of what had been achieved by the bold Buccleugh, considering it a great affront that a prisoner should have been taken forth from one of her chief castles, so well garrisoned as it was. She reiterated her complaints so frequently and angrily that at last Buccleugh, rather than bring his sovereign into a war, consented to appear before the enraged majesty of England, in her own court, to answer for his offence. When he was introduced into Elizabeth's presence, she haughtily demanded of him "How he dared undertake an enterprise at once so presumptuous and so desperate?"—"What is it that a man dare not do?" was the intrepid answer of Buccleugh. Elizabeth appreciated the gallant spirit of the rejoinder, and, turning to one of her lords in waiting, said, by way of com-

<sup>1</sup> Spotiswood's Hist. of the Church of Scotland.

ment, "With ten thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Christendom."<sup>1</sup>

From a letter written by Camden the historian to sir Robert Cotton, it appears that queen Elizabeth was attacked with a dangerous illness this spring. "I know you are," says he, "as we all here have been, in a melancholy and pensive cogitation. This sleepless indisposition of her majesty is now ceased, which, being joined with an inflammation from the breast upwards, and her mind altogether averted from physic in this her climacterical year, did more than terrify us all, especially the last Friday in the morning, which moved the lords of the council, when they providently caused all the vagrants hereabout to be taken up and shipped for the Low Countries." Other precautions for the defence of the realm are mentioned, which looks as if a foreign invasion were dreaded; and it is especially noted that count Arundel of Wardour was apprehended and committed to ward in a gentleman's house, merely because it was reported that he had made some provision of armor.

Elizabeth's aversion to physic-taking formed one of her peculiar characteristics; the more remarkable, since she was, notwithstanding her pertinacity in concealing her ailments, not unfrequently indisposed. Her reasons were cogent for her antipathy to medicine, for whilst other sciences progressed rapidly in her century, that of physic remained in a crude and barbarous state. Her courtiers, who loved to see their outward persons bedizened with gold and pearls, thought doses of the same would infinitely comfort and refresh the interior. In a contemporary letter, sir Charles Cavendish regretted he could not send some of his favorite nostrum, salt of *gold*, to old lady Shrewsbury, and notices that "the *pearls*, ten grains, are to be taken fourteen days together; as to the *coral*, sir Walter Raleigh saith he

<sup>1</sup> Note in sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Elizabeth detained Buccleugh in England half a year. Sir Robert Cessford, who had voluntarily surrendered himself to her kinsman Carey, the captain of Berwick, was afterwards transferred to the keeping of the archbishop of York, who treated him kindly, and was very desirous of improving him in Christian virtues.

hath little left." An ounce of magnesia would have done them more good, medicinally, than all the pearls and coral in the Red Sea. But such were the prescriptions administered to the great in the sixteenth century, while the poor and the middle classes, who sighed in vain to swallow the pulverized pearls and pounded diamonds with which their betters regaled themselves, were forced to rely on the traditional merits of native herbs and simples, gathered with potent charms in proper planetary hours; and certainly, notwithstanding the latter-named superfluities, their share of the healing art was the most efficacious. No wonder the queen's strong judgment and acute perceptiveness made her repudiate the physic prescribed in accordance with her regal state, and trust to nature; she thus happily avoided doses of gold, pearls, and coral.

It was a customary device with Essex, when any difference occurred between the queen and him, to feign himself sick, to see how far he could excite the sympathy of his royal mistress, who, to do her justice, generally testified tender compassion for the maladies of her ministers and officers of state, and appears to have been frequently imposed upon in this way. "My lord of Essex," observes Rowland Whyte, "kept his bed the most part of yesterday; yet did one of his chamber tell me, 'He could not weep for it, for he knew his lord was not sick.' There is not a day passes that the queen sends not often to see him, and himself privately goeth every day to see her. . . . Full fourteen days his lordship kept in; her majesty, as I heard, meant to break him of his will, and to pull down his great heart, but found it a thing impossible, and says 'he holds it from the mother's side.' But all is well again, and no doubt he will grow a mighty man in our state." As Essex was the fountain-head from which all favor and preferment then flowed, it was necessary for those in command abroad to use his influence with the queen, even to obtain the necessary munitions for her majesty's own service. He was evidently jealous of interest being made to the queen through any other quarter, and kept the most vigilant espionage on the correspondence of the ladies of the royal



household. "Yesterday," notes Whyte, in his letter to Sidney, "a principal follower of my lord of Essex told me that he saw two letters of yours sealed with gold and the broad arrow-head, directed to two of the maids [of honor], and that a knight, who was too open, had charge to deliver them."

Elizabeth appears, at all times, to have considered herself morally responsible, in the expenditure of her subsidies, to those from whose purses the supplies had been drawn. Hence her oftentimes annoying interference in matters which a lady could scarcely be a competent judge, and her anxiety to use all possible economy; and though she occasionally found that small savings were the cause of loss and inconvenience in more important matters, she was right in the aggregate, since the underlings of office felt a restraining check from the crown itself, if they attempted any of the lavish and wasteful expenditure which, in latter times, has been too little regarded by the higher powers. The personal control which Elizabeth exercised in these matters affords, now and then, an amusing feature in the personal history of this extraordinary woman, and a curious variety in the characteristics of female royalty. "Here hath been," says Roland Whyte, "much ado between the queen and the lords about the preparation for sea, some of them urging that it was necessary for her safety; but she opposed it, 'no danger appearing,' she said; 'and that she would not make wars, but arm for defence, understanding how much of her treasure was spent already in victuals for ships at sea and soldiers by land.' She was very angry with lord Burleigh for suffering it, seeing no greater occasion. No reason or persuasion of the lords could prevail; but she ordered all proceedings to be stopped, and sent my lord Thomas Howard word that he should not go to sea. Monsieur Charron, the ambassador from the States being sent for, spoke to the queen, but said afterwards, 'He had neither time nor recollection to urge the reinforcement of the horse, nor was the time fit for it; her majesty being so unquiet, he could not tell what to do or say.' Charron said 'the States desired an English regiment in their pay,' but

that it was denied. The next day, when Essex was asked if her majesty had read sir Robert Sidney's statement of the wants of the governor of Flushing, he said, 'The queen hath read it, and made others that were by acquainted with its purport;' after which she put it in her pocket, and said, 'She marvelled why, in such a time, the demand should be made, since Flushing was not besieged; but that her governors were never well but when they could draw her into unnecessary charges.'"<sup>1</sup>

Formidable preparations were making in the Spanish ports at that very time, which it was supposed were designed for another expedition against England. Philip II. had made a solemn vow "to avenge the destruction of the Armada on Elizabeth, if he were reduced to pawn the last candlestick on his domestic altar." If wealth, however, could have effected the conquest of England, Philip had no lack of the glittering mammon. The gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru were to him like a realization of the fabled treasures of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The wretched natives were employed, like the slaves of the lamp, in working the mines, and the Spanish monarch had dollars of silver and ingots of gold for the bringing home, when his carracks were not intercepted and made prizes by Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake, and a dozen other bold naval commanders, who somewhat tarnished their laurels by filling up their spare time in piratical enterprises; but such was the spirit of the times. The energies and nautical skill of some of these daring adventurers were now required for a more honorable achievement. The lord admiral, Howard of Effingham, advised the queen to anticipate the designs of the enemy, by sending out an expedition to destroy his ships, his arsenals, and his ports. Essex, whose chivalric spirit panted for a better employment than the inglorious post of a court minion, and was weary of the degrading bondage in which he was held by his royal mistress, eagerly seconded the sage counsel of the lord admiral, which was as strenuously opposed by Burleigh and his party.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

The queen was at last convinced of the expediency of the expedition, and gave the command of the naval department to lord Howard of Effingham, and that of the military force destined to be employed against Cadiz, to Essex, but with strict injunctions that he was not to undertake any movement without first holding a council of war. In this, Elizabeth acted in conformity to the opinion she had written to the king of France, when she told him "Essex was not to be trusted with the reins; and that the natural impetuosity of his character required a bridle rather than a spur." She was, besides, actuated with a tender solicitude for his personal safety. She composed a prayer for the success of the expedition, and sent a farewell letter, full of loving and encouraging promises, to Essex. His crafty rival, sir Robert Cecil, added one from himself, for the sake of subjoining a choice dose of adulation for the queen, in allusion to the prayer she had compounded. "No prayer," observes the profane sycophant, "is so fruitful as that which proceedeth from those who, nearest in nature and power, approach the Almighty. None so near approach his place and essence as a celestial mind in a princely body. Put forth, therefore, my lord, with full confidence, having your sails filled with her heavenly breath for a forewind."<sup>1</sup> If Essex were not nauseated with such a piece of shameless hypocrisy as this, he had no occasion to apprehend any qualms from the effects of a sea-voyage.

Essex distinguished himself most brilliantly, both by land and sea: disregarding the private orders of the queen, which were, for the first time, communicated to him by the lord admiral, that he "should not expose his person to peril by leading the assault," he abandoned the safe post that had been assigned to him, and rushed into the hottest battle. It was his gallantry and promptitude that won Cadiz, with all its treasures; his humanity that preserved the lives of the defenders of the town; his chivalry that protected the women and children and religious communities from ill-treatment. So perfect was his conduct on this occasion, that he was spoken of with enthusiasm in the Spanish court,

<sup>1</sup> Birch.

both by the king and the infanta his daughter. "It is not often," observed Philip of this generous victor, "that such a gentleman is seen among heretics."<sup>1</sup> The envy of Raleigh was excited, though he had performed his devoir gallantly in his ship the 'Warspite;' but his jealousy led to a contention with Essex as to the manner of attacking the richly-laden merchant fleet, and in the mean time the duke of Medina set fire to it, to prevent it from falling into their hands. The loss of the Spaniards was estimated at 20,000,000 ducats, and the English officers and commanders were greatly enriched. Essex desired to retain Cadiz, and offered to maintain it with only four hundred men for three months, by the end of which time succors might arrive from England; but the other commanders, being eager to secure their rich booty, insisted on returning home with what they had got.<sup>2</sup>

Essex expected to be distinguished with especial praise by the queen, and to receive additional honors and preferment, but the Cecil party had succeeded in prejudicing the royal mind against him. His pride, vainglory, extravagance, and immorality had all been represented to her with exaggerations. They made light of the capture of Cadiz, and gave sir Walter Raleigh the chief credit for the success that had been achieved.<sup>3</sup> Then, when her majesty learned that the plunder had been divided among the commanders and their men, she was so greatly exasperated at being defrauded of her share that she expressed herself very intemperately against Essex, and declared, "That if she had hitherto done his pleasure, she would now teach him to perform hers."<sup>4</sup> Not contented with venting her anger in empty words, she sent word to him and the lord admiral, that, as they had divided the booty, they might take upon themselves the payment of the soldiers and mariners. Essex, on this, hastened to the court to offer his explanations to the queen in person; but as she was bent on mortifying him, she refused to listen to him in private, and compelled him to submit to a long investigation before the privy council, day after day,<sup>5</sup> till his patience being fairly exhausted, he turned

<sup>1</sup> Birch's Memorials.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

<sup>3</sup> Lingard.

<sup>4</sup> Birch.

<sup>5</sup> Lingard. Birch.

upon the Cecils, and proved that the commissioners appointed by Burleigh to look to her majesty's interest had neglected to do so, and that he had been opposed in every way when he sought the glory and advantage of his country; and that, but for the interference of their creatures, he might have intercepted the richest treasure-fleet of the king of Spain for her majesty. When the queen learned that this fleet, with twenty millions of dollars, had safely arrived in the ports of Spain, she manifested so much resentment against those who had been the cause of her losing so mighty a prize, that Burleigh thought it most prudent to conciliate Essex; and when the queen claimed the ransom which the inhabitants of Cadiz had paid for their lives, he decided that the earl, as the victor, was entitled to this money, and not her majesty, although he had been the very person who first suggested to her that it was her right. Elizabeth, infuriated at this double dealing, called Burleigh "a miscreant and a coward;" told him "he was more afraid of Essex than herself;"<sup>1</sup> and rated him so fiercely that the aged minister retired from her presence in great distress, and wrote a pitiful complaint of his hard usage to Essex, detailing her majesty's ireful language, and added, "That having had the misfortune of incurring his lordship's ill-will at the same time, he considered himself in worse case than those who, in avoiding Scylla fell into Charybdis, for it was his misfortune to fall into both." Essex wrote civilly in reply, but really gave Burleigh little credit for sincerity. His secretary, Anthony Bacon, sarcastically observed, "That the merit of Essex having regained the good-will of her majesty, the old fox was reduced to crouch and whine, and write in such submissive terms to him."<sup>2</sup>

In 1596 death was busy among the great placemen of Elizabeth's cabinet,<sup>3</sup> and no less busy were the courtiers in scheming and soliciting for the reversion of the various offices that were thus vacated. The race was hardest run

<sup>1</sup> Burleigh's letter to Essex, in Birch.

<sup>2</sup> Birch.

<sup>3</sup> Puckering, lord keeper, sir Francis Knollys, and lord Huntingdon died this year.



between Essex and his sworn enemy, lord Cobham, for the wardenship of the Cinque-ports. The intrigues respecting this are amusingly detailed by a contemporary,<sup>1</sup> who informs sir Robert Sidney that his friend lady Scudamore got the queen to read his letter, who asked her, "How she came by it?" Lady Scudamore replied, "Lady Sidney asked me to deliver it to your majesty."—"Do you know the contents of it?" demanded the queen. "No, madame," said she. "Then," said the queen, "it's much ado about the Cinque-ports."—"I demanded of my lady Scudamore," continues Whyte, "what she observed of her majesty's manner while reading it? who said the queen read it all over, with no other comment than two or three 'pughs!'" It might be regarded as a favorable indication of the royal mind that her majesty's expletives were not of a more offensive character. Lord Cobham obtained the place, through the interest of the queen's favorite lady in waiting, Mrs. Russell, of the privy-chamber, to whom he was paying his addresses. When the queen told Essex that Cobham should have it, the mortified favorite announced his intention of withdrawing from court. On the morning of the 10th of December, himself, his horses, and followers were all ready. About ten o'clock he went to take leave of the sick lord treasurer, and met Mr. Killigrew, who told him "to come to the queen," and she, to pacify him, offered him the post of master of the ordnance, which he accepted; yet the queen, who loved to torment him, delayed signing his patent so long that he began to doubt the sincerity of her promise.

Essex and the queen came to issue this year on two points; one was her appointing sir Francis Vere to the office of governor of Brill, which the earl vehemently opposed, arguing that it ought to be given to a person of higher rank and greater experience, as sir Francis held only a colonelcy in the service of the states of Holland; but Elizabeth had marked his talents, and insisted on bestowing the preferment upon him.<sup>2</sup> The other dispute was on the old subject of the place of secretary of state, which, although it had been held provisionally by sir Robert Cecil

<sup>1</sup> Letters from Rowland Whyte, in the Sidney Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

for five years, Essex still urged the queen either to restore to Davison, or to bestow it on his learned friend sir Thomas Bodley, the celebrated founder of the Bodleian library at Oxford. Perhaps Essex roused the combative spirit of his royal mistress by the energy and pertinacity with which he recommended sir Thomas Bodley to her favor and insisted on his merits, for she refused even to allow Burleigh, who was willing to make that concession, to associate him in the commission with his son. Certainly sir Thomas Bodley was not very likely to run smoothly in harness with such a colleague as sir Robert Cecil.

Essex, who had for some time endeavored to reform his acquired faults of dissipation and gallantry, and, by frequenting sermons and religious assemblies, and devoting himself to his amiable wife, had acquired some reputation for sanctity, now suddenly relapsed into a career of fresh folly, having become desperately enamoured of Mrs. Bridges, the most beautiful of the maids of honor. The queen's rage and jealousy, on this occasion, transported her beyond the bounds of feminine delicacy, and she treated the offending lady in the harshest manner, bestowing bitter revilings, and even personal chastisement on her, on the most absurd and frivolous pretences. "The queen hath of late," observes Rowland Whyte, "used the fair Mrs. Bridges with words and blows of anger, and she and Mrs. Russell were put out of the coffer-chamber. They lay three nights at my lady Stafford's, but are now returned again to their wonted waiting. By what I writ in my last letter to you, by post, you may conjecture whence these storms arise. The cause of this displeasure is said to be their taking of physic, and one day going privately through the privy-galleries to see the playing at *ballon*."<sup>1</sup>

About this time Essex's friend, the earl of Southampton, another of the young nobles of the court who had incurred the displeasure of the queen for marrying without her consent, and was only just released from the Tower, involved himself in a fracas with Ambrose Willoughby, one of the officers of the household, in a very foolish manner. He was

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers. *Ballon* was, perhaps, cricket or golf.

engaged in a game of primero, in the presence-chamber, with sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Parker, after the queen had gone to bed, and Willoughby, whose duty it was to clear the chamber, told them to give over their play. They paid no heed to his warning, and continued their game; on which he told them he should be compelled to call in the guard to pull down the board. Raleigh prudently put up his money and went his way, but Southampton was so much annoyed that he told Willoughby he would remember it. Meeting him soon after, between the tennis-court wall and the garden, he struck him, on which Willoughby pulled out some of his locks. It is probable that Essex had espoused the quarrel of his friend, and threatened the other; for the queen took the matter up, and gave Willoughby thanks for what he did in the presence-chamber, adding, "That he had done better if he had sent Southampton to the porter's lodge, to see who durst have fetched him out."<sup>1</sup>

The presumption of Philip II., which led him in his old age to fancy he might make his daughter, Clara Eugenia, queen of France, *malgré* the Salic law, having failed to achieve that object, he now once more directed his energies to the equally absurd chimera of placing her on the throne of England, as the legitimate heir of the house of Lancaster. Intelligence reached Elizabeth that he was fitting out another expedition for the purpose of invading her realm. At first her love of peace induced her to slight the warning, but Essex succeeded in convincing her that the preparations were formidable, and that the Spaniards designed to make a descent on the coast of Ireland, where the great-

<sup>1</sup> Although the terrible punishment of the loss of a right hand, with fine and imprisonment, was awarded by the rigor of a Star-chamber sentence to those who inflicted a blow or drew a weapon on another within the precincts of the palace, the courtiers, and even the privy councillors, of the maiden queen not unfrequently gave way to their pugnacious dispositions, by brawling and fighting in the corridors leading to the presence-chamber. An incident of the kind is very quaintly related by Rowland Whyte to his absent patron, but he prudently veils the names of the bellicose powers under the mystery of ciphers. "I forgot to write unto you," he says, "that in the lobby, upon some words, 300 called 600 a fool, and he struck him; but 000 being by, went to the privy-chamber, and desired 1000 [earl of Essex] to come and part two grave councillors, which he did, and made them friends presently."

est disaffection prevailed, and she consented that a fleet should be sent out to attack the shipping in the Spanish ports. A hollow reconciliation was effected between Essex, the Cecils, and sir Walter Raleigh, and Essex was appointed as commander-in-chief of the forces by sea and land. Lord Thomas Howard and Raleigh were the vice and rear-admirals, Mountjoy was lieutenant-general, and sir Francis Vere, marshal.<sup>1</sup> As usual, a great many young noblemen and gentlemen joined the fleet: they set sail from Plymouth on the 9th of July, making a gallant show, with waving plumes, glittering arms, and gay accoutrements. They were overtaken by a terrible thunder-storm, which dismantled some of the vessels, drove them back into port, and so disheartened many of the landsmen that they deserted. Essex and Raleigh took horse and posted together to the queen, to learn her majesty's pleasure. She gave orders that they should destroy the Spanish ships in Ferrol harbor, and intercept the West India fleet.<sup>2</sup> The expedition remained wind-bound a whole month, and when it again put to sea, Essex addressed the following farewell letter to the queen, in behalf of the nobleman who was to perform the duties of master of the horse in his absence:—

“August 17, 1597.

“MOST DEAR LADY:—

“Now I am leaving the shore, and thinking of all I leave behind me, next yourself none are so dear as they that with most care and zeal do serve you; of which number I beseech your majesty to remember that truly honest earl that waits in my place.<sup>3</sup> Your majesty is in debt to him and to yourself till you do for him. Him only of his coat you think yourself behindhand with. Therefore, dear lady, for your justice' sake, and for your poor absent servant's sake, take some time to show your favor to him. You shall never repose trust in a safer place. Pardon this freedom of spirit.

“From your majesty's humblest vassal,

“ESSEX.”<sup>4</sup>

There were some noble points in Essex, though in his general conduct he constantly reminds us of a spoiled and wayward child. When the disobedience of his great enemy, sir Walter Raleigh, to his orders in attacking the town of

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Lingard.

<sup>3</sup> Edward earl of Worcester.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

<sup>4</sup> Birch's State-Papers.

Fayal before his arrival with the rest of the fleet, disarranged his plans and abridged the success of his squadron, one of his followers urged him to bring sir Walter Raleigh to a court-martial for his offence. "So I should," replied the generous Essex, "if he were my friend." There were not wanting tempters who represented to the earl, "that if he omitted so excellent an opportunity of ridding himself of this formidable adversary, by dealing with him according to the stern dictum of martial law, he might live to repent it himself," alleging, no doubt, the case of Drake's beheading his second in command, Doughty, as a precedent; but the nature of Essex was too noble to be persuaded to any act allied to baseness. The queen, on his return, commended Raleigh, laid all the blame of the failure of the expedition on Essex, and reproached him for the great outlay it had cost her.<sup>1</sup> There had been, we find, a vain attempt to introduce a substitute for Essex, as favorite to the queen. "Now that lord Herbert is gone," says Whyte, "he is much blamed for his cold and weak manner of pursuing her majesty's favor; having had so good steps to lead unto it, there is want of spirit and courage laid to his charge, and that he is a melancholy young man,"—a temperament little likely to recommend any one to the favor of Elizabeth. "Young Carey," continues our court-newsmen, "follows it with more care and boldness. My lady Katerin Howard is come to court, and this day sworn of the privy-chamber, which doth greatly strengthen that party. I am credibly informed by a very wise and grave man that at this instant the lord admiral is able to do with the queen as much as my lord Leicester was, if he list to use his credit with her."<sup>2</sup> It was certainly more reasonable that the queen should bestow her favor on her illustrious kinsman, a gentleman who had deserved so well of his country as the hero of the Armada, than on the mere court satellites who hovered round her for the sake of the things that were in her gift.

Queen Elizabeth was very sparing of her honors, which rendered them more prized by those who were judged by

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers.



this great sovereign worthy of obtaining such distinctions. She was not lavish in bestowing the accolade of knighthood. As for the dignity of a peer, it was rarely indeed conferred by her, and then always in such a manner as to impress her subjects with the importance of the reward. There was something truly worthy of exciting high and chivalric emprise among the gentlemen of England, when the maiden monarch bestowed an earldom, by personal creation, on the hero of the Armada. The details of this interesting ceremonial are thus given by Whyte:—"As the queen came from chapel this day, she created my lord admiral, lord Thomas Howard, earl of Nottingham. My lord Cumberland carried his sword, my lord of Sussex his cap and coronet. He was brought in by the earls of Shrewsbury and Worcester. Her majesty made a speech to him, in acknowledgment of his services, and Mr. secretary read his patents in a loud voice, which are very honorable; all his great services recited in 1588, and lately at Cadiz." Essex conceived himself to be deeply aggrieved by the latter clause, which seemed to award to the lord admiral the palm of honor for the taking of Cadiz, only mentioning himself as an adjunct, and no reward had been conferred on him for his services on that occasion. He fretted himself sick at this implied slight, and took to his bed. The queen's heart relented, and feeling that she had acted harshly towards him, she chid the Cecils as the cause of what had taken place. While she was in this frame of mind, she encountered sir Francis Vere in the gardens of Whitehall palace; calling him to her, she questioned him as to the ill success of the expedition, which she entirely charged on Essex, both for not burning and spoiling the fleet at Ferrol, and for missing the Indian fleet. Sir Francis defended his absent friend with great courage, even to the raising his voice somewhat louder than was consistent with the reverence due to the sovereign; but this, as he explained, was not out of disrespect to her majesty, but that all might hear what he said, charging the blame upon those who deserved it. Some of these being present, were confronted with him, and compelled to retract their false witness

against Essex before the queen. Her majesty, well pleased with the manly and honest conduct of sir Francis Vere, sat down at the end of the walk, and calling him to her, fell into more confidential discourse on the subject of Essex's peculiar temper; and being willing to listen to all that could be urged in his favor, before sir Francis left her she spoke graciously in his commendation, and shortly after received him at court.<sup>1</sup> In December, 1597, the earl was restored to favor, and created earl-marshal by the queen's patents. This was one great cause of the animosity afterwards borne to him by his great enemy, the earl of Nottingham, who, with justice, considered that he had more right to that office than the earl, since it had been strictly hereditary in his family from the days of their royal ancestor, Thomas of Brotherton, whose daughter, Margaret Plantagenet, as we have seen, claimed it as her right by descent, and being precluded by her sex from exercising its duties, she invested her grandson, Mowbray earl of Norfolk with it, as her deputy. Essex offered to decide this quarrel by single combat with either the admiral or his sons, or all of them, but the queen would not permit it, and employed sir Walter Raleigh to effect a reconciliation. The earl of Nottingham would not dispute the queen's pleasure, but, on the 20th of December, resigned his staff as lord steward of the household, and retired to his house at Chelsea, under pretence of sickness.

Lord Henry Howard wrote a quaint and witty letter to Essex on the anniversary of the queen's accession to the crown, November 17, 1597, in which he gives a sarcastic glance at the leading powers of the court who were intriguing against his friend:—

"Your lordship," says he, "by your last purchase, had almost enraged the dromedary, that would have won the queen of Sheba's favor by bringing pearls. If you could once be as fortunate in dragging old leviathan [Burleigh] and his cub [Robert Cecil] *tortuosum colubrum*, as the prophet termeth them, out of this den of mischievous device, the better part of the world would prefer your virtue to that of Hercules." Then, in allusion to the day to be kept in honor of the queen, he adds, in haste, "The feast of St. Elizabeth, whom, if I were pope, I would no longer set forth in red letters in the kalendar of saints

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<sup>1</sup> Birch.

than she graced my dear lord, in golden characters, with the influence of her benignity; but the best is, the power is now wholly in herself to canonize herself, because she will not stand to the pope's courtesy."<sup>1</sup>

It is amusing to trace how the private letters of the court of queen Elizabeth elucidate each other. This dromedary, who sought to propitiate her majesty's favor by an offering of jewels, would appear to the readers of the present century a very mysterious animal, were it not for a letter, in the Shrewsbury collection, from Michael Stanhope,<sup>2</sup> in which that gentleman informs sir Robert Cecil, "That the lord keeper, Egerton, had sent him with a present of pearls to the queen, as a small token of his thankfulness for her gracious care in maintaining his credit." For some reason or other, the queen would not receive the present, but bade the bearer carry them back to the donor, with this message, "That her mind was as great to refuse as his to give."—"When I came back to his lordship," pursues Stanhope, "and delivered her majesty's pleasure, and he saw his pearls again, I do assure your honor he looked upon me with a heavy eye, as if I had carelessly or doltishly performed the trust; and as for the pearls, he would not lay hand on them, but bid me do what I would with them."<sup>3</sup> Sir Michael, who prided himself on being a most expert courtier, remained much pestered with these pearls, which he dared not present again, because his wife's gentlewoman and his mother-in-law's gentlewoman were both ill with the small-pox,—an effectual bar to the presence of the queen, though she had had the disease long ago. Whether Robert Cecil became the means of introducing the pearls once more to the queen, or what became of them, cannot be traced.

It was during the absence of Essex, on this last expedition, in July, 1597, that Elizabeth gave Paulus Jaline, the handsome and audacious ambassador of Sigismund king of Poland, so notable a sample of her high spirit and fluent powers of scolding extemporaneously in Latin, in reply to

<sup>1</sup> Birch's Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> One of the grooms of her chamber, and a gentleman of great importance in this species of negotiation.

<sup>3</sup> Lodge's Illustrations.

his diplomatic insolence. The story is related with much humor by Speed, in his quaint style, and also by sir Robert Cecil,<sup>1</sup> in a letter to Essex. Sir Robert Cecil had the good fortune of being a witness of this rich scene, which he details with great spirit. Her majesty was well disposed to render the king of Poland honorable tokens of her goodwill, out of respect for his father, the late king of Sweden, who, when duke of Finland, had been a suitor for her hand; and being especially pleased with the report of the comeliness and accomplishments of the ambassador, she prepared herself to receive him with great solemnity, before her court and council, in her presence-chamber at Greenwich. He was brought in, attired in a long robe of black velvet, well buttoned and jewelled, and came to kiss her majesty's hand, where she sat under her canopy of state. Having performed all ceremonials proper to the occasion with peculiar grace, he retreated about three yards, "and then," continues Cecil, "began his oration aloud, in Latin, with such a gallant countenance as I never in my life beheld." The oration, however, to which her majesty had so graciously prepared herself to listen before a large assembly of her nobles and courtiers, was neither more nor less than a bold remonstrance, in the name of the newly-elected sovereign of Poland, against Elizabeth's assumption of maritime superiority over other nations, to which, he said, her position in Europe gave her no ostensible pretension. He also complained of her having, on account of her wars with Spain, interrupted the commerce of that country with Poland, called upon her to redress the losses which their merchants had suffered in consequence of her foreign policy, and concluded by informing her that his master, having entered into a matrimonial alliance with the house of Austria, was resolved to put up with these wrongs no longer, and therefore, unless she thought proper to take immediate steps to redress them, he would."<sup>2</sup>

At the termination of an address so different from the

<sup>1</sup> Lansdowne MSS., No. 85, vol. xix.

<sup>2</sup> Cecil's letter to the earl of Essex, Lansdowne MSS. Speed's Chronicle, fol. 1200.

agreeable strain of compliment which she had anticipated from the comely envoy, Elizabeth, who was not of a disposition to brook tamely an affront from the mightiest prince in Christendom, started from her chair of state, and preventing the lord chancellor, who had risen to reply to this harangue, she overwhelmed the astonished diplomatist with such a vivacious vituperation, in extempore Latin, as perhaps was never before delivered in that majestic language, of which the sense is as follows:—

“Is this the business that your king has sent you about? Surely, I can hardly believe that if the king himself were present, he would have used such language. For, if he should, I must have thought that he, being a king not of many years, and that not by right of blood but by right of election, they, haply, have not informed him of that course which his father and ancestors have taken with us, and which, peradventure, shall be observed by those that shall live to come after him. And as for you, although I perceive you have read many books to fortify your arguments in this case, yet I am apt to believe that you have not ’lighted upon that chapter which prescribes the forms to be observed between kings and princes; but were it not for the place you hold, to have so public an imputation thrown upon our justice, which has never yet failed, we would answer this audacity of yours in another style. And for the particulars of your negotiations, we will appoint some of our council to confer with you, to see upon what grounds this clamor of yours has its foundation, who have showed yourself rather a herald than an ambassador.”

“And thus,” says old Speed, “lion-like rising, she daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic departure than with the tartness of her princely checks; and, turning to her court, exclaimed, ‘God’s death, my lords!’ (for that was ever her oath in anger,) ‘I have been enforced this day to scour up my old Latin, that hath lain long rusting.’” Her majesty told sir Robert Cecil, “that she was sorry Essex heard not her Latin that day,” and Cecil promised to write a full account of it to the absent favorite.



It was not always that Elizabeth's intercourse with the representatives of foreign princes was of so stern a character, and if we may credit the reports of some of those gentlemen, her deportment towards them in private audiences occasionally transgressed both the delicacy of a gentlewoman and the dignity of a queen. It is related of her, that in the midst of an important political conference with the French ambassador, Harlai, she endeavored to distract his attention from the interests of his royal master by displaying, as if by accident, the elegant proportions of her finely-turned ankle;<sup>1</sup> on which the audacious plenipotentiary dropped on one knee, and passionately saluting the graceful limb that was so coquettishly revealed, laid his hand on his heart, and exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Ah, madame, if the king, my master, had but been in my place!" and then resumed the diplomatic discussion as coolly as if no such interesting interruption had occurred. Such instances of levity as the above, and the well-authenticated fact of her indulging James Melville, when she was five-and-twenty years younger, with a sight of her unbraided tresses, removing caul, fillets, jewels, and all other confinements, and allowing them to fall at full length about her stately form, and then demanding "if the queen of Scots could boast of such a head of hair?" while they excite a smile, must strike every one as singular traits of vanity and weakness in a princess of her masculine intellect. Mauvissière and Sully were impressed with her wisdom and profound judgment, but it was not with those grave statesmen that she felt any temptation to indulge in flippancy which might remind persons of reflection of those characteristics which had been imputed to her unfortunate mother. It is impossible for any one to study the personal history of Elizabeth without tracing a singular compound of the qualities of both her parents.

This year a crazy scrivener of Greenwich, named Squires, was accused of the absurdity of attempting to take away the queen's life by the new and diabolical means of poisoning the pommel of her saddle, at the instigation of Walpole, the

<sup>1</sup> Houssaie's *Mémoires Historiques*.

Jesuit. This Squires had fitted out a pinnace privateer at his own expense, and, when on a piratical expedition, was taken prisoner, and lodged in the Spanish inquisition, where he was tortured into a great affection for the church of Rome and became a convert to that creed. Walpole obtained the liberty of Squires on the condition of his imbuing the pommel of her majesty's saddle with a poison which he gave him in a bladder. This poison was of so subtle a nature, that if her majesty raised her hand to her lips or nose after resting it on the envenomed pommel, it was expected that she would instantly drop down dead.<sup>1</sup> Squires having undertaken this marvellous commission, approached her majesty's horse when it was led forth from the stable, of which it seems he had the *entrée*, having once filled the office of under-groom; he then pricked the bladder with a pin, and shed the poison on the pommel, crying "God save the queen!" at the same time to disarm suspicion. Elizabeth mounted, and receiving no ill from the medication of her saddle, Squires imagined that her life was miraculously preserved, and determined to employ the rest of his malign nostrum for the destruction of the earl of Essex, who was then preparing to sail on the expedition against the Spanish fleet. Accordingly, he entered on board the earl's ship as a volunteer, and by that means obtained an opportunity of rubbing the arms of his lordship's chair with the poison, which had, however, no more effect on either chair or earl than if it had been the usual polishing compound of turpentine and wax. But Walpole was so provoked at the failure of his scheme that he suborned a person of the name of Stanley to denounce the treason of Squires to the council; and Squires, in turn, after five hours on the rack, denounced Walpole as his instigator. Stanley was also tortured, and confessed that he had been sent by one of the Spanish ministers to shoot the queen. Walpole, who probably had nothing to do with the hallucination which had taken possession of the private scrivener's brain, being out of the realm, published a pamphlet denying the accusation, and endeavoring to explain the absurdity of the whole affair.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Camden.<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

The wretched Squires suffered the usual penalty for devising the death of the queen, being convicted on his own confession. Such are the fallacies of evidence obtained by torture, that a man would rather confess himself guilty of an impossible crime than endure further inflictions. How much more readily might such a person have been induced to purchase ease by denouncing another, if required!

Essex was now so completely restored to the good graces of the queen that he even ventured on the experiment of attempting to bring his mother, who had been in disgrace with her royal kinswoman ever since her marriage with Leicester, to court once more. Elizabeth did not refuse to receive her, but tantalized both mother and son by appointing a place and hour convenient for the interview, and then, when the time came, sent an excuse; this she did repeatedly. There were then attempts made by Lady Leicester to meet her majesty at the houses of her friends, but there Elizabeth also made a point of disappointing her little project. "On Shrove-Monday," says Rowland Whyte, "the queen was persuaded to go to Mr. comptroller's, and there was my lady Leicester, with a fair jewel of 300*l*. A great dinner was prepared by my lady Shandos, and the queen's coach ready, when, upon a sudden, she resolved not to go, and so sent word." Essex, who had taken to his bed on these repeated indications of unabated hostility to his mother, roused himself from his sullen manifestation of unavailing anger, and came to the queen in his night-gown, by the private way, to intercede with her, but could not carry his point. "It had been better not moved," continues the watchful observer of his proceedings; "for my lord of Essex, by importuning the queen in these displeasing matters, loses the opportunity he might take of obliging his ancient friends." Elizabeth had never forgiven her cousin Lettice her successful rivalry with regard to Leicester, although the grave had now closed over him for nearly nine years, and his place in her capricious favor was supplied by the countess's gallant son. At length, however the urgency of Essex in behalf of his mother prevailed, and in spite of the jealous anger over which Elizabeth had gloomily brooded for nearly twenty

years, the countess was admitted into her presence once more. A tender scene, if not a temporary reconciliation, appears to have taken place on this occasion, for Rowland Whyte says, "My lady Leicester was at court, kissed the queen's hand and her breast, and did embrace her, and the queen kissed her. My lord of Essex is in exceeding favor here. Lady Leicester departed from court exceedingly contented; but being desirous to come again, and kiss the queen's hand, it was denied, and some wonted unkind words given out against her."<sup>1</sup>

Queen Elizabeth was very obstinately bent on taking her daily exercise, despite of the weather, and would ride or walk in the rain, setting at nought the entreaties of her ladies, who affected great concern for her health, not forgetting their own, as they were bound to accompany her. They called in the aid of archbishop Whitgift, who gently persuaded her to tarry at home during the foul weather. Her majesty would not listen to the church. They then tried the agency of her favorite fool, Clod, who addressed the following exordium to his royal mistress:—"Heaven dissuades you, madame, not only by its weeping aspect, but by the eloquence of the archbishop; earth dissuades by the tongue of your poor fool, Clod; and if neither heaven nor earth can succeed, at least listen to Dr. Perne, whose religious doubts suspend him between both." The queen laughed heartily at this gibe on Dr. Perne, the archbishop's chaplain, knowing that, in the religious disputes in the middle of the century, he had changed his religion four times. It was no laughing matter to the doctor, who is said to have died, soon after, of utter chagrin.<sup>2</sup>

Francis Bacon took the trouble of compounding a long letter of advice to Essex, on the manner in which he judged it would be most expedient for him to demean himself to the queen, so as to improve her favorable disposition towards him. Some of these rules are curious enough, and prove that this great moral philosopher was as deeply accomplished in the arts of a courtier as any of the butterflies who fluttered round the aged rose of England. He tells Essex,

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Fuller's Worthies.

“that when, in his speeches, he chanced to do her majesty right, for,” continues he, with playful sarcasm, “there is no such thing as flattery among you all, your lordship has rather the air of paying fine compliments than speaking what you really think;” adding, “that any one might read the insincerity of his words in his countenance.” Bacon warns his patron “to avoid the example of Hatton and Leicester in his own conduct, yet to adduce them to the queen as precedents on certain points.” Essex profited very little by the counsels of his sage secretary; and scarcely had he regained the favor of the queen, ere he hazarded incurring her jealous resentment by a renewal of his rash attentions to her beautiful attendant, mistress Bridges. Of this his observant contemporary thus speaks:—“It is spied, out of envy, that Essex is again fallen in love with his fairest B——. It cannot choose but come to the queen’s ears: then he is undone, and all who depend upon his favor. Sure I am that lady Essex hears of it, or rather suspects it, and is greatly disquieted.”<sup>1</sup> Nor was this all; for the indiscretions of Essex were becoming now so much the theme of general discussion that old lady Bacon took the privilege of her age and sanctity to write to him a long letter of expostulation, lamenting his backslidings, and warning him of the sinful nature of his way of life.<sup>2</sup>

The enemies of the envied man whom the queen delighted to honor failed not to carry evil reports of him to the royal ear; but it frequently happened that injudicious friends are more to be feared than the bitterest of foes. Essex’s disgrace may, doubtless, be attributed to the following cause. His fair, frail sister, lady Rich, who was one of the ladies of the queen’s bedchamber, and was loved and trusted for his sake, most ungratefully united with her husband—with whom she could not agree in anything but mischief—in a secret correspondence with the king of Scots, under the feigned names of Ricardo and Rialta: James they called Victor. Their letters were written in cipher, and they had nicknames for all the court. Thomas Fowler, Burleigh’s spy in Scotland, gave information of this correspond-

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Birch.



ence to his employer, with these particulars :—"That queen Elizabeth herself was called Venus, and the earl of Essex 'the weary knight,' because he was exceeding weary of his office, and accounted his attendance a thrall that he lived in, and hoped for a change, which was that the queen would die in a year or two." After Burleigh was armed with such intelligence, no wonder the royal favor for Essex began to decline, who, unconscious of the broken ground on which his sister's folly had placed him, carried himself more loftily every day in the council-room. Elizabeth was in a great state of irritability, on account of the king of France consulting his own interest rather than the political line of conduct she had prescribed as the conditions of her friendship. Henry was bent on concluding an amicable treaty with Spain, and she sent word to him "that the true sin against the Holy Ghost was ingratitude, and upbraided him with the breach of his engagements to her."<sup>1</sup> Henry offered to mediate a general peace, in which England should be included, and to this measure Burleigh was disposed. Essex argued vehemently in favor of war. The aged minister, now tottering on the brink of the grave, viewed the dazzling visions of military glory in a truer point of light than that in which they appeared to the young, fiery earl-marshal; and after a warm debate on the subject, he drew out a prayer-book, and putting it into his combative opponent's hand, pointed in silence to the text, "Men of blood shall not live out half their days." The warning made no impression on Essex at the time, but it was afterwards regarded as prophetic of his fate. The veteran statesman, who had trimmed his sails to weather out the changeable storms that had sent queens, princes, and nobles to the block during the reigns of four Tudor sovereigns, required not the gift of second-sight to perceive the dark destiny that impended over the rash knight-errant who filled the perilous office of favorite to the last and haughtiest of that despotic race. To him, who knew the temper of the queen and the character of Essex, well might "the coming event cast its shadow before." Rapidly as the waning sands of

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

life now ebbcd with Burleigh, he lived to triumph in that fierce collision of uncontrollable temper between Essex and the queen which was the sure prelude of the fall of the imprudent favorite.

Ireland was in a state of revolt, and the appointment of a suitable person to fill the difficult and responsible office of lord deputy of that distracted country became a matter of important consideration to the queen and her cabinet. The subject was warmly debated one day in the royal closet, when no one was present but the queen, the lord admiral, sir Robert Cecil, Windebank clerk of the seal, and Essex. Her majesty named sir William Knollys, her near relative, as the person best fitted for the post. Although Knollys was his own uncle, Essex, being aware that the suggestion emanated from the Cecils, opposed it with more vehemence than prudence, and insisted that the appointment ought to be given to sir George Carew. The queen, offended at the positive tone in which Essex had presumed to overbear her opinion and advance his own, made a sarcastic rejoinder, on which he so far forgot himself as to turn his back on her, with a contemptuous expression. Her majesty, exasperated beyond the bounds of self-control by this insolence, gave him a sound box on the ear, and bade him "go and be hanged!"<sup>1</sup> Essex behaved like a petulant school-boy on this occasion, for instead of receiving the chastisement which his own ill-manners had provoked as a sort of angry love-token, and kissing the royal hand in return for the buffet, he grasped his sword-hilt with a menacing gesture. The lord admiral hastily threw himself between the infuriated earl and the person of the queen, and fortunately prevented him from disgracing himself by the unknightly deed of drawing his weapon upon a lady and his sovereign; but he swore, with a deep oath, "That he would not have taken that blow from king Henry, her father; and that it was an indignity that he neither could nor would endure from any one!"<sup>2</sup> To these rash words he added some impertinence about "a king in petticoats," rushed, with marked disrespect, from the royal presence, and instantly withdrew from court.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Lingard.

This stormy scene occurred June, 1598. The lord chancellor, Egerton, wrote a friendly letter of advice to Essex, entreating him to make proper submission to his offended sovereign, to whom he owed so many obligations, and to sue for pardon.<sup>1</sup> It is more than probable that Egerton's letter was written by the desire of the queen, and dictated by her, or surely two very powerful arguments for the performance of the course suggested by him would have been used,—namely, the reverence due from a young man to a princess of the advanced age to which her majesty had now attained, and also his near relationship to her, as the great-grandson of her aunt, Mary Boleyn. In reply to the lord keeper's sage advice, Essex wrote a passionate letter, complaining of the hardness of the queen's heart, and of the indignity he had received. The blow had entered into his soul, and he says, "Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes show no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth who do not believe in an absolute infinitiveness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, and I feel it." It was in vain that the mother and sisters of Essex, and all who wished him well, endeavored to mollify his haughty spirit; he maintained a sullen resentment for several months, in the expectation that the queen would, in the end, become a suppliant to him for a reconciliation.

Meantime, Elizabeth was taken up with watching over the last days of her old servant, Burleigh. His sufferings were severe, and his swollen, enfeebled hands had lost the power not only of guiding the statesman's pen, but at times of conveying food to his mouth. While he was in this deplorable state, the queen came frequently to visit the faithful, time-worn pilot, with whom she had weathered out many a threatening storm; and now he could no longer serve her, she behaved in his sick chamber with that tenderness which, though only manifested on rare occasions by this great queen, is at all times an inherent principle of the female character, however circumstances in life may have

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

been adverse to its development. When his attendants brought him nourishment, the queen insisted on feeding him herself,—an act of kindness which warmed his heart and soothed his miseries. He recovered sufficiently to be able to write to his son an autograph letter, in which he thus mentions the queen:—

“I pray you diligently and effectually let her majesty understand how her singular kindness doth overcome my power to acquit it, who, though she will not be a mother, yet she showeth herself, by feeding me with her own princely hand, as a careful nurse [*nurse*]. And if I [ever] may be weaned to feed myself, I shall be more ready to serve her on the earth; if not, I hope to be, in heaven, a servitor for her and God’s church.

“And so I thank you for your partridges.

“Your languishing father,

“W. BURGHELEY.

“10th July, 1598.

“P.S.—Serve God *by serving the queen*, for all other service is indeed bondage to the devil.”<sup>1</sup>

In vain had Wolsey raised his dying voice to reveal the grand error of his life, in preferring the service of his king to his God; we here see a statesman of equal sagacity, but untutored by the “moral uses of adversity,” departing with an avowed preference to the service of his living idol before that of the great eternal Being, whose approbation ought to be the grand motive of a good man’s life.

Harrington bears testimony to the extreme solicitude of queen Elizabeth for Burleigh in his dying illness. Every day she sent lady Arundel with inquiries touching his state, and bearing an excellent cordial for his stomach, which her majesty gave her in charge, and said, “That she did entreat Heaven daily for his longer life; else would her people, nay herself, stand in need of cordials too.” Again Harrington observes, “The lord treasurer’s distemper doth marvellously trouble the queen, who saith ‘that her comfort hath been in her people’s happiness, and their happiness in his discre-

<sup>1</sup> The declaration of a contemporary courtier, sir John Harrington, affords a striking moral comment on the unprofitable nature of a life devoted to the pursuit of royal favor:—“I have spent my time, my fortune, and almost my honesty, to buy false hope, false friends, and shallow praise; and be it remembered, that he who casteth up this reckoning of a courtly minion, will set his sum, like a fool, at the end, for not being a knave at the beginning. Oh! that I could boast, with chanter David, *In te speravi, Domine!*”

tion.'"<sup>1</sup> Burleigh expired on the 4th of August, in the 77th year of his age. How deeply he was regretted by his royal mistress may be seen by the affecting witness borne by Harrington of her sorrowful remembrance of her old friend. "The queen's highness doth often speak of him in tears, and turn aside when he is discoursed of; nay, even forbiddeth his name to be mentioned in the council. This I have by some friends who are in good liking with lord Buckhurst, the new lord treasurer."

On the 13th of September died Philip II. of Spain, having survived Burleigh about six weeks. But while death is thus rapidly clearing the stage of the *dramatis personæ* who performed the leading parts in the annals connected with the life and actions of this great queen, it may afford a pleasing change to the reader to glance within some of her stately palaces, the splendid furniture and decorations of which are described in glowing colors by the German traveller, Hentzner, who visited England this year. Windsor castle, according to his account, must have far exceeded in interest, if not in magnificence, as it then stood, the present structure, marred as it is with the costly alterations and incongruous additions of the last of the Georges, miscalled improvements. Every apartment in the three noble courts described by Hentzner was hallowed by historical recollections or traditions, linked with the annals of English royalty, and culled to illustrate the records of England's progressive glories, from the days when the mighty founder of our present dynasty of sovereigns first built his gothic hunting-seat on the green heights above the Thames, called at that spot the Windlesore. Hentzner mentions the third court with enthusiasm, in the midst of which gushed a fountain of very clear water. After describing the stately banquet-hall, where the festival of the Garter was annually celebrated, he says, "From hence runs a walk of incredible beauty, three hundred and eighty paces in length, set round on every side with supporters of wood, which sustain a balcony, from whence the nobility and other persons of distinction can take the pleasure of seeing hunting and

<sup>1</sup> Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 238.



hawking in a lawn of sufficient space; for the fields and meadows, clad with a variety of plants and flowers, swell gradually into hills of perpetual verdure quite up to the castle, and at bottom stretch out into an extended plain, that strikes the beholders with delight." Queen Elizabeth's bedchamber was the apartment in which Henry VI. was born. In this room Hentzner describes a table of red marble with white streaks, a cushion most curiously wrought by her majesty's own hands, a unicorn's horn, of above eight spans and a half in length, valued at the absurd price of ten thousand pounds; also, a bird of paradise, of which our author gives a minute and somewhat ludicrous account. From the royal chamber he wanders into the gallery, ornamented with emblems and figures, and another chamber adjacent, containing (where are they now?) "the royal beds of Henry VII. and his queen, of Edward VI., Henry VIII., and Anne Boleyn, all of them eleven feet square, and covered with quilts shining with gold and silver. Queen Elizabeth's bed," he tells us, "is not quite so long or so large as the others, but covered with curious hangings of embroidery work." The tapestry represented Clovis king of France, with an angel presenting to him the fleur-de-lis, to be borne in his arms instead of the three toads, the ancient device of his royal predecessors. This antique piece of tapestry was stated to be one of the only surviving relics of the conquest of France by the victorious Edward III. or Henry V.

Hampton Court must, indeed, have been a palace fit for this mighty empress of pomp and pageantry in the truly palatial grandeur of the Tudor architecture, and furnished in the manner our eloquent German describes. He tells us that the chapel was most splendid, and the queen's closet quite transparent, having crystal windows; and that there was, besides, a small chapel richly hung with tapestry, where the queen performs her devotions. "In one chamber," pursues he, "were the rich tapestries which are hung up when the queen gives audience to foreign ambassadors; there were numbers of cushions ornamented with gold and silver, many counterpanes and coverlids of beds





lined with ermine,—in short, all the walls of the palace shine with gold and silver.” Alas, for the vanished glories of this once royal abode! What strains of lamentation would our marvellous German have poured forth, could he now behold the dishonoring change that has befallen the Dutchified palace of Hampton Court! He winds up the climax of his description of its splendor under the great Elizabeth with the description of a certain cabinet called Paradise, where, “besides that everything glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels as to dazzle one’s eyes,” he says, “there is a musical instrument made all of glass, except the strings.” The walls of the Hampton Court gardens were at that time covered with rosemary. In addition to Nonsuch and Richmond, Elizabeth had a variety of minor palaces in the neighborhood of the metropolis, to which suburban residences she retired when alarmed by suspicion of the vicinity of pestilence in Westminster or Greenwich. She had the Lodge at Islington, the Grove at Newington, her Dairy at Barnelms, and the royal palace and park of Mary-le-bone, now Regent’s park: here the ambassadors of the czar of Russia, in 1600, had permission to hunt at their pleasure.

Hentzner was much struck with the fine library of this learned female sovereign at Whitehall. “All these books,” continues he, “are bound in velvet of different colors, but chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver; some have pearls and precious stones set in their bindings.” Such was, indeed, the fashion in the magnificent reign of Elizabeth, when, except in the article of the rush-strewn floors, engendering dirt and pestilence, luxury had arrived at a prodigious height. Hentzner particularly notices two little silver cabinets, of exquisite work, in which, he says, the queen keeps her paper, and which she uses for writing-boxes. Also a little chest, ornamented all over with pearls, in which she keeps her bracelets, ear-rings, and other things of extraordinary value. The queen’s bed is described as being ingeniously composed of woods of different colors, with quilts of silk velvet, gold, silver, and embroidery. At Greenwich palace our worthy traveller enjoyed the satis-

faction of beholding the imperial lady, to whom pertained all these glories *in propria persona*, surrounded with the pomp and elaborate ceremonials which attended the fatiguing dignity of the royal office in the reign of the maiden monarch, but not as she appeared to the poetic vision of Gray:—

“Girt with many a baron bold,  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,  
 In bearded majesty [not the ladies, we hope] appear.  
 In the midst a form divine,  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Tudor line;  
 Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,  
 Attemper’d sweet with virgin grace.”

Such, probably, was a correct portrait of England’s Elizabeth in the first twenty years of her reign; but when Hentzner saw her at Greenwich, she was in her sixty-sixth year, and Time, who does his work as sternly on royalty as on mortals of meaner mould, had wrought strange changes in the outward similitude of the virgin queen. But Hentzner must speak for himself. After telling us that he was admitted into the royal apartments by a lord chamberlain’s order, which his English friend had procured, he first describes the presence-chamber “hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay,<sup>1</sup> through which the queen commonly passes in her way to chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queen’s coming out, which she did, from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—“First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the Garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal

<sup>1</sup> He probably means rushes.



sceptre, the other the sword of state in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards. Next came the queen, in the sixty-sixth year of her age as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels. Her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness. Instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar, of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well-skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels,—a mark of particular favor. Wherever she turned her face as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded, on each side, by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the ac-

clamation of 'Long live queen Elizabeth!' She answered it with, 'I thank you, my good people.' In the chapel was excellent music.

"As soon as the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity: A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the

court. . . . The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants: and it is very seldom that anybody, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power.”<sup>1</sup>

Roger lord North was carving one day at dinner, when the queen asked “What that covered dish was?”—“Madame, it is a coffin,” he replied; a word which moved the queen to anger. “And are you such a fool,” said she, “as to give a pie such a name?” This gave warning to the courtiers not to use any word which could bring before her the image of death.<sup>2</sup> Notwithstanding her nervous sensibility, as it would now be termed, on that point, one of her bishops, Dr. Matthew Hutton, ventured, towards the close of her reign, to preach a very bold sermon before her on the duty she owed, both to God and her people, in appointing a successor,—a duty which she was determined never to perform. “I no sooner remember this famous and worthy prelate,” says Harrington, “but I think I see him in the chapel at Whitehall, queen Elizabeth at the window in her closet, all the lords of the parliament, spiritual and temporal, about them; and then, after his three causes, that I hear him out of the pulpit thundering this text:—‘The kingdoms of the earth are mine, and I do give them to whom I will; and I have given them to Nebuchadnezzar, and his son, and his son’s son;’ which text, when he had thus produced, taking the sense rather than the words of the prophet, there followed, first so general a murmur of one friend whispering to another, then such an erected countenance in those that had none to speak to, lastly so quiet a silence and attention in expectation of some strange doctrine where the text itself gave away kingdoms and sceptres, as I have never observed before or since. But he, as if he had been Jeremiah himself, and not an expounder of him, showed how there were two special causes of translating of kingdoms,—the fulness of time, and the ripeness of sin; and that by either of these, and sometimes by both, God, in secret and just judgments, transferred sceptres from kindred to kindred, and from nation

<sup>1</sup> Hentzner’s Travels.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward Peston’s Catastrophe of the House of Stuart, p. 342.

to nation, at his good will and pleasure ; and running historically over the great monarchies of the world, from the Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires, down to our own island, he showed how England had frequently been a prey to foreign invaders : first, being subdued by the Romans, afterwards by the Saxons and Danes, till it was finally conquered and reduced to perfect subjection by the Normans, whose posterity had continued in great prosperity till the days of her majesty, who, for peace, plenty, glory, and for continuance, had exceeded them all ; that she had lived to change all her councillors but one, all her officers twice or thrice, and some of her bishops four times ; yet the uncertainty of the succession gave hopes to foreigners to attempt invasions, and bred fears in her subjects of a new conquest. ‘The only way,’ the bishop added, ‘to quiet these fears, was to establish the succession.’ He noted that Nero was specially hated for wishing to have no successor, and that Augustus was more beloved for appointing even an evil man for his successor ; and at last, as far as he durst, he insinuated the nearness of blood to our present sovereign. He said, plainly, that the expectations and *presages* of all writers went northward, naming, without farther circumlocution, Scotland ; ‘which,’ added he, ‘if it prove an error, will be found a learned error.’

“When he had finished this sermon, there was no man that knew queen Elizabeth’s disposition but imagined such a speech was as welcome as salt to the eyes, or, to use her own words, ‘to pin up a winding-sheet before her face, so to point out her successor, and urge her to declare him ;’ wherefore we all expected that she would not only have been highly offended, but in some present speech have showed her displeasure. It is a principle,” continues the courtly narrator, “not to be despised, *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*.<sup>1</sup> She considered, perhaps, the extraordinary auditory ; she supposed many of them were of his opinion, and some of them might have persuaded him to this motion ; finally, she ascribed so much to his years, place, and learning, that when she opened the window of her closet we

<sup>1</sup> He who cannot dissimulate, knows not how to reign.

found ourselves all deceived, for very kindly and calmly, without show of offence, as if she had but waked out of some sleep, she gave him thanks for his very learned sermon. Yet, when she better considered the matter, and recollected herself in private, she sent two councillors to him with a sharp message, to which he was glad to give a patient answer." Meantime, all the lords and knights of parliament were full of this sermon, which made a great sensation among the crowded congregation; and one great peer of the realm, being newly recovered from an impediment in his hearing, requested Harrington to obtain a copy of the sermon from his grace. The archbishop received the application very courteously, but told Harrington "that he durst not give a copy to any one, for that the chancellor of the exchequer, sir John Fortescue, and sir John Woolley the chancellor of the order of the Garter, had been with him from the queen with such a greeting that he scant knew whether he were a prisoner or a free man; and that, the speech being already ill taken, the writing might exasperate that which was already exulcerate." It was not long, however, before the queen was so well pacified that she gave him the presidentship of York. He afterwards complained "that he could not, by any solicitations, obtain a pardon for a seminary priest, whom he had converted, till, being reminded 'that all was not done in that court for God's sake only,' he sent up twenty French crowns in a purse of his own as a remembrance, for the poor man's pardon," which, he says, "was thankfully accepted," but does not record by whom.<sup>1</sup>

Queen Elizabeth was greatly pleased with a sermon preached by Barlow, bishop of Rochester, on the subject of the plough, of which she said, "Barlow's text might seem taken from the cart, but his talk may teach you all in the court." When she preferred her chaplain Henry Cotton, whose godmother she was, to the bishopric of Salisbury, she said, "That she had blessed many of her godsons, but now this godson should bless her."—"Whether she were the better for his blessing I know not," remarks the witty Harrington, "but I am sure he was the better for hers.

<sup>1</sup> See his letter to Burleigh.



The common voice was, that sir Walter Raleigh got the best blessing of him, because he induced him to confirm the crown-grant of Sherborne castle, park, and parsonage," which had been thus unjustly bestowed on that fortunate courtier by the partial favor of Elizabeth.<sup>1</sup> The queen's prejudices against the marriage of priests showed itself in a conference she had with Dr. Whitehead, a learned divine, but blunt and cynical, and extremely opposed to the episcopacy. "Whitehead," said Elizabeth, "I like thee the better because thou livest unmarried."—"In troth, madame," was his retort discourteous, "I like you the worse for the same cause."<sup>2</sup> When the learned bishop Godwin, in his old age, wedded a wealthy widow of London, she expressed the most lively scorn and indignation at his conduct, it having been reported that he had wedded a girl only twenty years old. The earl of Bedford, being present when these tales were told, said merrily to the queen, after his dry manner, "Madame, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know a son of hers who is little under forty." But this rather marred than mended the matter, for one said the sin was the greater, and others told of three sorts of marriages,—of God's making, of man's making, and of the devil's making: of God's making, as when Adam and Eve, two folks of suitable age, were coupled; of man's making, as Joseph's marriage with Our Lady; and of the devil's making, where two old folks marry, not for comfort, but for covetousness,—and such, they said, was this. Yet the bishop, with tears in his eyes, protested "that he took not the lady for a spouse, but only to guide his house." The queen was, however, irrevocably offended; and, to show her displeasure, she stripped the before impoverished see of Bath and Wells of the rich manor of Wiveliscombe for ninety-nine years.

Queen Elizabeth was used to call her chaplain, Thomas Dove, from his reverend aspect and gentle deportment, "her dove with silver wings." She made him bishop of Peterborough, 1600; but her dove was careful enough of his nest, for, adds bishop Patrick, he left a fair estate to

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ.*

<sup>2</sup> *Bacon's Apothegms.*

his heirs from his savings in his see.<sup>1</sup> When Nowel, dean of St. Paul's, was preaching before her majesty on some public occasion, he introduced a paragraph into his discourse which displeased her; on which she called to him from the royal closet, "Leave that ungodly digression and return to your text." Vaughan, bishop of Chester, was one day arguing, in the closet at Greenwich, on the absurdity of supposed miracles; on which his opponent alleged the queen's healing 'the evil' for an instance, and asked "what he could say against it?" He replied, "That he was loath to answer arguments taken from the *topik place* of the cloth of estate; but if they would urge him to answer," he said his opinion was, "that she did it by virtue of some precious stone in the possession of the crown of England that had such a natural quality."—"But had queen Elizabeth," observes Harrington, dryly, "been told that he had ascribed more virtue to her jewels, though she loved them well, than to her person, she had never made him bishop of Chester."

Like many ladies of the present day, Elizabeth had the ill taste, as she advanced in years, to increase the number of her decorations, and dressed in a more elaborate style than in the meridian flower of life. "She imagined," says Bacon, "that the people, who are much influenced by externals, would be diverted, by the glitter of her jewels, from noticing the decay of her personal attractions;" but with all due deference to that acute philosopher, this is one of the greatest mistakes into which an elderly gentlewoman can fall. The report of her majesty's passion for jewels and rich array had even penetrated within the recesses of the Turkish seraglio, and the sultana Valide, mother of the sultan Amurath III., thought proper to propitiate her by the present of a robe, a girdle, two kerchiefs wrought in gold and three in silk, after the oriental fashion, a necklace of pearls and rubies; "the whole of which," says Esperanza Malchi, a Jewess, who was intrusted with the commission, "the most serene queen sends to the illustrious ambassador by the hand of the sieur Bostangi Basi, and by my own

<sup>1</sup> Patrick's History of Peterborough, p. 82.

hand I have delivered to the ambassador a wreath of diamonds from the jewels of her highness, which, she says, your majesty will be pleased to wear for love of her, and give information of the receipt." In return for these precious gifts, the sultana only craved "some cloths of silk or wool, the manufacture of the country, and some English cosmetics, such as distilled waters, of every description, for the face, and odoriferous oils for the hands."<sup>1</sup>

It was one of queen Elizabeth's characteristics that she had much difficulty in coming to a decision on any point, and when she had formed a resolution she frequently changed her mind; and after much of that sort of childish wavering of purpose, which in a less distinguished sovereign would have been branded with the term of vacillation, she would return to her original determination. This fickleness of will occasioned much annoyance to her ministers, and still greater inconvenience to persons in humbler departments, who were compelled to hold themselves conformable to her pleasure. When she changed her abode from one royal residence to another, all the carts and horses in the neighborhood, with their drivers, were impressed for the transfer of her baggage, whatever time of the year it happened to be, and this was considered a grievance under any circumstances. "A carter was once ordered to come with his cart to Windsor on summons of remove, to convey a part of the royal wardrobe: when he came her majesty had altered the day, and he had to come a second time in vain; but when on a third summons he attended, and after waiting a considerable time was told the remove did not hold, he clapped his hand on his thigh and said, 'Now I see that the queen is a woman as well as my wife!' This being overheard by her majesty, as she stood by an open window, she said, 'What villain is this?' and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth,"<sup>2</sup> or rather, we should suppose, to satisfy him for his loss of time, and the inconvenience her uncertainty of purpose had occasioned.

Elizabeth was very delicate in her olfactory nerves, and affected to be still more sensitive on that point than she

<sup>1</sup> See Ellis's *Original Letters illustrative of English History*, vol. ii. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> Birch.

really was. One day, that valiant Welsh commander, sir Roger Williams, knelt to prefer a petition which her majesty was determined not to grant, and did not like to be compelled to refuse; observing that his boots were made of rough, untanned leather, instead of answering him, she turned away with a gesture of disgust, exclaiming, "Pho, Williams! how your boots stink."—"Tut, madame!" replied the sturdy Welshman, who understood her meaning, "it is my suit that stinks, not my boots."

Lord Semple of Beltreis, the Scotch ambassador, in one of his private letters to his royal master, gives the following racy account of Elizabeth's testiness to her faithful kinsman lord Hunsdon, on his presuming to make an allusion to the perilous subject of her age. "At her majesty's returning from Hampton Court, the day being passing foul, she would (as her custom is) go on horseback, although she is scarce able to sit upright, and my lord Hunsdon said, 'It was not meet for one of her majesty's years to ride in such a storm.' She answered, in great anger, '*My* years! Maids, to your horses quickly;' and so rode all the way, not vouchsafing any gracious countenance to him for two days. As she passed by Kingston, one old man fell on his knees praying God 'that she might live an hundred years,' which pleased her so, as it might come to pass; which I take to be the cause some preachers pray she may last as the sun and the moon. And yet," continues his excellency, slyly, "they know, I think, that the sun finisheth his course once a day, and once a year, and also the moon changeth monthly."

Semple proceeds to inform king James, "that a person, whose name is obliterated, told him that he saw the queen through a window, on Wednesday, the 5th of that month, dance the *Spanish Panic* to a whistle and *taboureur* [pipe and tabor], none being with her but my lady Warwick."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Private reports of lord Semple of Beltreis, ambassador from Scotland to the court of queen Elizabeth, September, 1599, in the charter-chest of his descendant, sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Polloc. I am indebted to the courtesy and kindness of sir John Maxwell for the privilege of access to this highly interesting correspondence between his ancestor and James I., which abounds in the richest traits of character and costume. The above anecdotes of Elizabeth are perfectly new to the public, never having before appeared in print.

In a preceding paragraph of his report, our ambassador tells his sovereign of the good-will the widowed countess of Kildare bore to him; for, at dinner, at her father the lord admiral's house, the subject of the succession being disputed, she was asked, "Why she wished to have a Scot to succeed to the throne?" She replied, "Because it was God's will." Then being asked again, if she knew not the law made by king Henry about his successors, she answered, "Kings make laws, but God makes kings."—"Judge you, sir, if this was not well placed?" observes his excellency. The friendly and confidential terms on which Semple stood with his sovereign are indicated by the easy familiarity of his style, and the manner in which he concludes his most amusing budget of news:—

"When I shall know from your letters that ye do not like to know of such trifles, I will cease at the first.

"Your majesty's most humbly affectionate subject and servant,

"J. B. SYMPILL, of Beltreis."

"Londoun, the 15th of September, 1599."

Though lord Hunsdon was the queen's nearest male relative and most faithful servant, she never could be induced to raise him to a higher rank than that of a baron. Hunsdon considered himself an injured person, because she would not invest him with the earldom of their maternal grandfather, Thomas Boleyn, earl of Wiltshire, which he claimed as his male representative, being the son of Mary Boleyn; but as Henry VIII. had, on the death of that nobleman, asserted the primogeniture of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, by taking possession of all the Boleyn estates and appanages as the inheritance of their daughter Elizabeth, that princess chose to retain them in her own hands, even after her accession to the crown. When Hunsdon was dying, she sent the patent and robes of the long-desired earldom of Wiltshire to his bedside, with a gracious message. Whereupon he, who could neither dissemble in life or death, sent them back with these words, "Tell the queen, if I was unworthy of these honors whilst living, I am unworthy of them when dying."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Fragmenta Regalia.*



# ELIZABETH,

## SECOND QUEEN-REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

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### CHAPTER XII.

Return of Essex to court—Is appointed lord deputy of Ireland—False reports of Elizabeth's death—Her soliloquy—Continued displeasure with Essex—Her apparent reconciliation—Proceedings against Essex—Intercession of the French court—His dangerous illness—Temporary relents of the queen—Her irritation against Hayward, the historian—Wishes to have him racked—Bacon's sage remonstrance—Elizabeth's conversation with Lambarde—Essex's penitential letters—Sends a New-Year's gift to Elizabeth—Conversations between her majesty and Bacon—Essex brought before the council—Elizabeth's assumed gayety—Passes her time in hunting and sports—Her inward trouble—Her visit to sir Robert Sidney—Essex's injurious speeches of the queen—His rash conduct—His trial and execution—Elizabeth goes to Dover—Her correspondence with Henry IV.—Interview between Sully and Elizabeth—Biron's embassy—Elizabeth opens her last parliament—Her popular declaration to the commons—Her festivities—Her regrets for the death of Essex—Her declining health—Treatment of Cecil's miniature—His secret correspondence with the king of Scots—Elizabeth's superstition—Death-bed confession of lady Nottingham—Elizabeth's anger—Last scenes of her life—Her death—Funeral—Description of her portrait—Harrington's testimonial of her great qualities—Her monument.

THE courtiers had predicted that the proud spirit of Essex would never bow to the humiliation of suing to the queen for pardon. He had taken up the high tone of an injured person, and he intimated that he expected satisfaction for the blow he had received, regardless of the gallant Spanish proverb, *Blancos manos no offendite*,—‘white hands never offend.’ The queen demanded an apology for his insolent demeanor, as well she might. He, whose duty it was as earl-marshal to defend her from all personal injury, and to commit to the prison, over which his office gave him jurisdiction, any one who raised brawls in the court, or violated in any manner the solemn etiquettes which guard the ap-

proaches to the royal person,—he had conducted himself in a manner which would have insured any one else a lodging in the Marshalsea, if not in the Tower, with a heavy Star-chamber fine; and yet the queen had only punished him with a box on the ear, to which he had responded in a manner that might have brought another man to the block. At length, however, some compromise was effected, and in November he was again received at court, and as if nothing had happened to occasion a five months' absence.

The affairs of Ireland had meantime assumed a more gloomy aspect than they had yet done; the whole country was in a state of that disaffection which is the offspring of misrule and misery, and the province of Ulster was in open rebellion under the earl of Tyrone. The choice of a new lord deputy was still a matter of debate. The queen considered Charles Blount, lord Mountjoy, was a suitable person to undertake that difficult office; Essex again ventured to dissent from the royal opinion, and raised objections not only to that young nobleman, but to every one else who was proposed, till at last the queen, finding no one would satisfy him, insisted on his taking the appointment himself. This post was bestowed in anger rather than love. His rivals and foes rejoiced in the prospect of being rid of his presence in the court; and that there was a combination among them to render it a snare to accomplish his ruin, no one who reads the hints given by Markham to his friend Harrington, who was sent out by the queen as a spy on Essex, can for a moment doubt. "If," says he, "the lord deputy Essex perform in the field what he hath promised in the council, all will be well. But though the queen hath granted forgiveness for his late demeanor in her presence, we know not what to think thereof. She hath, in all outward semblance, placed confidence in the man who so lately sought other treatment at her hands; we do sometime think one way, and sometime another. What betideth the lord deputy is known to Him only who knoweth all; but when a man hath so many shewing friends and so many *unshewing* enemies, who learneth his end here below? I say, do you not meddle in any sort, nor give your jesting too freely

among those you know not." The solemn warnings which Markham addresses to Harrington are sufficiently portentous of the approaching fall of Essex, which is as shrewdly predicted in this remarkable letter as if it had been settled and foreknown. "Two or three of Essex's sworn foes and political rivals, Mountjoy's kinsmen," he says, "are sent out in your army. They are to report all your conduct to us at home. As you love yourself, the queen, and me, discover not these matters; if I had not loved you, they had never been told. High concerns deserve high attention. You are to take account of all that passes in this expedition, and keep journal thereof unknown to any in the company: this will be expected of you."

Essex appears to have received some hint that his appointment was the work of his enemies, and he endeavored to back out of the snare, but in vain; and in the bitterness of his heart he addressed the following sad and passionate letter to Elizabeth:—

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO THE QUEEN.

"From a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits wasted with passion; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travail; from a man that hateth himself, and all things else that keep him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since any service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of all islands? It is your rebel's pride and succession that must give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison, out of my loathed body, which, if it happened so, your majesty shall have no cause to mistake the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

"Happy could he finish forth his fate  
 In some unhaunted desert, most obscure  
 From all society, from love and hate  
 Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.  
 Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,  
 Content with hips and haws, and bramble-berry,  
 In contemplation passing out his days,  
 And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;  
 And when he dies his tomb may be a bush,  
 Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

"Your majesty's exiled servant,

"ROBERT ESSEX."<sup>1</sup>

The queen was perhaps touched with the profound melancholy of this letter, for she betrayed some emotion when

<sup>1</sup> Birch.

he kissed her hand at parting, and she bade him a tender farewell. The people crowded to witness his departure, and followed him for more than four miles out of London with blessings and acclamations. It was on the 29th of March, 1599, that he set forth on this ill-omened expedition. When he left London the day was calm and fair, but scarcely had he reached Iselden, when a black cloud from the northeast overshadowed the horizon, and a great storm of thunder and lightning, with hail and rain, was regarded, by the superstition of the times, as a portent of impending woe.<sup>1</sup>

The policy pursued by Essex was of a pacific character. He loved the excitement of battle when in the cause of freedom, or when the proud Spaniard threatened England with invasion; but, as the governor of Ireland, his noble nature inclined him to the blessed work of mercy and conciliation. He ventured to disobey the bloody orders he had received from the short-sighted politicians, who were for enforcing him to continue the same measures which had converted that fair isle into a howling wilderness, and goaded her despairing people into becoming brigands and rabid wolves. If the generous and chivalric Essex had been allowed to work out his own plans, he would probably have healed all wounds, and proved the regenerator of Ireland; but, surrounded as he was by spies, thwarted by his deadly foes in the cabinet, and, finally, rendered an object of suspicion to the most jealous of sovereigns, he only accelerated his own doom, without ameliorating the evils he would fain have cured.

The events of the Irish campaign belong to general history;<sup>2</sup> suffice it to say, that Elizabeth was greatly offended with Essex for three things. He had appointed his friend Southampton general of the horse, against her majesty's express orders, who had not yet forgiven that nobleman for his marriage; he had treated with Tyrone, when she had ordered him to fight; and he had exercised a privilege of making knights, which, though in strict accordance with the laws of chivalry, she wished to be confined exclusively

<sup>1</sup> Contemporary document in Nichols.

<sup>2</sup> See Camden. Leland. Rapin. Lingard.

to the sword of the sovereign. She wrote stern and reproachful letters to him. He presumed to justify himself for all he had done, and all he had left undone, and demanded reinforcements of men and munitions of war. The queen was infuriated, and was, of course, encouraged by her ministers to refuse everything. Unable to cope with Tyrone, from the inefficiency of his forces, he was glad to meet on amicable grounds in a private interview, where many civilities were exchanged, and he promised to convey the conditions required by the chief to the queen. Though those conditions were no more than justice and sound policy ought to have induced the sovereign to grant, Elizabeth called it treason on the part of Essex, even to listen to them. The fiery and impetuous earl was infuriated, in his turn, at the reports that were conveyed to him of the practices against him in the English cabinet. He was accused of aiming at making himself king of Ireland, with the assistance of Tyrone; nay, even of aspiring to the crown of England, and that he was plotting to bring over a wild Irish army to dethrone the queen.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth's health suffered in consequence of the ferment in which her spirits were kept, and the agonizing conflict of her mind between love and hatred. She removed to her fairy palace of Nonsuch for a change of air; and hearing, soon after, that a rumor of her death had got into circulation, she was somewhat troubled, and would often murmur to herself, *Mortua, sed non sepulta*,—‘dead, but not buried.’<sup>2</sup>

Philip III. of Spain had sent a formidable expedition to sea, with the declared purpose of attempting a descent on some part of her dominions. Ireland was the weak point, which the disaffection, produced by misgovernment, rendered vulnerable, and it was artfully insinuated to her majesty that Essex was a traitor at heart; but with such an admiral as the earl of Nottingham she had no cause to fear the Spanish fleet, and the treasons of Essex existed only in the malignant representations of sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham. She wrote, however, in so bitter a style to Essex, that he fancied her letters were composed

<sup>1</sup> Camden. Birch. Lingard.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers, vol. ii. p. 114.



by Raleigh. He perceived that his ruin was determined by the powerful junta of foes who guided the council, and had poisoned the royal ear against him. In an evil hour he determined to return and plead his own cause to his royal mistress, in the fond idea that her own tenderness would second his personal eloquence. At first, he is said to have resolved to bring a body of troops with him, for the security of his own person; but from this unlawful purpose he was dissuaded by sir Christopher Blount, his mother's husband, and his more prudent advisers. On the 28th of September he arrived in London, and learning that the queen was at Nonsuch, he hastily crossed the ferry at Lambeth, attended by only six persons, and seized for his own use the horses of some gentlemen, which were waiting there for their masters. He learned from one of his friends that his great enemy, lord Grey of Wilton, was on the road before him, and that he was posting to Cecil to announce his arrival. It was this adverse circumstance which precipitated the fate of Essex, who, urged by the natural impetuosity of his character, spurred on, through mud and mire, at headlong speed, in the vain hope of overtaking his foe, that he might be the first to bring the news of his return to court. Grey had the start of him, and, being probably better mounted, won the fierce race, and had already been closeted a full quarter of an hour with Cecil when Essex arrived at the palace.

It was then about ten o'clock in the morning, and the rash Essex, without pausing for a moment's consideration, rushed into the privy-chamber to seek the queen. Not finding her there, he determined at all hazards to obtain an interview before his enemies should have barred his access to her presence, and all breathless, disordered, and travel-stained as he was, his very face being covered with spots of mud, he burst unannounced into her bedchamber, flung himself on his knees before her, and covered her hands with kisses. The queen, who was newly risen and in the hands of her tire-woman, with her hair about her face, and least of all dreaming of seeing him, was taken by surprise, and moved by his passionate deportment and his caresses, gave him a

kinder reception than he had anticipated; for when he retired from the royal *penetralia* to make his toilet, he was very cheerful, and "thanked God, that after so many troublous storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home."<sup>1</sup> The wonder of the court gossips was less excited at the unauthorized return of the lord deputy of Ireland than that he should have ventured to present himself before the fastidious queen in such a state of disarray. All were watching the progress of this acted romance in breathless excitement, and when the queen granted a second interview, within the hour, to the adventurous earl after he had changed his dress, the general opinion was that love would prevail over every other feeling in the bosom of their royal mistress. The time-serving worldlings then ventured to pay their court to him, and he discoursed pleasantly with all but the Cecil party.

In the evening, when he sought the queen's presence again, he found her countenance changed; she spoke to him sternly, and ordered him to answer to her council, who were prepared to investigate his conduct, and in the mean time bade him confine himself to his apartment. The following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the earl was summoned to go through his first ordeal. When he entered, the lords of the council rose and saluted him, but reseated themselves, while he remained standing bare-headed at the end of the board, to answer to the charges that were exhibited against him by Mr. secretary Cecil,—to wit, "his disobedience to her majesty's instructions in regard to Ireland; his presumptuous letters written to her while there; his making so many idle knights; his contemptuous disregard of his duty in returning without leave; and last (not least) his over-bold going to her majesty's presence in her bedchamber."<sup>2</sup> This was, indeed, an offence not likely to be forgiven by a royal coquette of sixty-eight, who, though painfully conscious of the ravages of time, was ambitious of maintaining a reputation for perennial beauty, and had been surprised by him, whom, in spite of all his offences, she still regarded with fond but resentful passion, at her private morning toilet,

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers. Camden. Birch.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers.

undighted and uncoifed, in the most mortifying state of disarray, with her thin gray locks dishevelled and hanging about her haggard countenance, ere she had time to deliberate in which of her eighty wigs of various hues it would please her to receive the homage of her deceitful courtiers that day. That incident certainly sealed the fate of the luckless Essex, though the intrigues of his enemies, and his own defective temper, combined with many other circumstances to prepare the way for his fall. After the lords of the council had communicated their report to the queen, she sent word "that she would pause and consider his answers." He continued under confinement while his enemies dined merrily together. On the following Monday he was committed to the lord keeper's charge, at York house, and the queen removed to Richmond. She openly manifested great displeasure against Essex, and when the old lady Walsingham made humble suit to her that she would permit him to write to his lady, who had just given birth to an infant, in this season of fear and trembling, and was much troubled that she neither saw nor heard from him, her majesty would not grant this request.<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth did not confine her anger to Essex; her godson, Harrington, whom she had sent out to be a spy on him, instead of fulfilling her wishes in that respect, had lived on terms of the most affectionate confidence with the luckless lord deputy; had gone with him to confer with Tyrone; had presented a copy of his translation of Ariosto to the youthful heir of that valiant rebel chief; had received knighthood from the sword of the lord deputy; and finally attended him on his unauthorized return to England. The first time Harrington entered her majesty's presence after his return, she frowned, and said, "What! did the fool bring you, too? Go back to your business." His description of her demeanor reminds one of that of an angry lioness, "leaving no doubt," as he slyly observes, "whose daughter she was. She chafed much," says he, "walked fastly to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage, and, I remember, she caught my girdle when I kneeled to her, and swore 'by God's Son, I

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

am no queen! that man is above me. Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business.' It was long before more gracious discourse did fall in my hearing, but I was then put out of my trouble, and bid 'go home.' I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I should not have made better speed, for I did now flee from one whom I both loved and feared."

"I came to court," writes he to another friend, "in the very heat and height of all displeasures. After I had been there but an hour I was threatened with the Fleet. I answered poetically, 'That coming so late from the land-service, I hoped I should not be pressed to serve her majesty's fleet in Fleet street.'<sup>1</sup> After three days every man wondered to see me at liberty; but, though, in conscience, there was neither rhyme nor reason to punish me for going to see Tyrone, yet, if my rhyme had not been better liked than my reason when I gave the young lord Dungannon an Ariosto, I think I had lain by the heels for it. But I had this good fortune: that, after four or five days, the queen had talked of me, and twice talked to me, though very briefly. At last she gave me a full and very gracious audience in the withdrawing chamber at Whitehall, where, herself being accuser, judge, and witness, I was cleared, and graciously dismissed. What should I say? I seemed to myself like St. Paul, rapt up to the third heaven, where he heard words not to be uttered by men, for neither must I utter what I then heard. Until I come to heaven, I shall never come before a statelier judge again, nor one that can temper majesty, wisdom, learning, choler, and favor better than her highness."

Harrington had kept a journal of the campaign against the Irish rebel, which, as he says, he intended no eyes to have seen but his own and his children; but the queen insisted on seeing it in such a peremptory manner that he dared not refuse. "I even now," writes he, so long after the matter as 1606, "almost tremble to rehearse her high-

<sup>1</sup> This witticism affords proof that it was the custom to man the navy by the means of impressment in the reign of Elizabeth.

ness's displeasure thereat. She swore with an awful oath, 'That we were all idle knaves, and the lord deputy Essex worse, for wasting our time and her commands in such wise as my journal doth write of.' I could have told her highness of such difficulties, straits, and annoyances as did not appear therein to her eyes, and I found could not be brought to her ear, for her choler did outrun all reason, though I did meet it second-hand; for what show she at first gave my lord deputy on his return was far more grievous, as will appear in good time. I marvel to think what strange humors do conspire to patch up the natures of some minds." Essex, as usual, fell sick on these displeasures; and his doctors wished that Dr. Bruen, his own private physician, might be summoned to his assistance; but the queen would not permit him to have personal access to the earl, though she licensed a consultation between him and the other doctors.<sup>1</sup> He had so frequently excited the queen's sympathy on former occasions, by feigning sickness when only troubled with ill humor, that now she would not believe in the reality of his indisposition. Tilts and tourneys, and all sorts of pageants, were prepared by the adverse party to amuse the queen's mind, and to divert the attention of the people from watching the slowly but surely progressing tragedy of the fallen favorite. On her majesty's birthday, Essex addressed the following pathetic letter to his wrathful sovereign:—

"Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, to know there lives a man, though dead to the world, and in himself exercised with continued torments of body and mind, that doth more true honor to your thrice blessed day<sup>2</sup> than all those that appear in your sight; for no soul had ever such an impression of your perfections, no alteration showed such an effect of your power, nor no heart ever felt such a joy of your triumph. For they that feel the comfortable influence of your majesty's favor, or stand in the bright beams of your presence, rejoice partly for your majesty's, but chiefly for their own happiness; only miserable Essex, full of pain, full of sickness, full of sorrow, languishing in repentance for his offences past, hateful to himself that he is yet alive, and importunate on death if your favor be irrevocable,—he joys only for your majesty's great happiness and happy greatness; and were the rest of his days never so many, and sure to be as happy as they are like to be miserable, he would lose them all to have this happy

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<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Anniversary of her accession to the throne.



seventeenth day many and many times renewed with glory to your majesty, and comfort of all your faithful subjects, of whom none is accursed but

“Your majesty’s humblest vassal,

“Essex.”<sup>1</sup>

The queen was resolute in her anger, notwithstanding all submissions. The sorrowful countess of Essex sent her majesty a fair jewel, but it was rejected. On the Sunday afterwards she came to court all in black, everything she wore being under the value of five pounds, and proceeded to lady Huntingdon’s chamber to implore her to move her majesty for leave to visit her husband, whom she heard had been in extremity the night before. Lady Huntingdon did not dare to see the countess herself, but sent word to her that she would find a means of making her petition known. The answer returned was, “that she must attend her majesty’s pleasure by the lords of the council, and come no more to court.” It was taken ill that she had presumed to come, in her agony, at that time.

The weather had proved unfavorable for the tournament prepared by the foes of Essex in honor of the queen’s accession, but it took place on her name-day, November 19th, when there were tilts and running at the ring, and the queen gave lord Mountjoy her glove. Lord Compton, on that day, came before her majesty dressed like a fisherman, with six men clad in motley, his caparisons all of net, having caught a frog,—a device that bore significant allusion to the luckless Essex, then entangled in the meshes of his foes’ subtle intrigues against him.<sup>2</sup> On the 21st they tilted again, and on that day the French ambassador Boissise, who had received instructions from king Henry to intercede for Essex if he saw a fitting opportunity, gives the following particulars of his interviews with queen Elizabeth, and of the state of affairs in England:—“I waited upon the queen yesterday, in the house of a gentleman near Richmond, where she was enjoying the pleasures of the chase. My visit was to receive her commands, and to communicate the intelligence I had received from your majesty. She was not sorry that I should see her hunting equipage and her hunting dress,

<sup>1</sup> Birch.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers.

for in truth she does not appear with less grace in the field than in her palace, and besides, she was in a very good humor. . . . The privy council have gravely considered the case of the earl of Essex, and it was determined, without an opposing voice, 'that he has well and faithfully served [the queen], and that even his return, although it was contrary to the orders of the queen, yet it had been done with a good intention.' They have communicated their decision to the queen, but she is not satisfied with it. She holds a court every day, and says 'that she will allow the present tournament in commemoration of her coronation to continue, that it may clearly appear her court can do without the earl of Essex.' Many consider that she will remain a long time in this humor; and I see nobody here who is not accustomed to obey, and the actions of the queen are never mentioned but in terms of the highest respect.

"Nov. 28.—Having been informed that the queen would return to this city the day before yesterday, I went to meet her at Chelsea, where she had already arrived to dinner. The admiral had invited me as a guest, and received me with all possible courtesy. The queen also showed that the performance of this duty on my part was not disagreeable to her. . . . I remained always near the queen, and accompanied her to Westminster, where she did not arrive till night. The queen made her entrance with much magnificence; she was in a litter, richly adorned, and followed by a great number of earls, barons, gentlemen, and ladies, all well dressed, and on horseback. The officers of the crown, such as the admiral, the grand treasurer, and the chamberlain, were near her person. The earl of Derby, descended from one of the sisters of king Henry VIII., and who might, after the decease of the queen, advance pretensions to the crown, carried the sword [of state]; the earl of Worcester, performing the office of grand equerry instead of the earl of Essex, held the bridle of her hackney, and all the cavalcade was bareheaded. The mayor of the city, whose authority is very great, came to meet her with seven or eight hundred citizens, every one wearing a chain of gold round his neck. The people were dispersed in the

fields on each side of the road, and they made the air ring with their good wishes and acclamations, which the queen received with a cheerful countenance, and frequently halted to speak to them, and to thank them; so that it was pleasant to see these mutual proofs of affection between the people and the queen. She had been advised in future to remain longer in this city [than usual], that she might by the influence of her presence, destroy the credit of those who, it is said, have too much influence with the people."<sup>1</sup>

Essex, meantime, refused food, but drank to excess, which increased his fever of mind and body; and as if that had not been enough, he sent for eight physicians, and talked of making his will. The queen then gave him leave to take the air in the garden. It was even thought he would be removed to his own house, or that of the lord treasurer Buckhurst, for the lord keeper and his wife were both indisposed, and heartily sick of their charge. His sisters, the ladies Northumberland and Rich, came to court, all in black, to make humble supplication to the queen that he might be removed to a better air as soon as he was capable of being moved, for now, indeed, his sickness was no pretence.<sup>2</sup> The French ambassador wrote to his sovereign, "That there were divisions in the council touching Essex, some urging the queen to forgive him, and others to take his life. That a warrant had been made out for his removal to the Tower, and twice brought to the queen, and twice she had refused to sign it. I went yesterday to see the queen," continues his excellency, "and after having conversed with her on various subjects, I said, 'that your majesty, as the most affectionate of her friends, partook in all her sorrows, and felt much regret at the dissatisfaction which she had conceived towards the earl of Essex, both for the injury which that circumstance might produce in her health and in her affairs, your majesty not wishing to interfere further than you would desire she would do on a like occasion.' I entreated her to consider duly which would be the most expedient,—to persist in the punishment of the earl of Essex, and lose, by so doing, one of her best ser-

<sup>1</sup> Reports of the French ambassador, Boissise.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers.

vants and ministers, or, being satisfied with a moderate punishment, make the earl more careful, and more capable hereafter of doing her services, and by this means put an end to the war, and save her country. I touched on the graces and favors which she had received from heaven, and how much prudence was the shield of princes, and which she had so frequently employed towards her greatest enemies. I also spoke to her of the services of the earl, which did not permit the suspicion that the fault which he had committed could proceed from any evil design; and at length I told her 'that your majesty advised her to do as you had done,—that is to say, to forgive freely, and to assure by this means the good-will and fidelity of her subjects. And if, besides these considerations, she would have any regard to the recommendation which your majesty offered in favor of the earl, you would consider it as a signal favor, and that you would acknowledge it by any other pleasure or office which she would desire.' She heard me patiently, and then said, but not without emotion, 'That she entreated your majesty not to judge of the fact without being well informed; that the earl had so ill conducted himself in his charge, despising the orders and regulations which he had received from her, that Ireland was in great danger; that he had conferred with the chief of the rebels, without preserving the honor or the dignity of the crown; and that he had, at last, returned to England against her express commands, and had abandoned the army and the country to the mercy of her enemies; which were acts that deserved punishment, which she had not yet inflicted, for the earl was well lodged in the house of one of his friends, where he had a good chamber, and a gallery to walk in.' She said, 'She would consider hereafter what she ought to do, but she begged your majesty to retain your good opinion of her.'"

The narrative of this conference between queen Elizabeth and Boissise,<sup>1</sup> while it proves that Henry IV. felt a personal friendship for the unfortunate earl, and was desirous of

<sup>1</sup> Extracted by sir Cuthbert Sharpe from inedited Ambassadors' Reports in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, Paris.

saving him, shows also that Elizabeth had greatly softened in her resentment against Essex, and that she only intended to humble him. She desired that his eight doctors might hold a consultation on the state of his health, and send her their opinion. Their statement of his maladies was so serious that her majesty became very pensive, and sent Dr. James, her own physician, to him with some broth, and a message bidding him "comfort himself, and that if it were not inconsistent with her honor, she would have come to visit him herself." It was noted that her eyes were full of tears when she uttered these gracious words. The earl appeared to take comfort from the message, but it was feared it came too late, as he appeared almost past hope. He received the sacrament, and, as one who had done with this world, sent her majesty back his patents of the horse and of the ordnance; but she desired him to retain both, and gave permission for him to see his sorrowful lady. He was then so much reduced with grief and sickness that he could only be lifted out of his bed in the sheets. There was so general a report of his death on the 19th of December, that the bells tolled for him: the next Sunday he was prayed for in all the churches in London. Very severe things were written upon the white walls at court against sir Robert Cecil's conduct on this occasion. Another change in the queen's mind appeared at this time, and she discontinued her inquiries after the health of the unfortunate earl; having been oft deceived by him before, as to pretences of sickness, she was now persuaded this was a feint. The ministers were commanded to discontinue their public prayers at church in his behalf. Too much of politics had, indeed, been mixed up in these supplications, according to the custom of those times, when the pulpit was made the ready vehicle of party agitation.<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth was highly exasperated at the publication of Hayward's History of Henry IV. of England, which appeared just at this unlucky juncture, written in Latin, and dedicated to the earl of Essex. Some passages, touching the misgovernment of Richard II., and the pernicious influence

<sup>1</sup> Birch.



of his unworthy favorites, she chose to construe into reflections on herself and her cabinet. It is impossible to imagine how this mighty sovereign could fancy that any analogy could be supposed to exist between her conduct and that of so imbecile a monarch as Richard ; but so it was, and, in her first storm of anger, she ordered Hayward to be committed to prison, and sending for Francis Bacon, she asked him "whether he could not find something in the book that might be construed into treason?"—"No treason," replied Bacon, "but many felonies."—"How?" said the queen. "Yes, madame," rejoined Bacon, "many apparent thefts from Cornelius Tacitus."<sup>1</sup> This playful subterfuge did not satisfy Elizabeth. Hayward had formerly written in her praise, and she suspected that he had now merely lent his name to cover the mischievous opinions of some other person, and signified her desire that he should be put to the rack, in order to make him confess whether he were the author or not. "Nay, madame," replied the calm philosopher, "he is a doctor ; never rack his person, but rack his style. Let him have pen, ink, and paper, and the help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no."<sup>2</sup>

Lord Hunsdon, in one of his letters, written during the heyday of Leicester's favor many years before this period, sarcastically observes, in allusion to his own want of interest at court, "I never was one of Richard II.'s men." This leads to an inference that some publication had previously appeared, comparing the system of favoritism in Elizabeth's reign with that of Richard, which had rendered her sensitive on the subject. A remarkable proof of her soreness on that point is observable in the course of her conversation with that learned antiquarian-lawyer, Lambarde, when he waited upon her, in her privy-chamber at Greenwich palace, to present his *Pandecta* of the Tower Records.<sup>3</sup> Her majesty graciously received the volume with her own hand, saying, "You intended to present this book to me by the countess of Warwick ; but I will none

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's Apology.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> August 4, 1601. Nichols.

of that, for if any subject of mine do me a service, I will thankfully accept it from his own hands." Then opening the book, she said, "You shall see that I can read," and so, with an audible voice, read over the epistle and the title so readily and so distinctly pointed, that it might perfectly appear that she well understood and conceived the same. Then she descended from the beginning of king John to the end of Richard III., sixty-six pages, containing a period of 286 years. In the first page she demanded the meaning of *oblata cartæ, literæ clausæ, and literæ patentes*. Lambarde explained the meaning of these words, and her majesty said she "would be a scholar in her age; and thought it no scorn to learn during her life, being of the mind of that philosopher who, in his last years, begun with the Greek alphabet." Then she proceeded to further pages, and asked "What were *ordinationes parlamenta, rotulus cambii, and rediseisnes*?" Lambarde having explained these documentary terms to her majesty's full satisfaction, she touched on the reign of Richard II., saying, "I am Richard II.; know ye not that?"<sup>1</sup>—"Such a wicked imagination," replied Lambarde, "was determined and attempted by a most unkind gentleman,—the most adorned creature that ever your majesty made."—"He that will forget God," rejoined her majesty, "will also forget his benefactors." Here is a decided allusion to Essex, on the part of both Lambarde and the queen; but some mystery, as yet unexplained, is glanced at by her majesty in the remark with which she concludes, "This tragedy" (*quære?*) "was played forty times in open streets and houses." It could not be Shakespeare's tragedy of Richard II., which is far too loyal in its sentiments to have displeased the queen; it is more probable that some dramatic pasquinade of the Punchinello class, satirizing the queen and her ministers, had been got up for the odification of street audiences, and to excite their passions, bearing on the practices of Cecil and Raleigh against Essex, who was the idol of the people.

The queen continued to turn over the leaves of Lambarde's *Pandecta*, and asked "What was *præstita*?" Lam-

<sup>1</sup> Nichols, from the original paper written by Lambarde.

barde told her "It meant moneys lent by her progenitors to their subjects, but with good bond for repayment." "So," observed her majesty, "did my good grandfather Henry VII., sparing to dissipate his treasure or his lands." Then, returning to Richard II., she asked, "Whether Lambarde had seen any true picture or lively representation of his countenance or person?"—"None," he replied, "but such as be in common hands." Then her majesty said, "The lord Lumley, a lover of antiquities, discovered it [the original portrait of Richard] fastened on the backside of a base-room, which he presented to me, praying, with my good leave, that I might put it in order with his ancestors and successors. I will command Thomas Knevet, keeper of my house and gallery at Westminster, to show it unto thee." Then she turned to the rolls entitled, Romæ, Vascon., Aquitaniæ, Franciæ, Scotiæ, Walliæ, et Hiberniæ. Lambarde expounded these to be "records of estate, and negotiations with foreign princes or countries." The queen inquired "if *rediseisnes* were unlawful and forcible throwing men out of their lawful possessions?"—"Yea," replied the learned lawyer; "and therefore these be the rolls of fines assessed and levied upon such wrong-doers, as well for their great and wilful contempt of the crown and royal dignity, as disturbance of common justice."—"In those days," observed Elizabeth, "force and arms did prevail; but now the wit of the fox is everywhere on foot, so as hardly one faithful or virtuous may be found." Then, having finished looking through the volume, in which, like the great and popular sovereign that she was, she had manifested an interest at once worthy of the representative of the ancient monarchs of the land she ruled, and gratifying to the learned author who had employed so much time and patient research for her instruction, "She commended the work," observes Lambarde, "not only for the pains therein taken, but also 'for that she had not received, since her first coming to the crown, any one thing that brought therewith so great a delectation to her.' And so, being called away to prayer, she put the book in her bosom, having forbidden me from the first to fall on my

knee before her, concluding, 'Farewell, good and honest Lambarde!'" The delighted old man only survived this conversation a few days, but the royal graciousness had shed a bright and cheering warmth round his heart, which must have given fervor to his dying orisons in her behalf.<sup>1</sup>

Very different was the conduct of the great Elizabeth, in her occasional intercourse with the literary characters of her day, from that of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate consort of Louis XVI., who had the ill-taste, and surely, it may be added, the ill-luck to disgust persons who, by the magic of a few strokes of the pen, occasionally conjure up storms that put down the mighty from their seat, and change the fate of empires. Madame Campan attributed much of the unpopularity of that unhappy queen to her neglect of the great writers of the age. When Marmontel was introduced to her, together with the composer who had arranged the music of one of the popular operas written by that author, her majesty bestowed all her commendations and tokens of favor on the musician, and scarcely condescended to address a word to the man who had written *Belisarius*. She thus lost the opportunity of propitiating a writer whose powerful pen might have done more for her in the time of her adversity than all the fiddlers in Christendom. History has told a different tale of the career of these princesses, and with reason.

Essex humbled his proud spirit so far as to write the following supplicatory letter, in the hope of mollifying his once loving queen:—

"My dear, my gracious, and my admired Sovereign is *semper eadem*. It cannot be but that she will hear the sighs and groans, and read the lamentations and humble petitions, of the afflicted. Therefore, O paper, whensoever her eyes vouchsafe to behold thee, say that death is the end of all worldly misery, but continual indignation makes misery perpetual; that present misery is never intolerable to them that are stayed by future hope, but affliction that is unseen is commanded to despair; that nature, youth, and physic have had many strong encounters, but if my sovereign will forget me, I have nourished these conten-

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<sup>1</sup> He founded a college at East Greenwich, where twenty poor people were clothed and fed, being the first Protestant subject by whom an hospital was endowed.

tions too long; for in this exile of mine eyes, if mine humble letters find not access, no death can be so speedy as it shall be welcome to me,

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,

"ESSEX."

No whit moved with this and other similar appeals, Elizabeth kept her Christmas with more than ordinary festivity this year, and appeared much in public. "Almost every night her majesty is in presence," writes Rowland Whyte, "to see the ladies dance the new and old country-dances, with tabor and pipe. Here was an exceeding rich New-year's gift presented, which came, as it were, in a cloud, no one knows how, which is neither received nor rejected, and is in the hands of Mr. comptroller. It comes from the poor earl, the downfall of fortune, as it is thought. His friends hope that he shall be removed to his own house, or to Mr. comptroller's. He begins to recover, for he is able to sit up, and to eat at a table. His lady comes to him every morning at seven, and stays till six, which is said to be the full time limited for her abode there. Lady Rich," pursues our authority, "earnestly supplicates for leave to visit him. She writes her majesty many letters,—sends many jewels and presents; her letters are read, her presents received, but no leave granted. The lady Leicester sent the queen a rich New-year's gift, which was well taken." The death of lady Egerton, the lord keeper's wife, next befell, and the discontent of that officer that his house had been so long made into a prison for the earl of Essex, who had been in close confinement there for seventeen weeks. The earl, being still in lord Egerton's house, went to comfort him, for he was so abandoned to sorrow that he refused to sit in council, or to attend to chancery business. On which the queen sent the afflicted widower a gracious message of condolence, but accompanied with an intimation that private sorrow ought not to interfere with public business.<sup>1</sup>

On the 24th of February, Verekin, the Flemish envoy, was introduced to the queen, who, as he came from the archduke Albert on the part of Spain, held a very grand court for his reception. The anteroom was crowded with ladies

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.



and gentlemen, and an extraordinary number of her guards, and the presence-chamber filled with her great ladies and the fair maids, attired all in white, and exceedingly brave; and so he passed to the privy chamber, and to the withdrawing-room, where he delivered his letters. The queen was very pleasant, and told him she would consider his letters, and he should hear from her again; adding, "that she had heard he was very desirous to see her, therefore was the more welcome."—"It is true," said he, "that I longed to undertake this journey to see your majesty, who, for beauty and wisdom, do excel all other princes of the world, and I acknowledge myself exceedingly bound to them who sent me, for the happiness I now enjoy."<sup>1</sup> Though Elizabeth was fast approaching to the age of seventy, the ambassador still complimented her charms. Verekin had no full powers to conclude a treaty, which Elizabeth and her ministers soon fathomed; and instead of giving him any decisive answer to his demands, amused him by feasting him and showing him the sights of London. Sir Walter Raleigh attended him to show him Westminster abbey, with the tombs and "other singularities of the place; and a few days after the lord chamberlain's players acted before him Sir John Oldcastle, or the Merry Wives of Windsor, to his great contentment."<sup>2</sup> This comedy is said to have been written by Shakspeare at the desire of queen Elizabeth, who was so infinitely delighted with the character of Falstaff, under his original name of sir John Oldcastle, in Henry IV., that she wished to see him represented as a lover.

Towards the end of February, lady Rich, unconscious that her secret correspondence, defaming her royal mistress to the king of Scots and exposing all her traits of vanity, was in Cecil's possession, wrote a letter to the queen in behalf of her brother, so grossly adulatory that her majesty could not but regard it in the light of an insult; there was, withal, a passage in allusion to the earl's personal attendance on her majesty that appeared to contain a very questionable insinuation. Not contented with writing this dangerous letter, she was guilty of the folly of making it public by reading it to

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

her friends, on which Elizabeth ordered her to confine herself to her own house, and talked of sending her to the Tower, and bringing the affair before the Star-chamber. Lady Rich's letter is too long to insert, but the following passage may serve as a sample of the style in which the treacherous Rialta ventured to address the royal mistress whom she ridiculed and defamed to a foreign court :—

“Early did I hope this morning to have had mine eyes blessed with your majesty's beauty; but seeing the sun depart into a cloud, and meeting with spirits that did presage by the wheels of their chariot some thunder in the air, I must complain and express my fears to the high majesty and divine oracle, from whence I received a doubtful answer; unto whose power I must sacrifice again the tears and prayers of the afflicted, that must despair in time, if it be too soon to importune heaven when we feel the misery of hell; or that words directed to the sacred wisdom should be out of season delivered for my unfortunate brother, whom all men have liberty to defame, as if his offence was capital, and he so base, dejected a creature, that his life, his love, his service to your beauties and the state, had deserved no absolution after so hard punishment, or so much as to answer in your fair presence, who would vouchsafe more justice and favor than he can expect of partial judges, or those combined enemies that labor on false grounds to build his ruin, urging his faults as criminal to your divine honor, thinking it a heaven to blaspheme heaven.”<sup>1</sup>

The unfortunate Essex, while he labored to defend himself from his wily foes, had little idea whence the undercurrent flowed that had wrecked his fortunes, and forever. Lady Leicester, lady Essex, lord and lady Southampton, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Bacon were, on the 15th of March, by her majesty's command removed from Essex house. The next day Essex was brought there as a prisoner, under the charge of sir Richard Berkeley, who took possession of all the keys of the house, and dismissed all the servants but one or two, who were permitted to attend to the diet and apparel of their unfortunate master. “Lady Leicester,” says Rowland Whyte, “hath now a gown in hand to send the queen, will cost her 100*l.* at least. On the 30th of March the lady Scudamore presented it to the queen, who liked it well, but would neither accept nor reject it, and observed, ‘That things standing as they did at present, it was not fit for her to desire what she did,’—namely, to come into her presence, and kiss her hands.”

<sup>1</sup> Birch.

The queen, having formed an intention of bringing Essex before the Star-chamber, opened her design to Mr. Francis Bacon, and said, "whatever she did should be for his chastisement, not for his destruction." Bacon, who was greatly averse to this method of proceeding, remonstrated playfully, but strongly, against it in these words:—"Madame, if you will have me to speak to you in this argument, I must speak as friar Bacon's head spake, that said, 'Time is,' and then 'Time was,' and 'Time would never be again,' for certainly it is now far too late: the matter is old, and hath taken too much wind." Her majesty seemed offended at this, and rose up with the intention of pursuing her own plan. Bacon, notwithstanding all his obligations to Essex, consented to lend the aid of his powerful pen in drawing up the declaration against him. His proper office would have been to defend his unfortunate friend, but he could not resist the temptations offered by the queen, who was determined to enlist his talents on her side. She directed every clause with vindictive care, and made several alterations with her own hand; and even after the paper was printed, "her majesty, who," as Bacon observes, "if she was excellent in great things, was exquisite in small," noted that he had styled the unfortunate nobleman "my lord of Essex," objected to this courtesy, and would have him only called "Essex, or the late earl of Essex."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth endeavored to amuse herself at this period by seeing a Frenchman perform feats upon a rope; and on the following day she commanded the bears, the bull, and an ape to be baited in the tilt-yard; the day after, solemn dancing was appointed. Meantime, the unfortunate Essex wrote to her this touching letter:—

"Vouchsafe, most dear and most admired Sovereign, to receive this humblest acknowledgment of your majesty's most faithful vassal. Your majesty's gracious message staid me from death, when I gasped for life. Your princely and compassionate increasing of my liberty hath enabled me to wrestle with my many infirmities, which else, long ere this, had made an end of me. And now this farther degree of goodness, in favorably removing me to mine own house, doth sound in mine ears as if your majesty spake these words: '*Die not, Essex;*

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<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.

*for though I punish thine offence, and humble thee for thy good, yet I will one day be served again by thee.'* And my prostrate soul makes this answer, *I hope for that blessed day.* All my afflictions of body or mind are humbly, patiently, and cheerfully borne by

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,  
"ESSEX."

The queen then said, "That her purpose was to make him know himself, and his duty to her; and that she would again use his service." On the 5th of June, Essex was examined before the commissioners appointed to try his cause. The earl kneeled at the end of the council-board, and had a bundle of papers in his hand, which sometimes he put in his hat, which was on the ground by him. He defended himself very mildly and discreetly, but many who were present wept to see him in such misery. When he was accused of treason, he said, "He had been willing to admit all the errors of judgment and conduct into which he had fallen; but now his honor and conscience were called in question," he added, "I should do God and mine own conscience wrong, if I do not justify myself as an honest man." Then taking his George in his hand and pressing it to his heart, he said, "This hand shall pull out this heart when any disloyal thought shall enter it." The examination lasted from nine in the morning till eight at night; he sometimes kneeling, sometimes standing, and occasionally leaning against a cupboard, till at last he had a stool given him by desire of the archbishop of Canterbury.<sup>1</sup> After Essex had gone through this mortifying ordeal, he implored the lords to intercede with the queen that she would be pleased to extend her grace to him.

The next day Francis Bacon, though employed to plead against him, attended her majesty with the earnest intention of moving her to forgiveness.<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth ordered Bacon to read the proceedings in council, of which, by her command, he had taken an account in writing; when he came to set forth Essex's answer, she was greatly touched with kindness and relenting towards him, and observed, "How well he had expressed that part," adding, that "she

<sup>1</sup> Birch.

<sup>2</sup> Bacon's Works.

perceived old love would not easily be forgotten." Bacon said, "He hoped by that she meant her own," and strenuously advised her to let the matter go no further.

Elizabeth endeavored to conceal the inward struggle of her soul, while debating the fate of Essex, by appearing entirely occupied in superintending the preparations for the marriage of her favorite maid of honor, Mrs. Anne Russell, with Katharine Parr's great-nephew, lord Herbert. It was rarely indeed that she condescended to bestow such gracious attention on members of her household who chose to enter into the pale of holy matrimony. Her majesty having signified her intention of honoring these nuptials with her presence, it was arranged that she should sleep at lord Cobham's house, on account of its proximity to that of the bride's mother, lady Russell, at Blackfriars.<sup>1</sup> The bride met her royal mistress by the water-side, where lord Cobham had provided a *lectica*, made half like a litter, wherein the queen was carried to lady Russell's by six knights; and there she dined, and at night went, through Dr. Puddin's house (who gave the queen a fan), to my lord Cobham's, where she supped. After supper a mask of eight ladies came in, who were to dance a strange dance newly invented, each clad in the following costume: a skirt of cloth of silver, a rich waistcoat wrought with silks and gold and silver, their hair hanging down their shoulders, curiously knotted. The maskers were my lady Dorothy, Mrs. Fitton, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Bess Russell, the sister of the bride,<sup>2</sup> and four others, and delicate it was to see eight ladies so prettily dressed. Mrs. Fitton led; and after they had done their own ceremonies, these eight lady maskers chose eight ladies more to dance the measures. "Mrs. Fitton went to the queen, and wooed her to dance. Her majesty asked the name of the character she personified; she answered, 'Affection.'—"Affection?" said the queen; 'affection's false!' yet her majesty rose and danced. The

<sup>1</sup> Rowland Whyte.

<sup>2</sup> This young lady died in less than a fortnight after dancing in this splendid mask. According to the Westminster abbey legend, her death was caused by pricking her finger with her needle while sewing on a Sunday.



queen came back to court the next night, but the solemnities continued till Wednesday."<sup>1</sup>

On the 26th of August, Essex was sent for to York house, where the lord keeper, lord treasurer, and Mr. secretary signified to him that it was her majesty's pleasure to restore him to liberty, save of access to court. His humble supplication to be permitted to kiss her hands, in order that he might with the more contentment betake himself to the retirement of the country, was met with a message, "That though her majesty was content that he should remain under no guard, save that of duty and discretion, yet he must in no sort suppose himself to be freed from her indignation; neither must he presume to approach her court or person."<sup>2</sup>

One day, when Bacon and the queen were in private, he was speaking of a person who had undertaken to cure his brother Anthony of the gout, and said, "His brother at first received benefit, but now found himself the worse for his treatment;" to which the queen replied, "I will tell you, Bacon, the error of it. The manner of these empirics is to continue one kind of medicine, which at first is proper to draw out the ill-humor; but after, they have not the discretion to change it, but still apply that drawing medicine when they should rather attempt to cure and heal the part." "Good Lord! madame," rejoined Bacon, "how wisely you can discern and speak of physic ministered to the body, and yet consider not that there is like reason of the physic ministered to the mind. As, now, in the case of my lord of Essex, your princely word ever was that you intended to reform his mind, and not to ruin his fortunes. I know well you cannot but think you have drawn the humor sufficiently, and that it is time that you did apply strength and comfort to him, for these same gradations of yours are fitter to corrupt than to correct a mind of any greatness."<sup>3</sup> The queen appointed lord Mountjoy, the former rival, but now the generous and devoted friend of Essex, to the office of lord deputy of Ireland. He endeavored to excuse himself, from motives of delicacy towards the unfortunate earl,

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers, vol. ii. pp. 200, 201, 203.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. Birch.

<sup>3</sup> Birch's *Memoirs of Elizabeth*.

but Elizabeth would not permit her will to be trifled with. On her mentioning this appointment to Bacon, who appears at this season to have enjoyed her full confidence, he replied, "Surely, madame, you cannot make a better choice, unless you send over my lord Essex."—"Essex!" exclaimed she, with great vehemence; "when I send Essex back into Ireland, I will marry you. Claim it of me."<sup>1</sup>

Her majesty and her court amused themselves with hunting and hawking in September, sometimes at Hanworth and sometimes in the New Forest. Elizabeth assumed an appearance of mirthfulness on these occasions, which must certainly have been far enough from her heart. On the 12th of September, Rowland Whyte gives this account of the proceedings of the aged Dian:—"Her majesty is very well, and exceedingly disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long. It is thought she will remain at Oatlands till the foul weather drives her away. On Tuesday she dined at Mr. Drake's; on Wednesday the ambassador of Barbary had an audience at Oatlands, and what he delivered was in private with the queen.<sup>2</sup> "My lord admiral," pursues Whyte, "is a very heavy [sorrowful] man for the loss of his brother, yet her majesty's sports draw him abroad. Herself very graciously went from Oatlands to Hampton Court to call him from his solitariness; never man was more bound to a sovereign than he is. My lord Harry Howard is much graced by the queen, for she hath much conference with him, and commanded his bed should be set up in the council-chamber, when it was ill lying in tents by the storms and tempests we have had here."<sup>3</sup>

Under all this semblance of mirth and jollity the queen concealed a heavy heart and a weary spirit. The infirmities

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's Apology.

<sup>2</sup> On the Moorish ambassador's return from Oatlands, he, with his companions, were brought to Hampton Court, where they saw and admired the richness of the furniture. They demanded how many kings had built it, and how long it was doing?

<sup>3</sup> Sidney Papers. When there was no lodging to be found at Hampton Court for the courtiers or their servants, they lived in tents pitched in the squares.

of her advanced period of life, *malgré* all her Spartan-like attempts to hide them, made themselves felt, and occasionally acknowledged. Sir Robert Sidney, in a confidential letter to Harrington, gives a melancholy account of Elizabeth's dejection in private, and this is followed by a characteristic detail of her struggle to go through a fatiguing state-visit, with which she honored him, in her usual popular and gracious manner. But the old woman conquered the goddess, and she was, at last, fain to call for a staff to support her enfeebled frame; and we perceive, throughout, how hard a day's work it must have been for her. "I do see the queen often," observes he; "she doth wax weak since the late troubles, and Burleigh's death doth often draw tears down her goodly cheeks. She walketh out but little, meditates much alone, and sometimes writes, in private, to her best friends. Her highness hath done honor to my poor house by visiting me, and seemed much pleased at what we did to please her. My son made her a fair speech, to which she did give most gracious reply. The women did dance before her, whilst the cornets did salute from the gallery; and she did vouchsafe to eat two morsels of rich comfit-cake, and drank a small cordial from a golden cup. She had a marvellous suit of velvet,<sup>1</sup> borne by four of her first women-attendants in rich apparel; two ushers did go before, and at going up-stairs she called for a staff, and was much wearied in walking about the house, and said she would come another day. Six drums and six trumpets waited in the court, and sounded at her approach and departure. My wife did bear herself in wondrous good liking, and was attired in a purple kirtle fringed with gold, and myself in a rich band, and collar of needle-work, and did wear a goodly stuff of the bravest cut and fashion, with an underbody of silver and loops. The queen was much in commendation of our appearances, and smiled at the ladies, who, in their dances, often came up to the step on which the seat was fixed to make their obeisance, and so fell back into their order again. The younger Markham did several gallant feats on a horse before the gate, leaping down and

<sup>1</sup> Meaning 'a train.'

kissing his sword, and then mounting swiftly on the saddle, and passed a lance with much skill. The day well-nigh spent, the queen went and tasted a small beverage that was set out in divers rooms where she might pass, and then, in much order, was attended to her palace, the cornets and trumpets sounding through the streets. One knight I dare not name did say, 'The queen hath done me more honor than some that had served her better;' but envious tongues have venomed shafts, and so I rest in peace with what hath happened." Sidney also tells Harrington "that he had presented his gift to the queen, by whom it was well received, and that her majesty had commended his verses."—"The queen," says he, "hath tasted your dainties, and saith, 'You have marvellous skill in cooking of good fruits.'" In allusion to a lawsuit, touching Harrington's title to the disputed manor of Harrington park, he continues, "Visit your friends often, and please the queen all you can, for all the great lawyers do fear her displeasure."

One day Elizabeth informed Bacon, "That Essex had written to her some dutiful letters, which had moved her; but after taking them to flow from the abundance of his heart, she found them but a preparative to a suit for renewing his farm of sweet wines," of which she had granted him the monopoly in the sunshine of her former favor.<sup>1</sup> To this petition she had replied, "that she would inquire into its annual value," which is said to have amounted to the enormous sum of 50,000*l.* per annum. She added a taunt, which it was scarcely in the nature of a brave man and a gentleman to brook, "that when horses became unmanageable, it was necessary to tame them by stinting them in the quantity of their food." But Essex, being deeply involved in debt, renewed his suit, and was denied contemptuously.<sup>2</sup> Bacon wasted much elegant logic in endeavoring to convince Elizabeth that a prudential care for his maintenance was by no means incompatible with the sincerity of his devotion to his sovereign, or his penitence for his past faults; but at length observing that the queen began to look coolly on him when he came into her pres-

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Lingard.

ence, he represented to her "that he had, in the integrity of his heart, incurred great peril for pleading the cause of the earl to her, and that his own fall was decreed." Upon which the queen, perceiving how deeply he was wounded, used many kind and soothing expressions to comfort him, bidding him rest on this, *Gratia mea sufficit*, 'my grace is sufficient for you,' but she said not a word of Essex. Bacon took the hint, and made no further efforts to avert the fate of his benefactor.

Harrington, who had ventured to present a petition to his royal godmother from the earl, remarks, "that he had nearly been wrecked on the Essex coast." In fact, the imprudence of Essex rendered it very dangerous for any one to espouse his cause. "His speeches of the queen," continues Harrington, "becometh no man who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*. He hath ill advisers, and much evil hath sprung from this source. The queen well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit; the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea."

Essex had taken the loss of his monopolies and his exile from court in such evil part that he now began to testify his resentment in every possible way. "The queen," said he, "has pushed me down into private life: I will not be a vile, obsequious slave. The dagger of my enemies has struck me to the hilt: I will not be bound to their car of triumph." The councils of his secretary, Cuffe, and other violent or treacherous advisers, induced him to assume the character of a demagogue, that he might be carried into office on the shoulders of the people, in spite of the court party. His house became the head-quarters of the disaffected and desperate. He courted the puritans, and encouraged them to hold conventicles and preach seditious sermons to political congregations under the shadow of his roof. He publicly discussed his injuries, and was, at last, guilty of the folly and ingratitude of speaking of the queen as an "old woman, crooked both in body and mind,"<sup>1</sup>—a taunt which it was not in Elizabeth's nature to forgive.

<sup>1</sup> Camden.



The dearer Essex had been to her heart, the more keenly did the shaft pierce. His death was decreed in the self-same hour when this remark reached her ear. His secret league with the king of Scots, to incite that monarch to insist on being recognized as the successor to the crown ; his rash meetings with malcontents and desperadoes at Drury house, plotting the seizure of the palace and the Tower ; his final act of reckless rebellion, might have been forgiven, but this was the spark that kindled a flame of vindictive anger in the heart of the queen, which nothing but his blood could quench. The daughter of Henry VIII. was not likely to endure such treatment from the ungrateful object of her fierce and jealous fondness. She delayed her vengeance, but it was with the feline malice of tantalizing her victim with visions of life and liberty. She knew that the mouse was within the reach of her talons, and that with one blow it was in her power to crush him. His absurd plan was, for his step-father, sir Christopher Blount, with a chosen party, to seize the palace-gate, Davis the hall, and Danvers the guard-chamber, and then himself to rush in from the mews with a further detachment of his desperate followers, to enter the queen's presence, wherever she might be, and, on his knees, to beg her to remove his adversaries from her council.<sup>1</sup> If this were resisted, he intended to make a forced reform, by calling a parliament and demanding justice. It had been daringly advanced as a principle, by the political agitators who congregated at his house, that monarchs themselves were accountable to the superior legislators of the realm, and the queen thought it was time to bring the matter to a crisis. On the 7th of February, Essex received a summons to appear before the privy council, and, at the same time, a note was put into his hand, warning him to take care of himself. He was advised by prudent friends to make his escape, but he vowed that he never would submit to live in exile, and rashly resolved to set everything on one last desperate die, —an attempt to raise the citizens of London against the court. Harrington draws a vivid picture of the alarm and

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

excitement that pervaded the court during the fearful pause that intervened before a blow was struck. "The madeups," says he, "are all in riot, and much evil threatened. In good sooth, I fear her majesty more than the rebel Tyrone, and wish I had never received my lord of Essex's honor of knighthood. She is quite disfavored and unattired, and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory pottage. Every new message from the city disturbs her, and she frowns on all her ladies. I had a sharp message from her, brought by my lord Buckhurst,—namely, thus:—'Go, tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season to fool it here.' I liked this as little as she doth my knighthood, so took to my boots, and returned to my plough in bad weather. I must not say much, even by this trusty and sure messenger, but the many evil plots and designs have overcome all her highness's sweet temper." The strong mind of Elizabeth was evidently shaken by the conflicting passions that assailed her at this agitating period, and reason tottered. Who would say that the deportment which her godson thus describes was that of a sane person? "She walks much," pursues he, "in her privy chamber, and stamps with her foot at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras in great rage. My lord Buckhurst is much with her, and few else, since the city business; but the dangers are over, and yet she always keeps a sword by her table. I obtained a short audience at my first coming to court, when her highness told me, 'If ill counsel had brought me so far, she wished Heaven might mar the fortune which she had mended.' I made my peace on this point, and will not leave my poor castle of Kelstone for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others have done. So disordered is all order, that her highness hath worn but one change of raiment for many days, and swears much at those that cause her griefs in such wise, to the no small discomfiture of all about her, more especially our sweet lady Arundel."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 317. This letter, though classed by the learned editor of *Harrington* for October, 1601, certainly can allude to no other period

On Sunday morning, February 8th, Essex had collected three hundred of his deluded partisans at his house, and had formed the plan of proceeding to Paul's cross, in Cheapside, thinking to induce the lord mayor, sheriffs, and, in fact, the crowds of citizens and 'prentices who would attend the preaching there, to join his muster, and assist him in forcing his way to the presence of the queen. There was a traitor among his confidants,—sir Ferdinando Gorges,—who betrayed all his projects to Cecil. The lord mayor and his brethren received orders to keep the people within their own dwellings, and not to attend the preaching. The palace was fortified and doubly guarded, and every prudential measure taken to preserve the peace.<sup>1</sup> About ten in the morning, the lord chancellor Egerton, the lord chief justice, and some other officers of the crown, applied for admittance at Essex house. After a long parley, they were admitted through a wicket. They demanded of Essex, in the name of the queen, the meaning of the tumultuous gathering of persons who were around him in the court, and commanded his followers to lay down their arms. Essex began to complain of his wrongs: and Southampton said, "That his life had been attempted in the Strand by lord Grey of Wilton, who had cut off his page's hand."<sup>2</sup> The lords replied, "That Grey had been imprisoned: and if Essex had had wrong, the queen would redress his injuries."—"You lose time," shouted the mob to Essex. "Away with them! they betray you. Kill them! Keep them in custody! Throw the great seal out of window!" Essex actually impounded the chancellor and his company in his house, while he sallied forth into the streets like a madman, at the head of his equally frantic party, armed only with rapiers, and some few with pistols, and dashing down Fleet street, raised the

than that of the Essex insurrection, and not as supposed to the state of Ireland. Harrington's allusions to his unlucky knighthood, and saying "he would not leave his poor castle of Kelstone for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others had done," bears reference to the imprisonment of Essex's partisans. The queen's angry insinuation that (il) counsel had brought him up to court all points to his friendship with Essex, and proves the letter could have been written at no other period.

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Lingard's note. Winwood.

cry, "England is sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh! They will give the crown to the infanta. Citizens of London, arm for England and the queen!"<sup>1</sup>

All, however, was quiet; the streets were deserted, and he vainly waived his sword, and continued to cry, "For the queen! for the queen!" He endeavored to obtain arms and ammunition at the shop of an armorer, but was denied. The streets were barricaded with chains and carts, but on Ludgate hill he drew his sword and ordered a charge, which his step-father Blount executed, and with his own hand slew a man who had been formerly suborned by Leicester to assassinate him. Essex was shot through the hat: his followers began to desert. He had been proclaimed a traitor in one quarter of the city by Garter king-at-arms and Thomas lord Burleigh, in another by the earl of Cumberland. Desperate, but unsubdued, he forced his way across St. Paul's to Queenhithe, where he took boat, and, strange to say, succeeded in getting back to Essex house. The queen was at dinner when the noise of the tumult brought the news that Essex was endeavoring to raise the city,—nay, that he had succeeded; but she was no more disturbed than if she had been told there was a fray in Fleet street. Her attendants were struck with consternation, not knowing whom to trust, and Elizabeth alone had the courage to propose going to oppose the insurgents, saying, "That not one of them would dare to meet a single glance of her eye: they would flee at the very notice of her approach."<sup>2</sup> This was more consistent with the energy of her temper than the tale that she finished her dinner as calmly as if nothing had happened.

When Essex returned to his house, he found his prisoners, whom he thought, at the worst, to keep as hostages for his own life, had all been liberated by the perfidious Gorges, who had taken them by water to the palace; and now all that remained to him was to defend his house, which was invested on every side. But when he beheld the great artillery and the queen's forces round about his house, being sore vexed with the tears and incessant shrieks of

<sup>1</sup> Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Lingard.

the ladies, he, after several parleys from the leads of his mansion with the assailing force below, surrendered his sword to the lord admiral about ten o'clock at night, on promise of civil treatment for himself and his friends.<sup>1</sup> The other lords and gentlemen who had adhered to his evil fortunes followed his example. That night they were lodged in Lambeth palace, for the night was dark, and there was not sufficient water to shoot London bridge. The next day they were taken by water to the Tower. On the 12th, a soldier of fortune, named Thomas Lee, was reported to have said, "That if the friends of Essex meant to preserve his life, they should enter the queen's presence in a body and petition for his pardon, and refuse to depart till it was granted." The same evening, Lee was discovered by the pursuivants in the crowd at the door of the presence-chamber during the queen's supper, and was arrested. In the morning he was indicted on a charge of intending to murder the queen, was condemned, and suffered the death of a traitor.<sup>2</sup>

Essex and Southampton were arraigned, on the 19th, before the commissioners appointed for the trial. Even if the majority of the commissioners had not been the sworn foes of Essex, he must have been found guilty by the laws of the land, for he had committed overt acts of treason which nothing but madness could excuse. The crown lawyers who pleaded against him were Yelverton, who compared him to Catiline and a crocodile, and Coke, who added to the catalogue of his crimes the incompatible charges of atheism and popery, although Essex was a declared puritan, and told him, "that he who aspired to the kingdom of Robert the first, should, of his earldom, be Robert the last;" and when Essex asked him, "If he really believed any violence was intended to the queen?" artfully replied, "You would have treated her as Henry of Lancaster did Richard II.,—gone to her as suppliants, and then robbed her of her crown and life." This was a base appeal to Elizabeth's absurd weakness touching Hayward's history of Henry IV. The worst pang for Essex

<sup>1</sup> Camden, and contemporary document in Nichols.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.



was to see his former friend Bacon rise to refute his defence, and extol the characters of Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham. Essex bade him remember, "that it was himself who had composed the eloquent letters which he had been advised to write to her majesty exposing their faults." Essex was, of course, condemned: when the sentence was pronounced, he said, "I am not a whit dismayed to receive this doom. Death is as welcome to me as life. Let my poor quarters, which have done her majesty true service in divers parts of the world, be sacrificed and disposed of at her pleasure."<sup>1</sup> The news was suddenly divulged in London, whereat many forsook their suppers, and ran hastily into the street to see the earl of Essex as he returned to the Tower, with the edge of the axe carried towards him. He went a swift pace, bending his face towards the earth, and would not look upon any of them, though some spake directly to him."<sup>2</sup> His execution was appointed to take place on the 25th, Ash-Wednesday. Elizabeth signed the warrant, and it has been said that the tremor of her hand, from agitation, is discernible in that fatal autograph; but the fac-simile of the signature contradicts the fond tradition, for it is firmly written, and as elaborately flourished as if she thought more of the beauty of her penmanship than of the awful act of giving effect to the sentence that doomed the mangling axe of the executioner to lay the head of her familiar friend and kinsman in the dust.<sup>3</sup>

The romantic story of the ring which, it is said, the queen had given to Essex in a moment of fondness as a pledge of her affection, with an intimation "that if ever he forfeited her favor, if he sent it back to her, the sight of it would insure her forgiveness," must not be lightly rejected. It is not only related by Osborne, who is considered a fair authority for other things, and quoted by historians of all parties, but it is a family tradition of the Careys, who were the persons most likely to be in the

<sup>1</sup> State-Trials. Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Contemporary tract in Nichols.

<sup>3</sup> The fac-simile of this signature is engraved in Park's edition of Horace Walpole's Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors, from the original in the Stafford collection.

secret, as they were the relations and friends of all the parties concerned, and enjoyed the confidence of queen Elizabeth. The following is the version given by lady Elizabeth Spelman, a descendant of that house, to the editor of her great-uncle Robert Carey's memoirs :—" When Essex lay under sentence of death, he determined to try the virtue of the ring, by sending it to the queen and claiming the benefit of her promise ; but knowing he was surrounded by the creatures of those who were bent on taking his life, he was fearful of trusting it to any of his attendants. At length, looking out of his window, he saw early one morning a boy whose countenance pleased him ; and him he induced by a bribe to carry the ring, which he threw down to him from above, to the lady Scrope, his cousin, who had taken so friendly interest in his fate. The boy, by mistake, carried it to the countess of Nottingham, the cruel sister of the fair and gentle Scrope, and as both these ladies were of the royal bedchamber, the mistake might easily occur. The countess carried the ring to her husband, the lord admiral, who was the deadly foe of Essex, and told him the message, but he bade her suppress both." The queen, unconscious of the accident, waited in the painful suspense of an angry lover for the expected token to arrive ; but not receiving it, she concluded that he was too proud to make this last appeal to her tenderness, and, after having once revoked the warrant, she ordered the execution to proceed. It was not till the axe had absolutely fallen, that the world could believe that Elizabeth would take the life of Essex. Raleigh incurred the deepest odium for his share in bringing his noble rival to the block. He had witnessed his execution from the armory in the Tower, and soon after was found in the presence of the queen, who, as if nothing of painful import had occurred, was that morning amusing herself with playing on the virginals.

When the news was officially announced that the tragedy was over, there was a dead silence in the privy-chamber ; but the queen continued to play, and the earl of Oxford, casting a significant glance at Raleigh, observed, as if in

reference to the effect of her majesty's fingers on the instrument, which was a sort of open spinet, "When Jacks start up, then heads go down."<sup>1</sup> Every one understood the bitter pun contained in this allusion. Raleigh received large sums from some of the gentlemen who were implicated in Essex's insurrection, as the price of negotiating their pardons.<sup>2</sup> He was on the scaffold when sir Christopher Blount and sir Charles Danvers were beheaded, March 17th. Blount was the third husband of queen Elizabeth's cousin Lettice, countess of Leicester. If this lady had incurred the ill-will of her royal kinswoman, as generally supposed, by rivalling her in the regard of Leicester, it must be acknowledged that Elizabeth paid the long-delayed debt of vengeance with dreadful interest, when she sent both son and husband to the block within one little month.<sup>3</sup> Merrick and Cuffe were hanged, drawn, and quartered; but the queen graciously extended her mercy to the earl of Southampton, by commuting his death into an imprisonment which lasted during the rest of her life. Elizabeth

<sup>1</sup> *Fragmenta Regalia*, by sir Robert Naunton.

<sup>2</sup> Birch.

<sup>3</sup> The unfortunate countess survived this twofold tragedy three-and-thirty years. Her beauty and connection with the two great favorites of Elizabeth, Leicester and Essex, are thus noticed in the following lines of her epitaph, by sir Gervase Clifton:—

"There you may see that face, that hand,  
Which once was fairest in the land;  
She that, in her younger years,  
Match'd with two great English peers;  
She that did supply the wars  
With thunder, and the court with stars;  
She that in her youth had been  
Darling to the maiden queen,  
Till she was content to quit  
Her favor for her favorite,  
Whose gold-thread, when she saw spun,  
And the death of her brave son,  
Thought it safest to retire,  
From all care and vain desire,  
To a private country cell;  
Where she spent her days so well,  
That to her the better sort  
Came as to a holy court,  
And the poor that lived near,  
Dearth nor famine could not fear."

caused a declaration of the treasons of Essex to be published, and a sermon very defamatory to his memory to be preached at Paul's cross by Dr. Barlow, but the people took both in evil part.

The death of Essex left sir Robert Cecil without a rival in the court or cabinet, and he soon established himself as the all-powerful ruler of the realm. Essex had made full confession of his secret correspondence with the king of Scots, and also of the agent through whom it was carried on; and Cecil lost no time in following the same course, and through the same channel. The first result of Cecil's secret understanding with the king of Scots was, an addition of two thousand pounds a year to the annual pension which that monarch received from queen Elizabeth; and this was sorely against the will of the aged sovereign, who at that very time had been compelled, by the destitute state of her exchequer, to borrow money on her jewels. The flattery of Cecil, however, and the reverential deference with which he approached her, made him necessary to her comfort now that she was in the sear and withered leaf of life, with no faithful or tender ties of love or friendship to cheer and support her in her lonely passage to the tomb.

Sir William Brown, the deputy-governor of Flushing, who came over this summer to explain the state of affairs in the Low Countries, gives a very interesting narrative of his interview with her majesty in the month of August, 1601. On Sunday morning, after prayers, he was introduced by Cecil to the queen, as she walked in the gardens at Mr. William Clarke's.<sup>1</sup> "I had no sooner kissed her sacred hand," says he, "but she presently made me stand up. She spoke somewhat loud, saying, 'Come hither, Brown,' and pronounced, that she held me for an old faithful servant of hers, and said, 'I must give content to Brown;' and then, the train following her, she said, 'Stand—stand back! Will you not let us speak but you will be hearers?' She then walked a turn or two, protesting her gracious opinion of myself; 'Before God! Brown,' said she, 'they do me wrong that will make so honest a servant jealous lest I

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers, vol. ii.

should mistrust him ; and though her words alone had been more than sufficient to content so mean a servant as myself, yet it pleased her to swear unto me that she had as good affiance in my loyalty as in any man's that served her. . . . Having walked a turn or two," continues he, "she called for a stool, which was set under a tree, and I began to kneel, but she would not suffer me ; and after two or three denials, when I made to kneel, she was pleased to say 'that she would not speak with me unless I stood up.' Whereupon I stood up, and after having repeated her gracious opinion of me, she discoursed of many things, and particularly of the distaste she had of the States' army returning. It seems that sir Francis Vere hath laid all the fault upon count Maurice. I said, that 'Count Maurice did protest that this journey was never of his plotting.'—'Tush! Brown,' saith she ; 'I know more than thou dost. When I heard,' continued the queen, 'that they were at first with their army as high as Nemigham, I knew no good would be done ; but Maurice would serve his own turn, and would, in the end, turn to the Grave [landgrave]. I looked that they should have come down nearer to Ostend, or Flanders. That might have startled the enemy, and that they promised me, or else I would not have let them have so many men, to the discontentment of my subjects, as I know, and which, but for the love they bear me, they would not so well digest ; and now, forsooth, Maurice is come from his weapon to his spade, for at that he is one of the best in Christendom.'"<sup>1</sup>

Brown, though he had some things to urge in explanation of the line of policy adopted by the cautious Maurice, was too practised a courtier to oppose the royal orator, after this burst of lion-like disdain at what she deemed the selfishness of her ally. "It was not befitting for me to answer anything for him," says he, "when I saw her majesty so informed already. The truth must appear to her in time, and from a better hand than myself. Then she complained of the French king failing in his promise to support the enterprise of her army." Brown told her majesty, "That

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Papers.



it was considered that the French king rather had marvelled at their boldness in going so far, than offered any hope of co-operation with them."—"Tush! Brown," interrupted the queen, who appeared better informed on this point than her foreign ministers suspected; "do I not know that Buceval was written to, again and again, to move the army to go that way, and that he would not help them?"—"If that were so," said Brown, "your majesty may think it was but a French promise." He told her that the Zealanders put their sole hope in her majesty, trusting that her powerful influence would induce the States-General to render them the succor they required. "Alas! poor Zealanders," exclaimed Elizabeth; "I know that they love me with all their hearts." Brown told her majesty "that they prayed for her." Elizabeth received this information with peculiar unction, and delivered a speech on the occasion, which, of course, was spoken that it might be duly reported to those pious Dutch patriots, to provoke them to further manifestations of their good-will. "Yea, Brown," said she, "I know it well enough; and I will tell thee one thing. Faith! here is a church of that countrymen in London. I protest, next after the divine Providence that governs all my well-doing, I attribute much of the happiness that befalls me to be given of God by those men's effectual and zealous prayers, who, I know, pray for me with that fervency as none of my servants can do more." After a long talk, Mr. secretary (sir Robert Cecil) came, and the discourse turned on military affairs. Cecil paid her majesty the homage of his knee, in the most deferential manner, while she was pleased to converse on this business; and she, turning to Brown, said to him, "Dost see that little fellow that kneels there? It hath been told you that he hath been an enemy to soldiers. On my faith! Brown, he is the best friend the soldiers have." Cecil replied with his usual tact, "that it was from her majesty alone all the soldier's good flowed;" and with this compliment, sir William Brown closes his detail of this characteristic scene.

When Elizabeth heard that Henry IV. of France was at Calais, she made a progress to Dover in the hope of tempt-

ing him to cross the channel, to pay his compliments to her in person. She had previously despatched a letter to him by lord Edmonds, full of friendly expressions and offers of service ; and when she reached Dover, she sent sir Robert Sidney with another entreating the king to allow her the satisfaction of a personal interview, as she greatly desired to see him. Her pride would have been flattered by the visit of a king of France, and such a king as the hero of Navarre, and she omitted nothing that she imagined might induce him to come. Henry, remembering, perhaps, that the queen of Sheba came to Solomon, not Solomon to her, forfeited his reputation for always yielding due homage to the ladies by excusing himself from coming to Dover, and courteously invited his good sister to visit him in France. If Elizabeth had been nineteen instead of sixty-nine, he would probably have acted more gallantly. She excused herself, in a very courteous letter, from coming to France, and lamented "the unhappiness of princes, who were slaves to forms and fettered by caution ;" adding, in conclusion, "that her regret at not being able to see him was so much the greater, as she had something of the last importance to communicate to him, which she neither durst commit to paper nor trust to any person but himself, and that she was then on the point of quitting Dover for London."

Though Henry ought to have had a pretty accurate idea of Elizabeth's habitual diplomacy, his curiosity was so greatly excited by these mysterious hints that he sent for his faithful minister, Rosny,<sup>1</sup> and said to him, "I have just now received letters from my good sister of England, whom you admire so greatly. They are fuller of civilities than ever. See if you will have more success than I have had in discovering her meaning." The sage premier of France confessed that he was not less puzzled than his sovereign by the mysterious language of the female majesty of England, and both agreed that it must be something of very great consequence which prompted such a communication ; it was therefore arranged that Rosny should embark the following morning for Dover, and make an *incognito* trip to London,

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards the celebrated duc de Sully.

for the purpose of penetrating this important state secret. The moment he landed at Dover, he was met and recognized by a whole bevy of the state officers and members of queen Elizabeth's cabinet, who were evidently on the lookout for his master. Sidney, who had seen him at Calais only a few days before, welcomed him with an embrace, and asked him "if he were not come to see the queen?" The artful diplomatist told him "he was not; and begged him not to mention his arrival to her majesty, as he had brought no credentials, having merely come over to make a private visit to London, without any idea of seeing her." The English gentlemen smiled, and told him "that he would not be suffered to pass so, for the guard ship had doubtless given a signal of his arrival, and he might shortly expect to see a messenger from the queen, who had, only three days ago, spoken publicly of him in very obliging terms." Rosny, though nothing was further from his meaning, begged them to keep the secret, pretending "that he was only going to take a slight refreshment, and then proceed on his journey;" and saying this, left them abruptly. "After this fine piece of acting," he says, "I had but just entered my apartment and spoken a few words to my people, when I felt somebody embrace me from behind, who told me 'that he arrested me as a prisoner to the queen.' This was 'the captain of her guards, whose embrace I returned, and replied, smiling, that 'I should esteem such imprisonment an honor.' His orders were to conduct me directly to the queen. I therefore followed him. 'It is well, monsieur de Rosny,' said this princess to me, as soon as I appeared; 'and do you break my fences thus, and pass on without coming to see me? I am greatly surprised at it, for I thought you bore me more affection than any of my servants, and I am persuaded that I have given you no cause to change these sentiments.'"

After this agreeable beginning, she entered into a long political conversation, drawing him on one side that she might speak with the greater freedom; but instead of having anything to tell, she made it her business to endeavor to extract from the French minister all she could

of his sovereign's plans with regard to the house of Austria. Ireland was then threatened with an invasion from Spain, which rendered her desirous of causing a diversion, by an attack on that portion of the dominions of Philip III. that was under the jurisdiction of the archduke. Rosny explained to her that the finances of Henry would not allow him to launch into aggressive warfare. She rejoined that there was a vital necessity for keeping the power of the house of Austria within due bounds, in which they might both unite, but that the Low Countries ought to form an independent republic. "Neither the whole nor any part of those states need be coveted," she said, "by either herself, the king of France, or the king of Scotland, who would," she added, "become, one day, king of Great Britain."<sup>1</sup> This speech is the more remarkable, as it contains, not only very sound sense, but a quiet, dignified, and positive recognition of James VI. of Scotland by Elizabeth as her rightful successor, and it is strange that this should have escaped the attention of all our historians. Sully himself records it without comment. Her allusion to the increased importance of her realm, when blended with the sister country, is worthy of a patriotic sovereign. Elizabeth, at that moment, rose superior to all paltry jealousies, for she proudly felt the lasting benefit which her celibacy had conferred on her subjects, in making the king of Scotland her heir. The fact is deeply interesting that it was from the lips of this last and mightiest of England's monarchs that the style and title by which her royal kinsman and his descendants should reign over the united kingdoms of the Britannic empire was first pronounced. It surely ought not to have been forgotten that it was queen Elizabeth herself who gave to that prospective empire the name of Great Britain.

The importance which Elizabeth placed on the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and the clear and comprehensive view she took of almost every point of continental politics, astonished Rosny. The mighty projects she expressed her wish of assisting to realize filled him with wonder. She desired to see Germany restored to its

<sup>1</sup> Sully's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 373.

ancient liberty, in respect to the election of its emperors, and the nomination of a king of the Romans; to render the United Provinces an independent republic, and annexing to them some of the Germanic states; to do the same by Switzerland; to divide all Christendom into a certain number of powers, as equal as might be; and, last, to reduce all the various religions therein into three, which should appear the most numerous and considerable.<sup>1</sup> This great and good statesman-historian lavishes the most unqualified commendations on Elizabeth. "I cannot," says he, "bestow praises upon the queen of England equal to the merit which I discovered in her in this short time, both as to the qualities of her heart and her understanding." Many courteous messages and letters passed between Henry and Elizabeth while he remained at Calais and she at Dover. In the beginning of September, Henry sent a grand state embassy to his good sister of England, headed by his troublesome subject the duc de Biron, who was accompanied by the count d'Auvergne, the natural son of Charles IX. of France, and nearly four hundred noblemen and gentlemen of quality. Biron and his immediate suite were lodged in the ancient palace of Richard III., in Bishopsgate street (Crosby hall), while in London; but, as Elizabeth had commenced her progress into Hampshire on the 5th of September, which was the day of his arrival, he was soon after invited to join her there, that he might partake of the sylvan sports in which our royal Dian still indulged.

Elizabeth was at that time the guest of the marquess and marchioness of Winchester, at Basing. She was so well pleased with her entertainment that she tarried there thirteen days, to the great cost of the hospitable marquess.<sup>2</sup> At Basing she was joined by the duc de Biron, who was conducted into her presence with much solemnity by the sheriff of the county, whom she had sent to meet and welcome the distinguished stranger. She herself came forth royally mounted and accompanied to the interview, and when she approached the spot where the duke and his train waited to receive her greeting, the high-sheriff, who

<sup>1</sup> Sully's Memoirs.

<sup>2</sup> Nichols.



rode bare-headed before her majesty, being unacquainted with the stately temper of his liege lady, checked his horse and brought the cavalcade to a stand, imagining that her majesty would have then saluted the duke; but she was much displeased, and bade him go on. The duke, on this, reverentially followed her, cap in hand, bowing low towards his horse's mane for about twenty yards. Then Elizabeth suddenly paused, took off her mask, and, looking back, very courteously and graciously saluted him, not having considered it meet for her to offer the first attention to the subject of any other sovereign till he had first shown her the respect of following her, although he was the representative of a mighty monarch, and her ally.<sup>1</sup> While Elizabeth was at Basing, Biron was lodged at the Vine, a princely mansion belonging to the lord Sandys, which was furnished for the occasion with plate and hangings from the Tower, and other costly furniture from Hampton Court, besides a contribution of seven score beds and other furniture, which was willingly brought as a loan at her majesty's need, at only two days' warning, by the loyal people of Southampton. The queen visited Biron at the Vine, in return for his visit to her at Basing, and they hunted and feasted together in princely fashion. At her departure from Basing, Elizabeth made ten knights, the largest number that she had ever made at one time. She said, "That she had done more than any of her ancestors had ever done, or any other prince in Christendom was able to do,—namely, in her Hampshire progress this year, entertained a royal ambassador royally in her subjects' houses." On her homeward progress the queen visited sir Edward Coke, her attorney-general, at Stoke Pogeis, where she was most sumptuously feasted, and presented with jewels and other gifts to the value of 1000*l.* or 1200*l.*

This month the Spaniards effected a landing in Ireland, and took the town of Kinsale; but were defeated, and finally driven out of that realm by the new lord deputy, Mountjoy. The hostile preparations of Philip III. of Spain had caused some alarm to Elizabeth's ministers, but were

<sup>1</sup> Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*.

treated by herself with contempt. "I shall never fear," she said, "the threats of a prince who was twelve years in learning his alphabet."

Elizabeth returned to London early in October; while there she entertained Biron very splendidly, and among other national spectacles, she showed him one that must have appalled even the man who had witnessed the horrors of the day of St. Bartholomew. "Holding Biron by the hand," says Perefixe,<sup>1</sup> "she pointed to a number of heads that were planted on the Tower, and told him 'that it was thus they punished traitors in England.' Not satisfied with calling his attention to this ghastly company, she coolly recounted to him the names of all her subjects whom she had brought to the block, and among these she mentioned the earl of Essex, whom she had once so passionately loved."<sup>2</sup> This incident, it must have been, that gave rise to the absurd, but not more revolting tale, "that she showed Biron the skull of that unfortunate nobleman, which," it was said, "she always kept in her closet."<sup>3</sup> The great number of executions for treason in the last thirty years of Elizabeth's reign had indurated her heart, by rendering her mind familiar with the most revolting details of torture and blood, and her eyes to objects from which other women not only turn with shuddering horror, but sicken and swoon if accidentally presented to their view; but Elizabeth could not cross London bridge without recognizing the features of gentlemen whom she had consigned to the axe or the halter. The walls of her royal residence, the Tower, were also converted into a Golgotha, and fearful it must have been for the ladies of her household and court to behold these mangled relics,—

"While darkly they faded,  
Through all the dread stages of nature's decay."

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire Henri le Grand*, vol. ii. pp. 84, 85.

<sup>2</sup> In recording this trait of Elizabeth, Perefixe makes no detractory comment; he merely relates it as an historical fact, without appearing by any means impressed with the want of feminine feeling which it indicated. If he had a prejudice, it was in favor of Elizabeth, whom he highly commends, not only as one of the greatest princesses in the world, but the best.

<sup>3</sup> Mezerai, and other French writers of an earlier date. Camden confutes the report, by affirming that the head of Essex was buried with his body.

Hentzner affirms "that he counted on London bridge no less than three hundred heads of persons who had been executed for high treason,"—a melancholy evidence that Elizabeth, in her latter years, had flung the dove from her sceptre, and exchanged curtness for the sword of vengeance.

Sully, the great panegyrist of Elizabeth and the personal foe of Biron, relates "that Biron had a most extraordinary conversation with that queen, and that he had the want of tact not only to mention the earl of Essex to her, but to bewail the fate of that nobleman, whose great services had not been able to preserve him from so tragical a fate." Elizabeth condescended to justify her conduct by explaining to Biron the nature of the perilous schemes in which Essex had madly engaged, which rendered it necessary for her to punish him. She, however, added, "That notwithstanding his engaging in open rebellion, he might still, by submission, have obtained her pardon, but that neither his friends nor relations could prevail on him to ask it." She, it seems, was well aware of the proceedings of Biron himself, and it is supposed that, as a warning to him, she enlarged much on the reverence and obedience that were due from subjects to their sovereigns. It might possibly have been that, in the climax of the excitement caused by this discussion, she showed Biron the heads of the unfortunate adherents of Essex on the Tower as a terrific evidence of the evil consequences of his reckless courses to his friends. Perefixe observes, "That those who stood by, and heard what the queen of England said to Biron on this occasion, recalled the circumstance to mind when they, soon after, saw him fall into the same misfortune as the earl of Essex, by losing his head after he had lost the favor of his prince." When Elizabeth was subsequently conversing with the next French ambassador on the treason and execution of Biron, she said, "In such cases there is no middle course; we must lay aside clemency as too dangerous, and adopt extreme measures. He who touches the sceptre of a prince lays hold of a firebrand which must destroy him; for him there is no mercy. To pardon persons of this description would be doing positive injustice, and

draw down upon one's self eternal contempt and inevitable destruction. I doubt not but the king of France [Henry IV.], unused to such events, and inclined to forgive and forget injuries, suffers much when he is compelled to pronounce the ruin of a man whom he has so loved and honored. I have but too well experienced how this disposition of the mind is, and I shall feel this regret through life; yet, when the welfare of my state was concerned, when I was called upon to give an example, and to think of the safety of my successors, I durst not indulge my own inclinations. I have found my advantage in so doing, and if the king acts in the same manner, he will likewise consolidate tranquillity, and relieve his soul from suspicion and mistrust, which hinder princes from governing with freedom and satisfaction."

Elizabeth summoned her last parliament to meet at Westminster on the 27th of October, 1601. She opened it in person with unwonted pomp, but her enfeebled frame was unable to support the weight of the royal robes, and she was actually sinking to the ground, when the nearest nobleman caught and supported her in his arms.<sup>1</sup> Yet she rallied her expiring energies, and went through the fatiguing ceremonial with her usual dignity and grace. The session commenced with a stormy discussion on monopolies, which had now increased to so oppressive a degree that the sole right to sell or issue licenses for the sale of wine, vinegar, oil, salt, starch, steel, coals, and almost every necessary of life, was vested in the person of some greedy, unprincipled courtier or wealthy individual, who had purchased that privilege from the minister or ladies of the bedchamber.<sup>2</sup> The time had arrived when the people of England would bear this grievance no longer. The exigencies of the government required an extraordinary supply to carry on the expenses of the civil war in Ireland, and the commons chose to discuss the monopoly question first; but the queen prevented this exposure of the abuses of her government, by sending a most gracious and conciliatory message to the house, signifying her intention of redressing

<sup>1</sup> Lingard.

<sup>2</sup> Parliamentary History. D'Ewes. Mackintosh. Rapin.

all grievances by the exercise of her regal authority. The commons' deputation of 140 members, with their speaker, waited upon her to return thanks, and she addressed them at some length, expressing her affection for her people, and her satisfaction "that the harpies and horse-leeches," as she, in her energetic phraseology, termed the monopolists, had been exposed to her. "I had rather," said she, "that my heart and hand should perish, than either heart or hand should allow such privileges to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendor of regal majesty hath not so blinded mine eyes that licentious power should prevail with me more than justice. The glory of the name of a king may deceive those princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient; but I am none of those princes, for I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me, not of myself, to whom it is intrusted, and that an account is one day to be given before another judgment-seat. I think myself most happy that, by God's assistance, I have hitherto so prosperously governed the commonwealth, in all respects; and that I have such subjects that, for their good, I would willingly lose both kingdoms and life." She concluded this beautiful speech, the last she ever addressed to her senate, by entreating them "not to impute the blame to her, if they had suffered from the abuses of which they complained, for princes' servants were too often set more upon their private advantage than the good of either the sovereign or the people." The parliament returned the most dutiful acknowledgments, granted an extraordinary supply, and was dissolved in November.

The following spring the aged queen appeared to have made a considerable rally in point of health. In March, 1602, the French ambassador records that her majesty took her daily walking exercise on Richmond green, with greater spirit and activity than could have been expected at her years. She entertained the duke of Nevers, April 28th, with a costly banquet at her palace at Richmond, and after dinner opened the ball with him, in a galliard, which she danced with wonderful agility for her time of life. The



French ambassador, Beaumont, notices that this was the first time she had honored any foreign prince in this way since she footed it so bravely with her last royal suitor, the duke of Alençon. The duke of Nevers repaid the courtesy of his august partner with many compliments, not only kissing her hand, but her foot also, when she showed him her leg,—a trait of levity too absurd almost for credibility, though recorded by an eye-witness, who says that she used many pleasant discourses with him.<sup>1</sup>

The aged queen honored the ancient popular customs of England in the olden time by going a-Maying with her court in the green glades of Lewisham, two or three miles from her palace of Greenwich.<sup>2</sup> To use a familiar phrase, she appeared as if she had taken a new lease of life, and she adopted the whimsical method of damping the eager hopes of the king of Scotland for his speedy succession to the English throne by keeping his ambassador, sir Roger Aston, waiting for his audience in a place where he could see her, behind a part of the tapestry, which was turned back as if by accident, dancing in her privy-chamber to the sound of a small fiddle; and the royal Terpsichore actually kept his excellency cooling his heels in the lobby while she performed corantos and other gallant feats of dancing, that he might report to his sovereign how vigorous and sprightly she was, and that his inheritance might yet be long in coming.<sup>3</sup> This summer she made a little series of festive visits in the vicinity of her metropolis, and was gratified with the usual sum of adulation and presents; but it is expressly noticed that on her visit to the earl of Nottingham she was disappointed because she was not presented with the costly suit of tapestry hangings, which represented all the battles of her valiant host with the Spanish armada.<sup>4</sup>

In July, queen Elizabeth entertained the lady ambassador of France at her palace of Greenwich; and it is noticed by Harrington, "that her excellency gave away, among the maids of honor and other ladies of the court, fans, purses, and masks very bountifully." Another cour-

<sup>1</sup> Lodge. Lingard.<sup>2</sup> Nichols.<sup>3</sup> Weldon.<sup>4</sup> Nichols's Progresses.

tier describes the gay life Elizabeth was leading in the month of September:—"We are frolic here at court: much dancing, in the privy-chamber, of country-dances before the queen's majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most liked, but in winter, *Lullaby*, an old song of Mr. Bird's, will be more in request, as I think." This was the opinion of the earl of Worcester,<sup>1</sup> an ancient servant and contemporary of the queen, who thought that a refreshing nap, lulled by the soft sounds of Bird's exquisite melody,<sup>2</sup> would better suit his royal mistress than her usual after-dinner diversions of frisking, beneath the burden of seventy years, to some of the spirit-stirring Irish tunes newly imported to the English court. Under this gay exterior the mighty Elizabeth carried a heart full of profound grief; it was observed that, after the death of Essex, the people ceased to greet her with the demonstrations of rapturous affection with which they had been accustomed to salute her when she appeared in public. They could not forgive the loss of that generous and gallant nobleman, the only popular object of her favor, whom she had cut off in the flower of his days; and now, whenever she was seen, a gloomy silence reigned in the streets through which she passed. These indications of the change in her subjects' feelings towards her are said to have sunk deeply into the mind of the aged queen, and occasioned that depression of spirits which preceded her death. A trifling incident is also supposed to have made a painful and ominous impression on her imagination. Her coronation-ring, which she had worn night and day ever since her inauguration, having grown into her finger, it became necessary to have it filed off; and this was regarded by her as an evil portent.

In the beginning of June she confided to the French ambassador, count de Beaumont, "that she was a-weary

<sup>1</sup> Letter of the earl of Worcester to the earl of Shrewsbury.—Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 578.

<sup>2</sup> William Bird was organist of the royal chapel in this reign, and one of the greatest among English composers, at an era when England possessed national music and original melodies.

of life," and with sighs and tears alluded to the death of Essex, that subject which appears to have been ever in her thoughts, and "when unthought of, still the spring of thought." She said, "That being aware of the impetuosity of his temper and his ambitious character, she had warned him, two years before, to content himself with pleasing her, and not to show such insolent contempt for her as he did on some occasions; but to take care not to touch her sceptre, lest she should be compelled to punish him according to the laws of England, and not according to her own, which he had always found too mild and indulgent for him to fear anything from them. His neglect of this caution," she added, "had caused his ruin." Henry IV., notwithstanding the earnest intercessions he had made through his ambassador for the life of Essex, greatly applauded Elizabeth for her resolution in bringing him to the block, and observed, that if his predecessor, Henry III., had possessed a portion of her high spirit, he would have quelled the insolence of the duke of Guise and his faction in their first attempts to overawe the throne." He said many times, in the presence of his court, that "she only was a king, and knew how to govern,—how to support the dignity of her crown; and that the repose and weal of her subjects required the course she had taken."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth appears to have felt differently on this subject, which pressed heavily on her mind; perhaps more so than many a less justifiable act of severity, as the deaths of the duke of Norfolk and the queen of Scots. But this was the drop that surcharged the cup, and the infirmities of frail humanity warned her that the hour was not far distant when she must render up an account for the blood she had shed; and, however satisfactory her reasons for what she had done might have appeared to other sovereigns, neither expediency nor sophistry would avail aught at the tribunal where the secrets of all hearts are unveiled. Besides, she had hitherto destroyed her enemies, or those whom she deemed the friends of her foes; now she had taken the life of her nearest kinsman and best-beloved friend,—of him

<sup>1</sup> Winwood's Memorials.

whom she had cherished in his early youth with the tenderness of a mother, and after he advanced to manhood, regarded with the perilous fondness of a jealous lover. One of the members of Elizabeth's household gives the following account of the state of the queen's mind, in a letter to a confidential correspondent in the service of her successor:—"Our queen is troubled with a rheum in her arm, which vexeth her very much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my lord of Essex's death. She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither taketh rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes with shedding tears, to bewail Essex." There was a vain endeavor on the part of her cabinet to amuse the mind of the declining melancholy sovereign with a new favorite, the young and handsome earl of Clanricarde, who was considered to bear a striking likeness to him whom she so vainly lamented; but the resemblance only increased her dejection. The countess of Essex, however, found consolation for her loss in this likeness, for she ultimately took the earl of Clanricarde for her third husband.

The state of queen Elizabeth's mind, as well as the breaking up of her constitution, is pathetically described by her godson Harrington, in a confidential letter to his wife.<sup>1</sup> He says:—"Our dear queen, my royal godmother and this state's natural mother, doth now bear show of human infirmity, too fast for that evil which we shall get by her death, and too slow for that good which she shall get by her releasement from her pains and misery. I was bidden to her presence; I blessed the happy moment, and found her in most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone? I replied, with reverence, 'that I had seen him with the lord deputy' [Essex]. She looked up, with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, 'Oh! now it mindeth me that you were *one* who saw this man *elsewhere*,' and hereat she dropped a tear, and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she oft put to her lips; but, in sooth, her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling. This sight moved me

<sup>1</sup> Dated December 27, 1602.

to think of what passed in Ireland; and I trust she did not less think on *some*, who were busier there than myself. She gave me a message to the lord deputy [Mountjoy], and bade me come to the chamber at seven o'clock. Her majesty inquired of some matters which I had written, and as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unheedful to feed her humor, and read some verses; whereat she smiled once, and was pleased to say, 'When thou dost feel creeping Time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less. I am past my relish for such matters. Thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well. I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesternight.' She rated most grievously, at noon, at some who minded not to bring up certain matters of account. Several men have been sent to, and when ready at hand, her highness hath dismissed in anger; but who, dearest Mall, shall say, 'Your highness hath forgotten?' " <sup>1</sup>

These fits of despondency occasionally cleared away, and we find Elizabeth exhibiting fits of active mirthfulness, especially at the expense of her dwarfish premier, Cecil, who habitually played the lover to her majesty. She sometimes so far forgot the dignity of her age and exalted station as to afford him a sort of whimsical encouragement, by making a butt of him. A ludicrous instance of her coquetry is related by one of her courtiers, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury:—"I send your lordship here enclosed," writes he, "some verses compounded by Mr. secretary, who got Hales to frame a ditty to it. The occasion was, I hear, that the young lady Derby,<sup>2</sup> wearing about her neck and in her bosom a dainty tablet, the queen, espying it, asked 'What fine jewel that was?' Lady Derby was anxious to excuse showing it, but the queen would have it. She opened it, and finding it to be Mr. secretary's picture, she snatched it from lady Derby's neck, and tied it upon

<sup>1</sup> *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 320.

<sup>2</sup> Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. ii. 576. Elizabeth, eldest daughter to the earl of Oxford, by Burleigh's daughter, lady Anne, married the earl of Derby, 1594. As the lady was Cecil's niece, it is singular that she showed reluctance to display her uncle's picture.



her own shoe, and walked about with it there. Then she took it from thence, and pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there also. When Mr. secretary Cecil was told of this, he made these verses, and caused Hales to sing them in his apartments. It was told her majesty that Mr. secretary Cecil had rare music and songs in his chamber. She chose to hear them, and the ditty was sung." The poetry was not worth quoting, but the verses, it seems, expressed "that he repines not, though her majesty may please to grace others; for his part, he is content with the favor his picture received." This incident took place when the royal coquette was in her seventieth year. Strange scenes are occasionally revealed, when the mystic curtain that veils the penetralia of kings and queens from vulgar curiosity is, after the lapse of centuries, withdrawn by the minuteness of biographical research. What a delicious subject for an "H. B." caricature would the stately Elizabeth and her pigmy secretary have afforded!

Cecil was, however, at that time the creature of the expecting impatient heir of his royal mistress, with whom he maintained almost a daily correspondence. One day, a packet from king James was delivered to him in the presence of the queen, which he knew contained allusions to his secret practices. Elizabeth's quick eye, doubtless, detected the furtive glance which he cast on the dangerous missive; she ordered him instantly to open and show the contents of his letters to her. A timely recollection of one of her weak points saved the wily minister from detection. "This packet," said he, as he slowly drew forth his knife and prepared to cut the strings which fastened it, "this packet has a strange and evil smell. Surely it has not been in contact with infected persons or goods." Elizabeth's dread of contagion prevailed over both curiosity and suspicion, and she hastily ordered Cecil to throw it at a distance, and not bring it into her presence again till it had been thoroughly fumigated.<sup>1</sup> He, of course, took care to purify it of the evidences of his own guilty deeds. James I. obtained a great ascendancy in the councils of Elizabeth

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland.

during the last years of her life, although the fact was far from suspected by the declining queen, who, all the while, flattered herself that it was she who, from the secret recesses of her closet, governed the realm of Scotland, and controlled the actions of her royal successor. The circumstance of his being her successor, however, gave James that power in his reversionary realm of England of which he afterwards boasted to the great Sully, the ambassador from France, telling him, "That it was he who actually governed England for several years before the death of Elizabeth, having gained all her ministers, who were guided by his directions in all things." Even Harrington, dearly as he loved his royal mistress, showed signs and tokens of this worship paid to the rising sun when he sent a jewel in the form of a dark-lantern as a New-year's gift to James, signifying that the failing lamp of life waxed dim with the departing queen, and would soon be veiled in the darkness of the tomb.

The queen still took pleasure, between whiles, in witnessing the sports of young people. It is noted, in the Sidney Papers, "that on St. Stephen's day, in the afternoon, Mrs. Mary," some maiden of the court, "danced before the queen two galliards with one Mr. Palmer, the admirablest dancer of this time; both were much commended by her majesty: then she [Mrs. Mary] danced with him a coranto. The queen kissed Mr. William Sidney in the presence, as she came from the chapel; my lady Warwick presented him."

Elizabeth's correspondence with lord Mountjoy is among the extravaganzas of her private life. He was her deputy in Ireland, the successor of Essex, formerly a rival favorite, and was forced to assume, like his predecessor and Raleigh, the airs of a despairing lover of the queen whenever he had any point to carry with her, either for his public or private interest. His letters generally begin with 'Dear Sovereign,'—'Sacred Majesty,'—'Sacred and dear Sovereign;' his phraseology, though very caressing, is not so fulsome as that of Essex, nor so audacious, in its flights of personal flattery, as that of Raleigh; however, considering that Elizabeth was nearly seventy, and Mountjoy a handsome man of five-and-thirty, the following passage must have

been difficult of digestion, written on some reverse in Ireland, for which he anticipated blame at court :—"This, most dear sovereign, I do not write with any swelling justification of myself. If any impious tongue do tax my proceedings, I will patiently bless it, that by making me suffer for your sake, —I that have suffered for your sake a torment above all others, a grieved and despised love."<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth answered this deceitful effusion with the following absurd billet :—

THE QUEEN TO LORD MOUNTJOY.

"Oh! what melancholy humor hath exhaled up into your brain from a full-fraughted heart, that should breed such doubt,—bred upon no cause given by us at all, never having pronounced any syllable upon which such a work should be framed. There is no louder trump that may sound out your praise, your hazard, your care, your luck, than we have blasted in all our court, and elsewhere indeed.

"Well, I will attribute it to God's good providence for you, that (lest all these glories might elevate you too much) he hath suffered (though not made) such a scruple to keep you under his rod, who best knows we have more need of bits than spurs. Thus, *Valeant ista amara; ad Tartaros eat melancholia!*

"Your sovereign, E. R."

*Endorsed* (in the hand of Robert Cecil)<sup>2</sup>—"A copy of her majesty's letter, lest you cannot read it;" then, in lord Mountjoy's hand, "Received in January, at Arbracken."

It is by lady Southwell, one of queen Elizabeth's ladies immediately about her person, that the melancholy marvels attending her death are recorded. This narrative is still in existence<sup>3</sup> in the original MSS.: the costume of place, time, and diurnal routine, render it a precious document. After making every allowance for the marvellousness of the writer, it evidently depicts the departure of a person unsettled in religion and uneasy in conscience. "Her majesty," says lady Southwell, "being in very good health, one day, sir John Stanhope, vice chamberlain, and sir Robert Cecil's dependant and familiar, came and presented her majesty with a piece of gold of the bigness of an

<sup>1</sup> The deceiver was, in reality, passionately in love with Penelope lady Rich, the beautiful sister of Essex.

<sup>2</sup> It seems the letter was an autograph, but so illegible, being written but a few weeks before the queen's death, that her secretary was obliged to copy it, that its sense might be comprehended.

<sup>3</sup> It is at Stonyhurst, endorsed by the hands of Persons. "The relation of the lady Southwell of the late Q[ueen's] death, po. Aprilis, 1607."

angel, full of characters, which he said an old woman in Wales had bequeathed to her [the queen] on her death-bed; and thereupon he discoursed how the said testatrix, by virtue of the piece of gold, lived to the age of 120 years, and in that age, having all her body withered and consumed, and wanting nature to nourish her, she died, commanding the said piece of gold to be carefully sent to her majesty, alleging further, that as long as she wore it on her body she could not die. The queen in confidence took the said gold, and hung it about her neck." This fine story has crept very widely into history, and even into ambassadors' despatches, but the genealogy of the magic piece of gold has never before been duly defined. There can be little doubt that Elizabeth and her minister were absurd enough to accept the talisman, but its adoption was followed by a general breaking up of her constitution instead of its renewal. "Though she became not suddenly sick, yet she daily decreased of her rest and feeding, and within fifteen days," continues lady Southwell, "she fell downright ill; and the cause being wondered at by my lady Scrope, with whom she was very private and confidant, being her near kinswoman, her majesty told her (commanding her to conceal the same) 'that she saw one night her own body, exceedingly lean and fearful, in a light of fire.' This vision was at Whitehall, a little before she departed for Richmond, and was attested by another lady, who was one of the nearest about her person, of whom the queen demanded 'whether she was not wont to see sights in the night?' telling her of the bright flame she had seen." This is a common deception of the sight in a highly vitiated state of bile, but, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, educated individuals were as ignorant of physiology as infants. The next anecdote, however, goes far beyond all our present discoveries in optics. "Afterwards, in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see a *true* looking-glass, which in twenty years before she had not seen, but only such a one as on purpose was made to deceive her sight; which true looking-glass being brought her, she presently fell exclaiming at all those flatterers which had so

much commended her, and they durst not after come into her presence." Her attendants had, doubtless, left off painting her, and she happened to see her natural face in the glass.

A fearful complication of complaints had settled on the queen, and began to draw visibly to a climax. She suffered greatly with the gout in her hands and fingers, yet was never heard to complain of what she felt in the way of personal pain, but continued to talk of progresses and festivities as though she expected her days to be prolonged through years to come. On the 14th of January the queen, having sickened two days before of a cold, and being forewarned by Dee, who retained his mysterious influence over her mind to the last, to beware of Whitehall,<sup>1</sup> removed to Richmond, which, she said, "was the warm winter-box to shelter her old age." The morning before she departed, her kinsman, the lord admiral, coming to her to receive her orders, she fell into some speech touching the succession, and then told him, "That her throne had always been the throne of kings, and none but her next heir of blood and descent should succeed." This, confirmed as it is by her remark to Sully, "that the king of Scotland would hereafter become king of Great Britain," proves that Elizabeth, however jealous she might be of James during her life, had no wish to entail the legacy of a civil war on her people by changing the legitimate order of the succession. Her displeasure against those who might pretend to set up a rival claim to the elder line was sufficiently indicated by the acrimonious manner in which she named the son of lady Katharine Gray, and her imprisonment of the innocent lady Arabella Stuart at Sheriff-Hutton. Elizabeth removed, on a wet, stormy day, to Richmond. When she first arrived, the change of air appeared to have had a salutary effect, for she was well amended of her cold; but, on the 28th of February, she began to sicken again.

All contemporary writers bear witness to the increased dejection of her mind after visiting her dying kinswoman, the countess of Nottingham; but the particulars of that visit rest on historical tradition only. It is said that the

<sup>1</sup> The queen's last sickness and death.—Cotton. MS., Titus, c. vii. folio 46.



countess, pressed in conscience on account of her detention of the ring which Essex had sent to the queen as an appeal to her mercy, could not die in peace until she had revealed the truth to her majesty, and craved her pardon. But Elizabeth, in a transport of mingled grief and fury, shook, or, as others have said, struck the dying penitent in her bed, with these words:—"God may forgive you, but I never can!"<sup>1</sup> The death-bed confession of the countess of Nottingham gave a rude shock to the fast-ebbing sands of the sorrow-stricken queen. Her distress on that occasion, though the circumstances which caused it were not generally known till more than a century afterwards, is mentioned by De Beaumont, the French ambassador, in a letter to monsieur de Villeroy, in which he informs him, "that having received the letter from the king his master, he requested an audience of the queen, in order to present it; but she desired to be excused on account of the death of the countess of Nottingham, for which she had wept extremely, and shown an uncommon concern."

It is almost a fearful task to trace the passage of the mighty Elizabeth through the "dark valley of the shadow of death." Many have been dazzled with the splendor of her life, but few, even of her most ardent admirers, would wish their last end might be like hers. Robert Carey, afterwards earl of Monmouth, was admitted to the chamber of his royal kinswoman during her last illness, and has left the following pathetic record of the state in which he found her:—"When I came to court," says he, "I found the queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet, hearing of my arrival, she sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing-chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, *I am not well*;' and then discoursed to me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Spelman's narrative, in *Life of Carey earl of Monmouth*. De Maurier's *Memoirs of Holland*.

and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved, at the first, to see her in this plight, for in all my lifetime before I never saw her fetch a sigh but when the queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many sighs and tears, manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that queen. I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humor, but I found it was too deeply rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms [of the chamber] came out, and bade make ready for the private closet, for she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming; but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy-chamber, hard by the closet door, and there she heard the service. From that day forward she grew worse and worse; she remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her, either to take any sustenance, or to go to bed."<sup>1</sup>

Beaumont, the French ambassador, affords a yet more gloomy picture of the sufferings of mind and body which rendered the progress of the "dreaded and dreadful Elizabeth" to the tomb an awful lesson on the vanity of all earthly distinctions and glories in the closing stage of life, when nothing but the witness of a good conscience, and a holy reliance on the mercy of a Redeemer's love, can enable shrinking nature to contemplate, with hope and comfort, the dissolution of its earthly tabernacle. On the 19th of March, De Beaumont informs the king, his master, "that queen Elizabeth had been very much indisposed for the last fourteen days, having scarcely slept at all during that period, and eaten much less than usual, being seized with such a restlessness that, though she had no decided fever, she felt a great heat in her stomach, and a continual thirst, which obliged her every moment to take something to abate it, and to pre-

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of Carey earl of Monmouth, edited by the earl of Cork.

vent the phlegm, with which she was sometimes oppressed, from choking her. Some ascribed her disorder to her uneasiness with regard to lady Arabella Stuart; others, to her having been obliged by her council to grant a pardon to her Irish rebel, Tyrone; many were of opinion that her distress of mind was caused by the death of Essex; but all agreed that, before her illness became serious, she discovered an unusual melancholy, both in her countenance and manner."

"The queen," says another contemporary, "had fallen into a state of moping, sighing, and weeping melancholy; and being asked by her attendants 'whether she had any secret cause of grief?' she replied, 'that she knew of nothing in this world worthy of troubling her.'" She was obstinate in refusing everything prescribed by her physicians. Three days after, Beaumont wrote "that the queen of England had been somewhat better the day before, but was that day worse, and so full of chagrin and so weary of life that, notwithstanding all the entreaties of her councillors and physicians for her to take the proper medicine and means necessary for her relief, she refused everything."—"The queen grew worse and worse," says her kinsman, sir Robert Carey,<sup>1</sup> "because she would be so, none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed." A general report of her death prevailed, not only in her own dominions, but on the continent, as we find by the reports of De Beaumont, the French ambassador.

On Wednesday the lord admiral was sent for, as the person who possessed the most influence with the queen; he was one of her nearest surviving kinsmen, being the first-cousin of queen Anne Boleyn, whose mother, the lady Elizabeth Howard, was his father's sister. He had also married a Carey, the grand-daughter of the queen's aunt, Mary Boleyn. He was then in great affliction for the death of his lady, and had retired from the court to indulge his grief in privacy, for the sight of *doole* (mourning) was as distasteful to queen Elizabeth as to her father. She was aware that those about her anticipated a fatal termination to her present malady, and felt in herself the unmistakable symptoms of the slow but sure approach of death; and

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of Carey earl of Monmouth.

though she had, with sighs and tears, acknowledged herself weary of life, there was a fearful shrinking manifested when she found herself actually poised on the narrow threshold that divides time from eternity; and, as if she thought that her reluctance to cross that awful bound would alter the immutable decree that had gone forth against her, she refused to admit her danger, or to do anything which bore the appearance of death-bed preparations.<sup>1</sup> The archbishop of Canterbury and Cecil entreated her to receive medical aid, but she angrily told them "that she knew her own constitution better than they did, and that she was not in so much danger as they imagined."<sup>2</sup> The admiral came and knelt beside her, where she sat among her cushions, sullen and unresigned; he kissed her hands, and with tears implored her to take a little nourishment. After much ado, he prevailed so far that she received a little broth from his hands, he feeding her with a spoon. But when he urged her to go to bed, she angrily refused, and then, in wild and wandering words, hinted of phantasma that had troubled her midnight couch. "If he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed," she said, "as she did when in hers, he would not persuade her to go there."

Secretary Cecil, overhearing this speech, asked, "If her majesty had seen any spirits?" A flash of Elizabeth's mighty mind for an instant triumphed over the wreck of her bodily and mental faculties; she knew the man, and was aware he had been truckling with her successor. He was not in her confidence, and she replied, majestically, "she scorned to answer him *such* a question!" But Cecil's pertness was not subdued by the lion-like mien of dying majesty, and he told her that, "to content the people, she *must* go to bed." At which she smiled, wonderfully contemning him, observing, "the word *must* was not to be used to princes;" adding, "Little man, little man! if your father had lived, ye durst not have said so much; but ye know I *must* die, and that makes ye so presumptuous." She then commanded him and the rest to depart out of her chamber, all but lord admiral Howard, to whom, as her near relation and fast

<sup>1</sup> Birch.<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

friend through life, she was confidential to the last, even regarding those unreal phantasms which, when her great mind awoke for a moment, it is plain she referred to their proper causes. When Cecil and his colleagues were gone, the queen, shaking her head piteously, said to her brave kinsman, "My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck." The lord admiral reminded her of her wonted courage; but she replied, despondingly, "I am tied, I am tied, and the case is altered with me." The queen understood that secretary Cecil had given forth to the people that she was mad; therefore, in her sickness, she did many times say to him, "Cecil, I know I am not mad; you must not think to make queen Jane of me." She evidently alluded to the unfortunate queen-regnant of Castile, the mad Joanna, mother of Charles V., whose sad life, as a regal maniac, was fresh in the memory of her dying contemporary.

Paul Delaroche, in his grand historical painting<sup>1</sup> of the scene here described, has treated the subject with all the tragic power of his mighty genius. The dying queen is reclining on the floor of her presence-chamber, among the fringed and embroidered scarlet cushions apparently taken from the throne for that purpose; we see it in the background, empty and denuded of its trappings. Elizabeth is represented in her royal robes, and loaded with her usual profusion of pearls and jewels, but evidently impatient of their weight. Her elaborately braided periwig, with its jewelled decorations, is disordered and pushed back from her feverish brow. The gray, corpse-like tint of her complexion, and the glassy fixtured of her expanded eye, where wrath and latent frenzy appear struggling with the weakness of sinking nature, are finely expressed. The artist has taken the moment when, roused by the importunity of Cecil from the lethargic stupor of despair, she rallied the expiring energies of her haughty spirit to awe him into silence. The terror and concern of her ladies, the youth, beauty, and feminine softness of the two who are bending over her, afford a pleasing contrast to the infuriated countenance of the queen and the diplomatic coolness of the lords of the council. The

<sup>1</sup> In the Luxembourg, at Paris.



costume of the picture is admirable in all its details. Lady Southwell, however, bears firm witness of her sanity, "For," says she, "though many reports, by Cecil's means, were spread of her distraction, neither myself, nor any other lady about her, could ever perceive that her speeches, ever well applied, proceeded from a distracted mind." Partly by the admiral's persuasions, and partly by force, she was at length carried to bed; but there she lay not long, for again the French ambassador informs the king, his master, "That the queen continued to grow worse, and appeared in a manner insensible, not speaking above once in two or three hours, and at last remained silent for four-and-twenty, holding her finger almost continually in her mouth, with her rayless eyes open, and fixed on the ground, where she sat on cushions without rising or resting herself, and was greatly emaciated by her long watching and fasting."

Some attempt appears to have been made to charm away the dark spirit that had come over the queen by the power of melody at this dread crisis; for Beaumont says, "This morning, the queen's music has gone to her." He sarcastically adds, "I believe she means to die as gayly as she has lived." In his next report, he says, "The queen hastens to her end, and is given up by all her physicians. They have put her to bed, almost by force, after she had sat upon cushions for ten days,<sup>1</sup> and has rested barely an hour each day in her clothes." After she was undressed, and placed more at her ease in a recumbent posture, she revived, and called for broth, and seemed so much better that hopes were entertained of her; but soon after she became speechless. When she found herself failing, she desired some meditations to be read to her, and named those of Du Plessis de Mornay. Yet more, alas! of superstition than devotion appears to have attended the last days of this mighty victress—mighty queen, and gloomy indeed were the clouds in which she, who had been proudly styled "the western luminary," set at last. If we may credit the details of lady Southwell, who has recorded every circumstance of her royal mistress's last illness with graphic minuteness, some singular

<sup>1</sup> This must be an exaggeration, since Carey and lady Southwell only say four.

traits of weakness were exhibited by Elizabeth ; and before the testimony of this daily witness of the occurrences of that epoch be rejected, the reader must bear in mind Elizabeth's well-authenticated practices with the astrologer Dee.

Lady Southwell affirms, "That the two ladies in waiting discovered the queen of hearts with a nail of iron knocked through the forehead ; and, thus fastened to the bottom of her majesty's chair, they durst not pull it out, remembering that the like thing was used to the old countess of Sussex, and afterwards proved a witchcraft, for which certain persons were hanged, as instruments of the same." It was perfectly inconsequential whether the queen of hearts or any other bit of card was nailed at the bottom of the queen's chair ; but the fantastical idea of putting it there, and the terror of the poor ladies who would, but durst not, remove it, because of the horrid sacrifice of human life that attended all suspicion of witchcraft, are lively illustrations of the characteristics of that era. As the mortal illness of the queen drew towards its close, the superstitious fears of her simple ladies were excited almost to mania, even to conjuring up a spectral apparition of the queen while she was yet alive. Lady Guildford, then in waiting on the queen, and leaving her in an almost breathless sleep in her privy-chamber,<sup>1</sup> went out to take a little air, and met her majesty, as she thought, three or four chambers off. Alarmed at the thoughts of being discovered in the act of leaving the royal patient alone, she hurried forward in some trepidation in order to excuse herself, when the apparition vanished away. Lady Guildford returned terrified to her chamber, but there lay queen Elizabeth still in the same lethargic, motionless slumber in which she had left her.

On the 24th of March, Beaumont, the French ambassador, made the following report of the state of the departing monarch :—"The queen was given up three days ago : she had lain long in a cold sweat, and had not spoken. A short time previously she said, 'I wish not to live any longer, but desire to die.' Yesterday, and the day before, she began to rest, and found herself better, after having been greatly

<sup>1</sup> Lady Southwell's MS.

relieved by the bursting of a small swelling in the throat. She takes no medicine whatever, and has only kept her bed two days; before this she would on no account suffer it, for fear (as some suppose) of a prophecy that she should die in her bed. She is, moreover, said to be no longer in her right senses: this, however, is a mistake; she has only had some slight wanderings at intervals."

Carey reports the last change for the worse to have taken place on Wednesday, the previous day:—"That afternoon," says he, "she made signs for her council to be called, and, by putting her hand to her head when the king of Scotland was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her." By what logic the council were able to interpret this motion of the dying queen into an indication that such was her pleasure, they best could explain. Lady Southwell's account of this memorable scene is more circumstantial and minute: she says of the queen:—"Being given over by all, and at the last gasp, keeping still her sense in everything, and giving apt answers though she spake but seldom, having then a sore throat, the council required admittance, and she wished to wash [gargle] her throat, that she might answer freely to what they demanded, which was, to know whom she would have for king?"—a servile and unconstitutional question, which it is well no sovereign is expected to answer in these better days. Her throat troubling her much, they desired her to hold up her finger when they named whom she liked; whereupon they named the king of France (this was to try her intellect), she never stirred; the king of Scotland,—she made no sign; then they named lord Beauchamp,—this was the heir of Seymour, whose rights were derived from his mother, lady Katharine Gray, one of the most unfortunate of Elizabeth's victims. Anger awakened the failing mind of the expiring queen; she roused herself at the name of the injured person, whom she could not forgive, and said, fiercely, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat, but one worthy to be a king." How sad is the scene,—what a dismal view of regality the various versions of this death-bed present! where the interested courtiers

sat watching the twitchings of the hands and the tossing of the arms of the dying Elizabeth, interpreting them into signs of royalty for the expectant heir. In her last struggles, the clasping of her convulsed hands over her brow is seriously set forth as her symbolical intimation that her successor was to be a crowned king.

"The queen kept her bed fifteen days," continues lady Southwell, "besides the three days she sat upon a stool, and one day, when, being pulled up by force, she obstinately stood on her feet for fifteen hours. When she was near her end, the council sent to her the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates, at the sight of whom she was much offended, petulantly rating them, 'bidding them be packing,' saying 'she was no atheist,' but she knew full well they were but hedge-priests." That Elizabeth, in the aberration of delirium or the irritation of sickness, might have used such a speech is possible; but her reluctance to receive spiritual assistance from the hierarchy of her own church is not mentioned by the French ambassador, and Carey assures us "that, about six at night, she made signs for the archbishop of Canterbury and her chaplains to come to her. At which time," says he, "I went in with them, and sat upon my knees, full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to; and though she had been long a great queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the great King of kings."

The following striking anecdote is related by the learned author of *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, in connection with this memorable scene; but it is scarcely in accordance with Carey's record of the archbishop's apostolical address to the queen, and still less with the fact that she was speechless. The incident must, however, be related, because it is deeply interesting if true. "The archbishop of Canterbury,

who assisted her last moments with his consolations, said to her, 'Madame, you ought to hope much in the mercy of God. Your piety, your zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation, which you have happily established, afford great grounds of confidence for you.'—'My lord,' replied the queen, 'the crown which I have borne so long has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour, when I am so near my death.' After this," continues Carey, "he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, the old man's knees were weary: he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The queen made a sign with her hand: my sister Scrope, knowing her meaning, told the bishop the queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half-hour after, and then thought to leave her." Elizabeth, speechless, agonizing, and aware of the utter inefficiency of the aid of the physician or the nurse, was eager now for spiritual medicine. She had tasted in that dark hour of the waters of life, and the thirst of the immortal spirit was not lightly satiated,—the weakness of the dissolving tabernacle of feeble clay was forgotten. She made, a second time, a sign to have the archbishop continue in prayer.<sup>1</sup> "He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit that the queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat," continues the eye-witness of this impressive scene, "and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but the women who attended her. . . . This," pursues he, "that I heard with my ears, and did see with mine eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth upon the faith of a Christian, because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady." As those of a trusted and beloved kinsman of Elizabeth, the statements of sir Robert Carey are doubtless of great importance. Few, indeed, of those who are admitted to visit the death-beds of sovereigns have left such graphic records of their last hours. It is

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.



melancholy to add, that there is every reason to believe that, while death was thus dealing with the aged queen, this very Carey and his sister lady Scrope were intently watching the ebbing-tide of life, for the purpose of being the first to hail the impatient king of Scots as her successor.

The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly that the vigilance of the self-interested spies by whom she was surrounded was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure. Exhausted by her devotions, she had, after the archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke, and about three in the morning it was discovered that she had ceased to breathe. Lady Scrope gave the first intelligence of this fact, by silently dropping a sapphire ring to her brother, who was lurking beneath the windows of the chamber of death at Richmond palace. This ring, long after known in court tradition as the "blue ring," had been confided to lady Scrope by James, as a certain signal which was to announce the decease of the queen. Sir Robert Carey caught the token, fraught with the destiny of the island empire, and departed, at fiery speed, to announce the tidings in Scotland.<sup>1</sup> His adventures belong to another portion of this work.

Carey himself gives a very different account of his proceedings, in his autobiography. He affirms that, after he had assisted at the last prayers for his dying mistress, he returned to his lodging, leaving word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call him<sup>2</sup> if it was thought the queen would die, and that he gave the porter an angel to let him in at any time when he called. Early on the Thursday morning, the sentinel he had left in the cofferer's chamber brought him word that the queen was dead. "I rose," says he, "and made all the haste to the gate to get in. I was answered, I could not enter, all the lords of the council having been there, and commanded that none should go in or out but by warrant from them. At the very instant one of the council, the comptroller, asked if I were at the gate? I answered 'Yes,' and desired to know how the queen did?

<sup>1</sup> Brydges's *Peers of King James*, p. 413.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth*, p. 182.

he answered, ' Pretty well.' " When Carey was admitted, he found all the ladies in the cofferer's chamber weeping bitterly, —a more touching tribute, perhaps, to the memory of their royal mistress than all the pompous and elaborate lamentations that the poets and poetasters of the age labored to bestow on her, in illustration of the grief which was supposed to pervade all hearts throughout the realm at her decease.

This great female sovereign died in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fourth of her reign. She was born on the day celebrated as the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, and she died March 24th, on the eve of the festival of the Annunciation, called Lady-day. Among the complimentary epitaphs which were composed for her, and hung up in many churches, was one ending with the following couplet :—

"She is, she was,—what can there more be said?  
On earth the first, in heaven the second maid."

It is stated by lady Southwell that directions were left by Elizabeth that she should not be embalmed ; but Cecil gave orders to her surgeon to open her. " Now, the queen's body, being cered up," continues lady Southwell, " was brought by water to Whitehall, where, being watched every night by six several ladies, myself that night watching as one of them, and being all in our places about the corpse, which was fast nailed up in a board coffin, with leaves of lead covered with velvet, her body burst with such a crack that it splitted the wood, lead, and cere-cloth ; whereupon, the next day she was fain to be new trimmed up." <sup>1</sup>

Queen Elizabeth was most royally interred in Westminster abbey, on the 28th of April, 1603. " At which time," says old Stowe, " the city of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, who came to see the obsequy. And when they beheld her statue, or effigy, lying on the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there

<sup>1</sup> She seems to have been embalmed, by the mention of cering and cere-cloth, probably, as it was against her wish, hurriedly and ineffectually, which occasioned the natural explosion of gas that scared lady Southwell into a supernatural terror.

was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign."<sup>1</sup> The funereal statue which, by its close resemblance to their deceased sovereign, moved the sensibility of the loyal and excitable portion of the spectators at her obsequies in this powerful manner was no other, gentle reader, than the faded wax-work effigy of queen Elizabeth, preserved in that little mysterious cell of Westminster abbey called the wax-work chamber, for the sight of which an additional sixpence was formerly extorted from the visitors to that venerable fane!

It is well known that Elizabeth caused the die of the last gold coin that was struck with the likeness of her time-broken profile to be destroyed, in her indignation at its ugliness; and could she have seen the grim posthumous representation of her faded glories that was borne upon her bier, it is probable she would have struggled to burst her cere-cloths and her leaden coffin to demolish it.

The second portrait in this volume is from a curious original painting of queen Elizabeth at Henham hall, in Suffolk, in the possession of the earl of Stradbroke, by whose courteous permission it is engraved for this work, from an accurate reduced copy executed by his accomplished niece, Miss De Horsey. The name of the artist is unknown, but the total absence of shade in the face verifies it as one of those portraits for which Elizabeth condescended to sit in person. It represents her at the period when the iron signet of care began to reveal its impress on her ample brow, the elongated visage, and the thin and sternly compressed lips. The eyes are dark and penetrating, the hair of that indeterminate shade which foes call red and panegyrists auburn; it is curled, or rather frizzled, in a regular circle round the brow, and very short at the ears. The costume

<sup>1</sup> The waxen effigies of the great, that were carried on their coffins, were meant to represent the persons themselves. It was the fashion, in the olden time, to deck the corpse in gala array, and carry it to the church uncovered, as we may see even by Shakspeare's allusions, "They bore him barefaced on the bier."

fixes the date of the picture between the years 1565 and 1570, before Elizabeth had launched into the exuberance of dress and ornament which rendered her portraits so barbaric in their general effect as she advanced into the vale of years, and every year increased the height and amplitude of her radiated ruff, till it rose like a winged background behind the lofty fabric of jewels she wore on her head, and at last overtopped the cross of her regal diadem. In the Henham portrait her ruff is of a less aspiring fashion, and resembles those worn by her beautiful rival, Mary Stuart, when queen of France ; it is formed of small circular quillings of silver guipure, closely set round the throat, and confined by a rich carcanet or collar of rubies, amethysts, and pearls, set in a beautiful gold filigree pattern, with large pear-shaped pearls depending from each lozenge. The bodice of the dress, which is of rich white brocade, embroidered in diagonal stripes with bullion in a running pattern of hops and hop-leaves, fastens down the front, and is made tight to the shape, and with a point, like a dress of the present times : it is ornamented between the embroidery with gems set in gold filigree, of the same pattern as the carcanet. The bodice is also slashed with purple velvet, edged with bullion. The sleeves are of the form which, in the modern nomenclature of costume, has been termed *gigot* ; they are surmounted on the shoulder with puffs of gold gauze, separated with rubies and amethysts, and two small rouleaux wreathed with pearls and bullion. The sleeves are slashed with velvet, embroidered with bullion, and decorated with gems to match the bodice, and finished at the wrists with quilled ruffles of the same pattern as her ruff. She wears the jewel and ribbon of the Garter about her neck. The George is a large oval medallion, pendent from a pale-blue ribbon, and decorated with rubies and amethysts, of the same lozenge form and setting as those in her carcanet. Her waist is encircled with a jewelled girdle to correspond : the skirt of her dress is faced with three stripes of miniver, in the robing form. Her head-dress is very elegant, consisting of a coronal of gems and goldsmiths' work placed on crimson velvet, somewhat resembling the

front of the pretty hood of queen Katharine Parr in the Strawberry hill miniature, but surmounted with a transparent wreath of laurel leaves, stiffened with gold wire; very beautiful lappets descend from this wreath, formed of pipes of gold gauze, arranged in latticed puffs, edged with vandyked guipure of bullion, and fastened at every crossing with a large round pearl. A white rose confines one of the lappets on the right temple. This dress, as a whole, is in excellent taste, yet very different from that in any other of the numerous portraits of Elizabeth I have seen. In one hand she holds a white rose carelessly. Her hands are ungloved, and very delicate in contour; the fingers long and taper, with nails of the almond shape, which has been said to be one of the tokens of aristocratic lineage. Elizabeth was always excessively vain of the beauty of her hands. De Maurier, in his *Memoirs of Holland*, says, "I heard from my father, who had been sent to her court, that, at every audience he had with her, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which were indeed very white and beautiful." Her gloves were always of thick white kid, very richly embroidered with bullion, pearls, and colored silks on the back of the hands, fringed with gold, and slashed with colored satin at the elbows, stiffened with bullion gimp. In the palm, five air-holes, rather larger than melon-seeds, were stamped, to prevent any ill-effects from confined perspiration.

The costume of the celebrated portrait of Elizabeth in the Cecil collection, presented by her to Burleigh, is much more elaborately decorated than the Henham picture. She wears a lofty head-dress, with a heron-plume and two ruffs, one the small close-quilled ruff just described, round the throat, and a high, radiated ruff, somewhat in the Spanish style, attached to her regal mantle, which is thrown a little back on the shoulders, and becomes gradually narrower as it approaches the bust; behind this rises a pair of wings, like a third ruff. Her robe, in this celebrated picture, is covered with eyes and ears, to signify her omniscient qualities and her power of acquiring intelligence; and, to complete the whole, a serpent, indicative of her wisdom, is coiled up on



her sleeve. As a direct and amusing contrast to this allegorical representation of the maiden monarch in her sagacity, may be named a quaint portrait in the Hampton Court collection, by Zuccherò, where she is attired in a loose robe, formed of the eyes of peacocks' feathers, with a high-crowned cap, such as limners have in all ages consecrated to Folly's especial use, with a mask in her hand, and a wanton smile upon her face.

The miniatures of Elizabeth are rare, and in better taste than her portraits in oil. There is one in the Tollemache collection, at Ham house, highly worthy of attention. From the softness of the features, the youthful appearance, and the utter absence of regal attributes, it must have been painted when she was only the lady Elizabeth, and would be the more valuable on that account, independently of the fact that she is represented as prettier, more feminine, and, above all, more unaffected than in her maturer portraits. Her age is apparently about twenty. She wears a black dress, trimmed with a double row of pearls, and fastened down the front with bows of rose-colored ribbon. Her elaborate point-lace ruffles are looped with pearls and rose-colored ribbons. Her hair, which is of a light auburn color, approaching to red, is rolled back from the forehead, and surmounted with a stuffed satin fillet, decorated in front with a jewel set with pearls, and from which three pear-shaped pearls depend. She has large pearl tassel ear-rings. This miniature is a very small oval, with a deep-blue background.<sup>1</sup> The finest original portrait of queen Elizabeth I have ever seen is in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Whitaker, of Belmont lodge, Westmoreland, representing her in the first or second year of her reign.

A greater mass of bad poetry was produced on the death of queen Elizabeth (and the assertion is a bold one) than

<sup>1</sup> The portrait at Hampton Court, said to be Elizabeth at sixteen, is certainly her sister Mary, as the features denote. An example of this graceful style of dress may be seen in a recent pictorial publication of great interest to fair students,—the *Costumes of British Ladies*, by Mrs. Depuy, No. 3; a work that contains very beautifully colored specimens of the varying fashions adopted by the ladies of England from the Norman conquest to the present times, and will, when completed, form an attractive volume for the boudoir.

ever was perpetrated on any public occasion; lamer and tamer lines may have appeared at later eras, but for original and genuine absurdity, the Elizabethan elegies challenge the poetic world to find their equals. Four lines from a poem 'on the water procession,' when her corpse was rowed down the Thames from Richmond to lie in state at Whitehall, we cannot refrain from quoting:—

“The queen did come by water to Whitehall,  
The oars at every stroke did tears let fall;  
Fish wept their eyes of pearl quite out,  
And swam blind after——.”

After this specimen of bathos, the following stanzas from a monody on queen Elizabeth, by George Fletcher, will be refreshing to the reader:—

“Tell me, ye velvet-headed violets,  
That fringe the fountain's side with purest blue.  
So let with comely grace your pretty frets<sup>1</sup>  
Be spread; so let a thousand playful zephyrs sue  
To kiss your willing heads, that seem to eschew  
Their wanton touch with maiden modesty;  
So let the silver dew but lightly lie,  
Like little watery worlds within an azure sky.

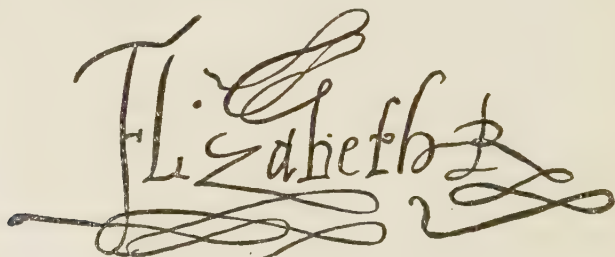
“Lo! when your verdant leaves are broadly spread,  
Let weeping virgins gather you in their laps,  
And send you where Eliza lieth dead,  
To strew the sheet which her pale body wraps,—  
Ay me! in this I envy your good haps.  
Who would not die, there to be buried?  
Say, if the sun deny his beams to shed  
Upon your living stalks, grow you not withered?”

The following record was borne of queen Elizabeth by her godson Harrington, several years after the hand that wielded the sceptre and the sword of empire were in the dust, and the tide of court favor and preferment were flowing liberally to him from her successor:—“Her speech did win all affections, and her subjects did try to show all love to her commands, for she would say, ‘Her state did require her to command what she knew her people would willingly do from their own love to her.’ Surely, she did play her tables well to gain obedience thus, without constraint; but

<sup>1</sup> *Fret* is a chased or embroidered edge or border.

then she could put forth such alterations in her fashion, when obedience was lacking, as left no doubtings whose daughter she was. . . . Even her errors did seem marks of surprising endowments. When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in ; but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell, in wondrous manner, on all alike. I never did find greater show of understanding than she was blest with, and whoever liveth longer than I can, will look back and become *laudator temporis acti*."

Elizabeth was interred in the same grave with her sister and predecessor in the regal office, Mary Tudor. Her successor, king James I., has left a lasting evidence of his good taste and good feeling, in the noble monument he erected to her memory in Westminster abbey. Her recumbent effigies repose beneath a stately canopy on a slab of pure white marble, which is supported by four lions. Her head rests on tasselled and embroidered cushions, her feet on a couchant lion. She is mantled in her royal robes, lined with ermine, and attired in farthingale and ruff, but there is almost a classical absence of ornament in her dress. Her closely-curved hair is covered with a very simple cap, though of the regal form, but she has no crown, and the sceptre has been broken from her hand ; so has the cross from the imperial orb, which she holds in the other. Queen Elizabeth was the last sovereign of this country to whom a monument has been given, and one of the few whose glory required it not.



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